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THE NEW YORKER

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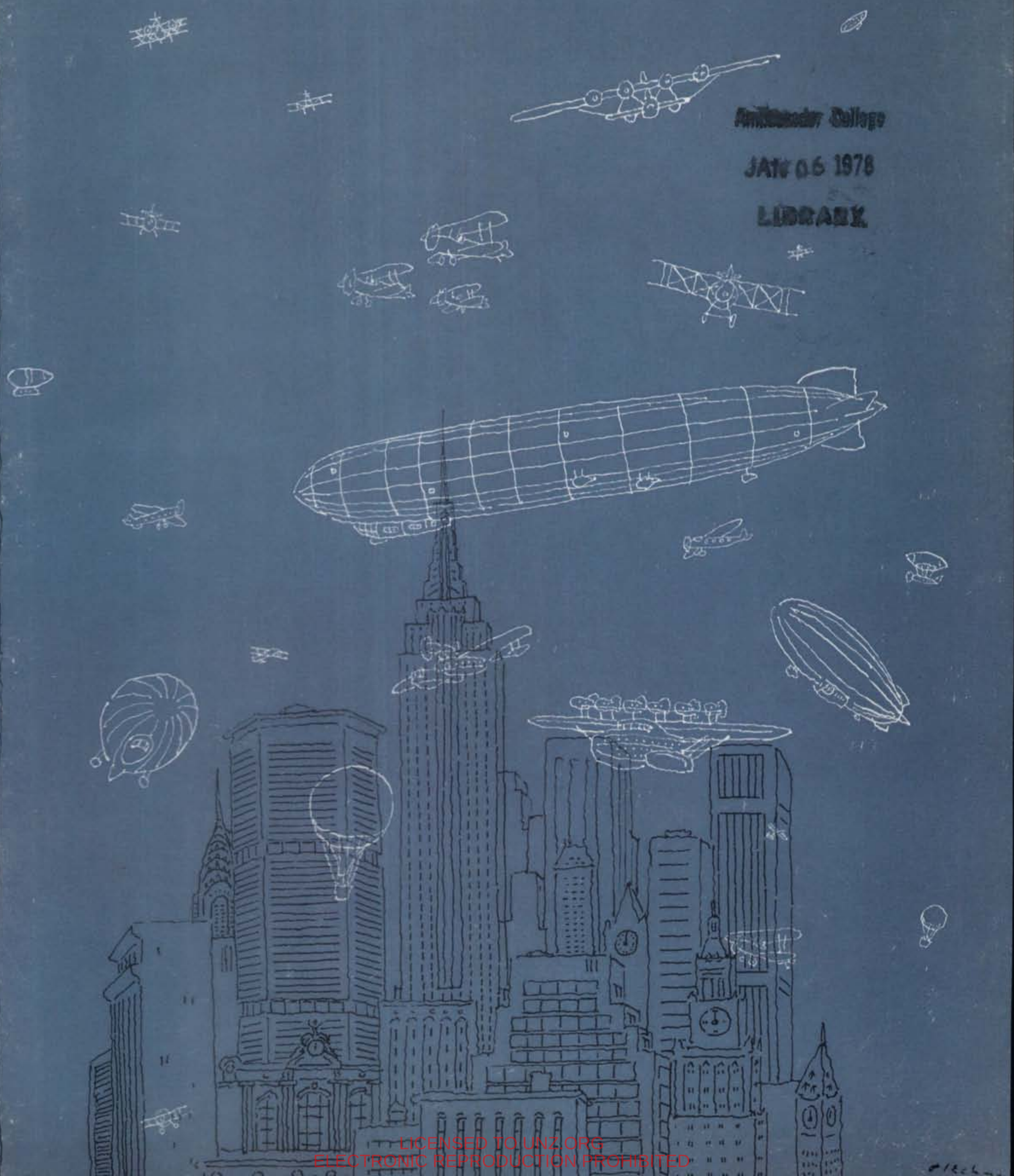

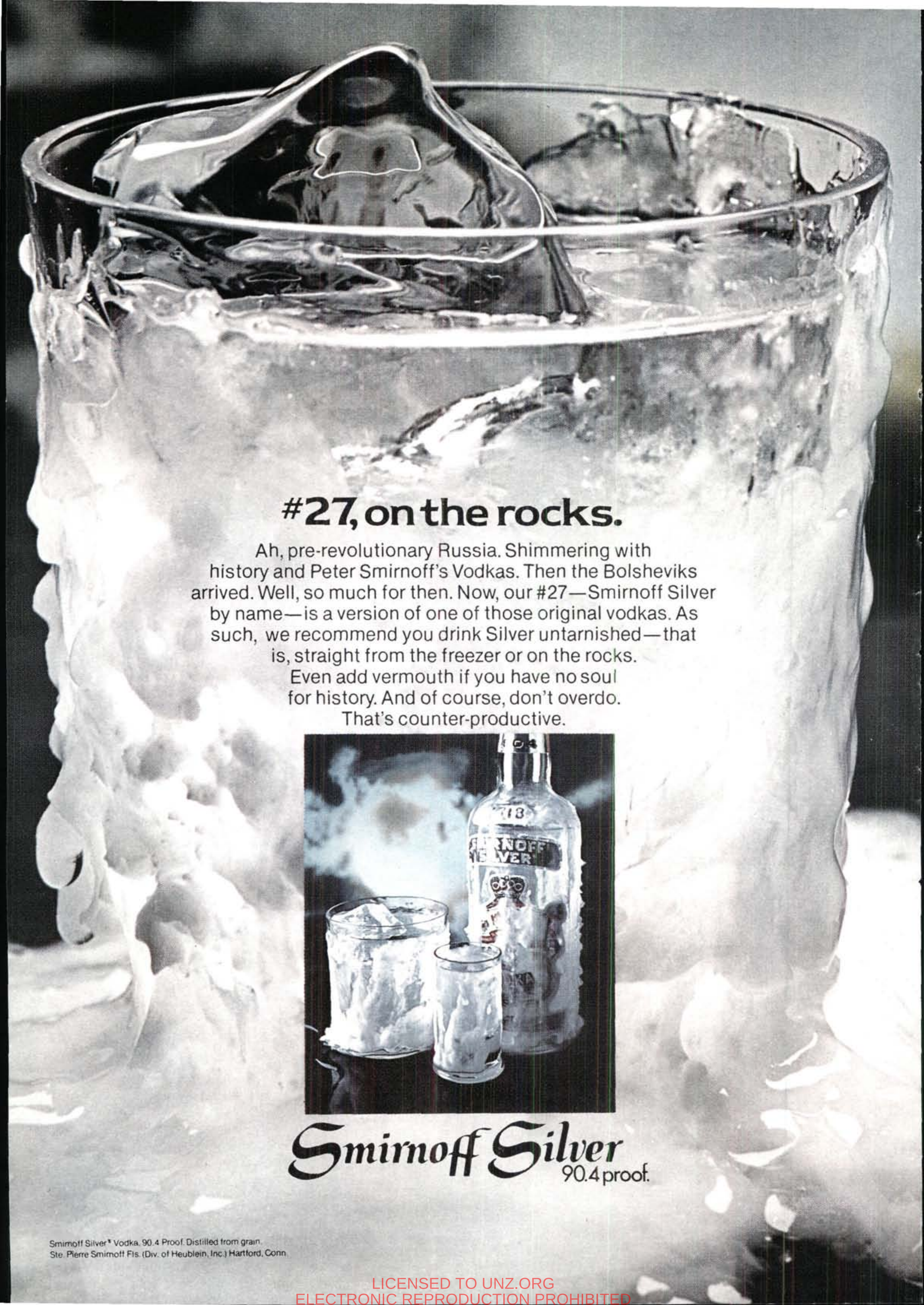

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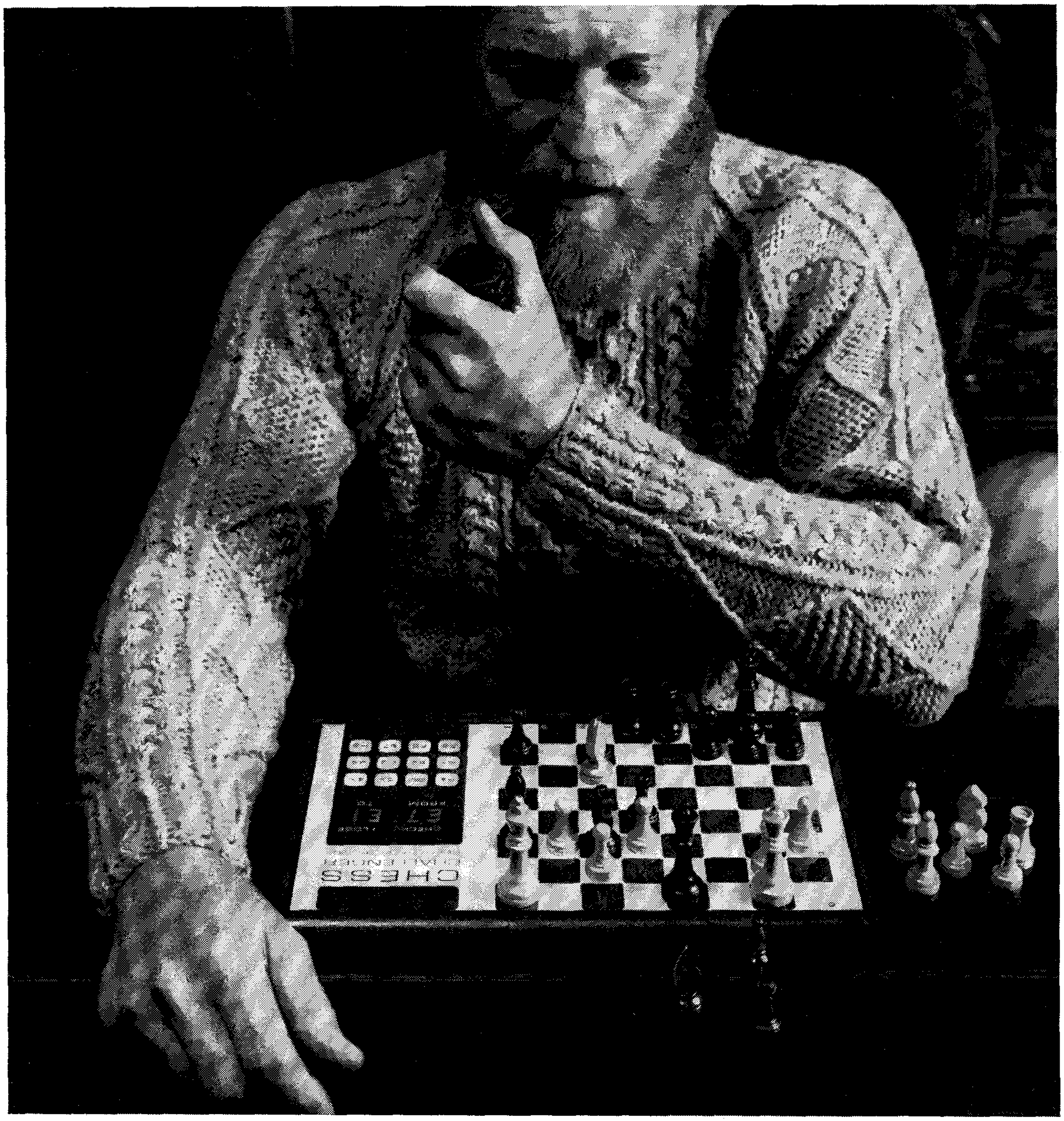

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—A musical with a book by George Furth, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and a cast headed by Liza Minnelli and Barry Nelson. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Previews through Friday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 29. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Colleen Dewhurst, Rex Robbins, and George Hearn in a comedy by Judith Ross. Zoe Caldwell directed. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 27. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bully—James Whitmore in a limited engagement of his one-man show about Teddy Roosevelt. Written by Jerome Alden, directed by Peter H. Hunt. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 27-29, and Monday, Oct. 31. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 1, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 27. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chez Nous—A comedy by Peter Nichols. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 26. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30; starting Tuesday, Nov. 1, the curtain time will be 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Cockfight—A play by Elaine Jackson, directed by Woodie King, Jr. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge plays pranks on a piano as well as an occasional few bars of music; meanwhile, he invites us to rummage about with him inside his Nabokovian mind. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Feedlot—A play by Patrick Meyers. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn *as occupants of an old people's* home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A once topical revue seems now to be as old as "The Red Mill." (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Housewife! Superstar!!—Barry Humphries in a one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—This oddity by John Guare combines wild, original comedy, gruesome melodrama, theatrical inventiveness, and rather cloudy abstract thought to tell the story of a woman in Greenwich Village who is suspected of having killed her fourteen-year-old son. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is all that this gifted dramatist could wish for. Shirley Knight is very good in the leading role, and she is well supported by

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 37, October 31, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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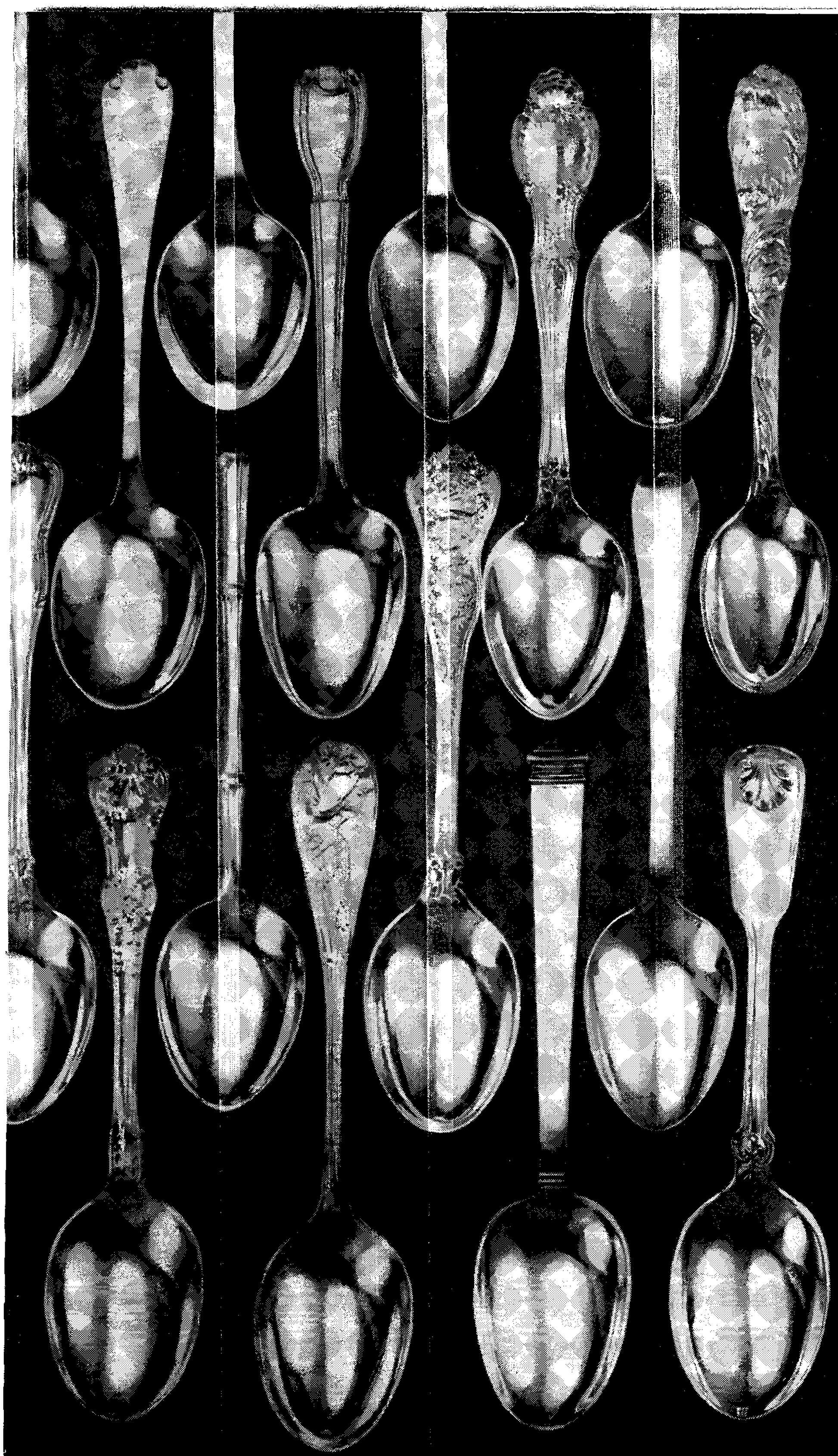
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

F. Murray Abraham, Paul McCrane, Peg Murray, and Richard Bauer, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—If all goes well, Richard Kiley will still be singing his heart out in this classic musical in the year 2000. Chev Rodgers substitutes for Mr. Kiley on Wednesday afternoons. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons utters every single word of this long, loud, often funny and at bottom terrifying comedy. The author is a dazzling young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Night Song—A play by Patricia Lea. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30. Free.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Thursday, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Monday, Oct. 31, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rum an Coca Cola—A play by a Trinidadian playwright, Mustapha Matura, for two characters and a three-member steel band. Directed by Donald Howarth. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 2, to the Westside, 407 W. 43rd St., 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Josef Sommer, Gwyda DonHowe, Sloane Shelton, and Maria Tucci. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Moves on Monday, Oct. 31, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Some of My Best Friends—Ted Knight in a comedy by Stanley Hart. Directed by Harold Prince. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Survival—A stirring import from South Africa that depicts, in words, dances, and songs, the inhumane treatment of the indigenous black population, in prison and out. The words are by the four actors—Fana David Kekana, Themba Ntinga, Selaelo Dan Maredi, and Seth Sibanda—and their director, Mshengu. The music is by Mr. Maredi; Clyde Kuemmerle designed the show and produced it with the Negro Ensemble Company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Tartuffe—John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, and other superlative actors make Molière hiss and spit and sparkle. The translation is by Richard Wilbur, and the direction is by Stephen Porter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Treats—Christopher Hampton's witty but somehow low-spirited play about the efforts of a domineering journalist, returned to London after a stay abroad, to move back into the flat of the young woman he once lived with, thereby dislodging his current replacement. Kenneth Welsh gives a subtle, accomplished performance in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Suzanne Lederer and John Glover. The production, as a whole, is first-rate. Michael Montel directed. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9800. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

You Never Can Tell—Rachel Gurney heads the cast in a revival of Shaw's comedy. Tony Tanner directed. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,287 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 2.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLY FOX:** Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum,

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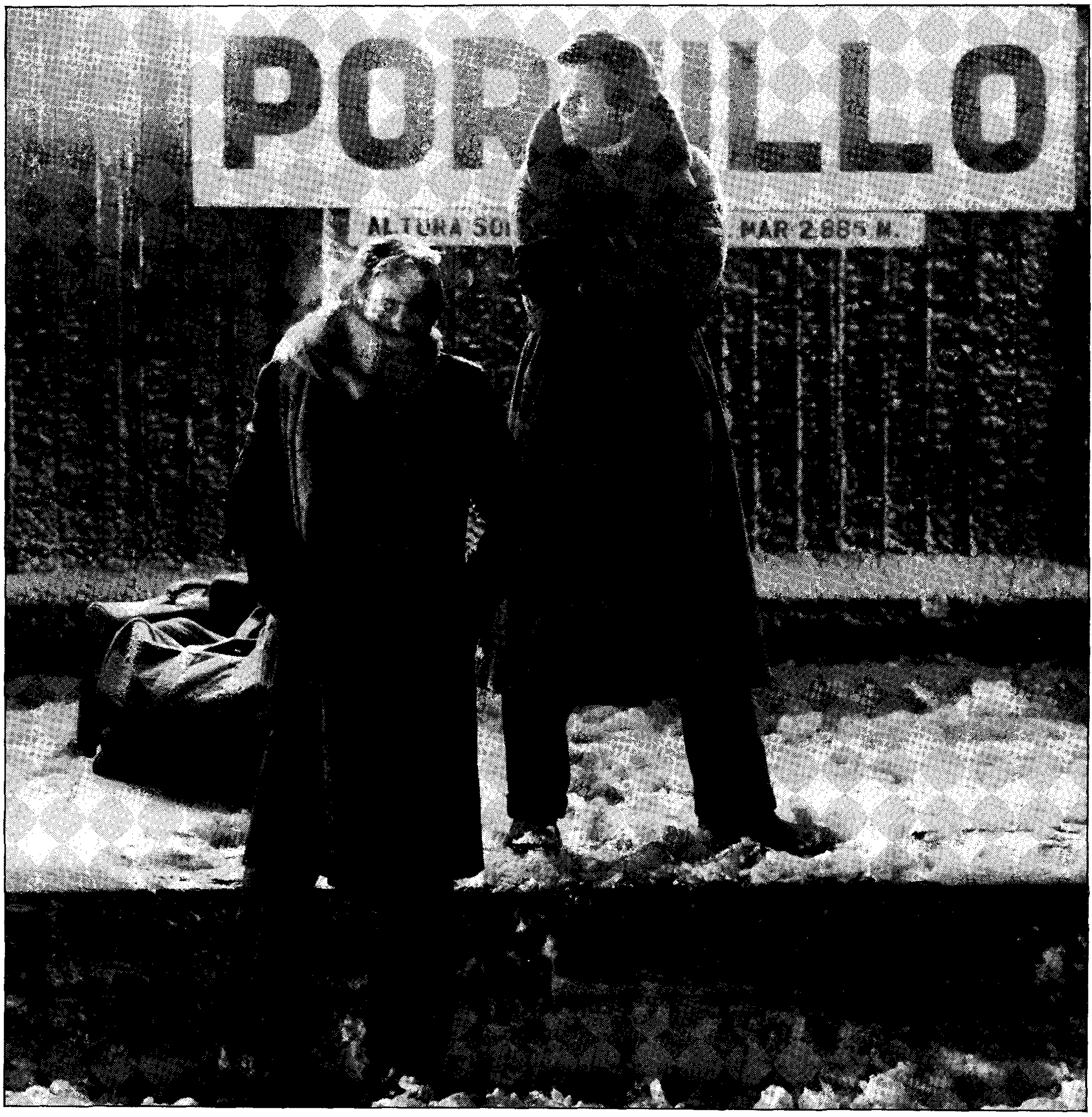

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Mátinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Pas de Deux," "Parade," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Moves," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Parade," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Pas de Deux," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe II."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "Weewis," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "Monotones," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Les Patineurs" (company première), "The Moor's Pavane," "Pas de Deux," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Touch Me," "Weewis," and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Cacklin' Hen," and "Jazz Calendar" (première).... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27-28, at 8: "Time Passed Summer," "Scotch Symphony," "Rialto," and "Don Quixote Pas de Deux."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "Rialto," and "Don Quixote Pas de Deux."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Equinox," and "Interplay." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dance Umbrella—A five-week season by a dozen contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 20. **Diane Mc Intyre Sounds in Motion**: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 26-27; Saturday evening, Oct. 29; and Sunday matinée, Oct. 30.... **Sara Rudner Performance Ensemble**: Friday evening, Oct. 28, and Sunday evening, Oct. 30.... **Pauline Koner Dance Consort**: Tuesday evening, Nov. 1; Thursday evening, Nov. 3; Saturday evening, Nov. 5; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 6. ... **Kei Takei's Moving Earth**: Wednesday evening, Nov. 2; Friday evening, Nov. 4; Saturday matinée, Nov. 5; and Sunday evening, Nov. 6. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Lucinda Childs and Company—A program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

•

Mabel Mercer, Bobby Short, Blossom Dearie, Hugh Shannon, and More—Halley's Comet last appeared in 1910 and isn't expected back until 1986, but maybe the coincidence in Gotham of **Mabel Mercer, Bobby Short, Blossom Dearie,** and **Hugh Shannon**—the Big Four of cabaret singing—will never occur again. Miss Mercer, fresh from the thundering by-Jove acclaim of her first London appearance in forty years, is at Cleo, and Bobby Short, reliable as dawn, is at the Café Carlyle, singing with astonishing precision and energy.

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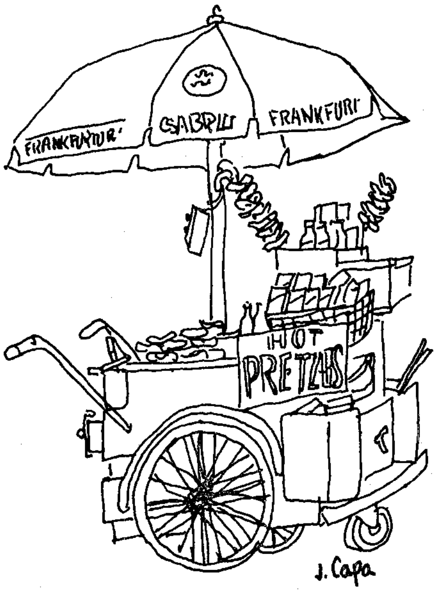
Blossom Dearie, using both old and new material, most of it her own (she is a sparkling songwriter), has just closed, for the time being, a series of miniature eventide concerts at Reno Sweeney. And Hugh Shannon is in the lounge of David K's Restaurant, surrounded by the moneyed, idolatrous wanderers who would follow him to the ends of the earth. But that's not all. **Dardanelle,** a singer of extraordinary simplicity and grace, remains at Bar None; Michael's Pub is offering a brisk and swinging review about women's place in popular song and, by reflection, in American life; and Barney Josephson, playing archeologist at his Cookery, has resurrected **Rose Murphy** (on Sunday nights), with her vigorous piano and her tea-kettle voice, and **Alberta Hunter,** who grew up with Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters in the Megaphone Age, and is still, at eighty-two, in noble voice.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. **Joe Lee Wilson,** a loose, gutsy, scorching improviser, sings with his band through Saturday, Oct. 29; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, free-form drummer **Andrew Cyrille** and his quintet, Maono, will come in. Mondays are session times for trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and his fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is sometimes gangly, frequently free and robust, and nearly always accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Jazz and organic apple juice. Drummer **Beaver Harris,** pianist **Dave Burrell,** bassist **Cecil Mc Bee,** and baritone saxophonist **Hamiet Bluiett** gather together on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, alto saxophonist **Marion Brown** will make a rare New York appearance. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 30, from six to nine, **Howard Johnson,** on tuba and baritone saxophone, leads the five other tuba players and the five-piece rhythm section that make up his band, Gravity.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. **Lee Horwin,** who possesses a startlingly rich, deep, smoky voice, finishes up on Saturday, Oct. 29; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, Ellen March, a singer and comedienne, will take over. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty are devoted to solo performances by pianists who are most often heard in accompanying roles. Dinner.



Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **Dardanelle** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Singer Art Jenkins and his backup trio are here through Saturday, Oct. 29; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 2-5, tenor saxophonist George Coleman and singer-pianist Nina Sheldon will co-pilot a quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**John Hartford,** tall, deep-voiced, and as crunchy as sunflower seeds, alternates with the country-and-bluegrass outfit The Dillards on Wednesday, Oct. 26; Thursday, Oct. 27, is reserved for Talking Heads, an offbeat artsy-rocksy quartet that was born at the Rhode Island School of Design, came up through the punk-rock ranks at C.B.G.B., and is awaiting AM-radio eminence; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 28-30, rock guitarist Nils Lofgren will head his combo; on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 2-3, trumpeter Chuck Mangione will drop by with his middle-of-the-road-jazz group; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, singer and guitarist Chris Hillman will be present with his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

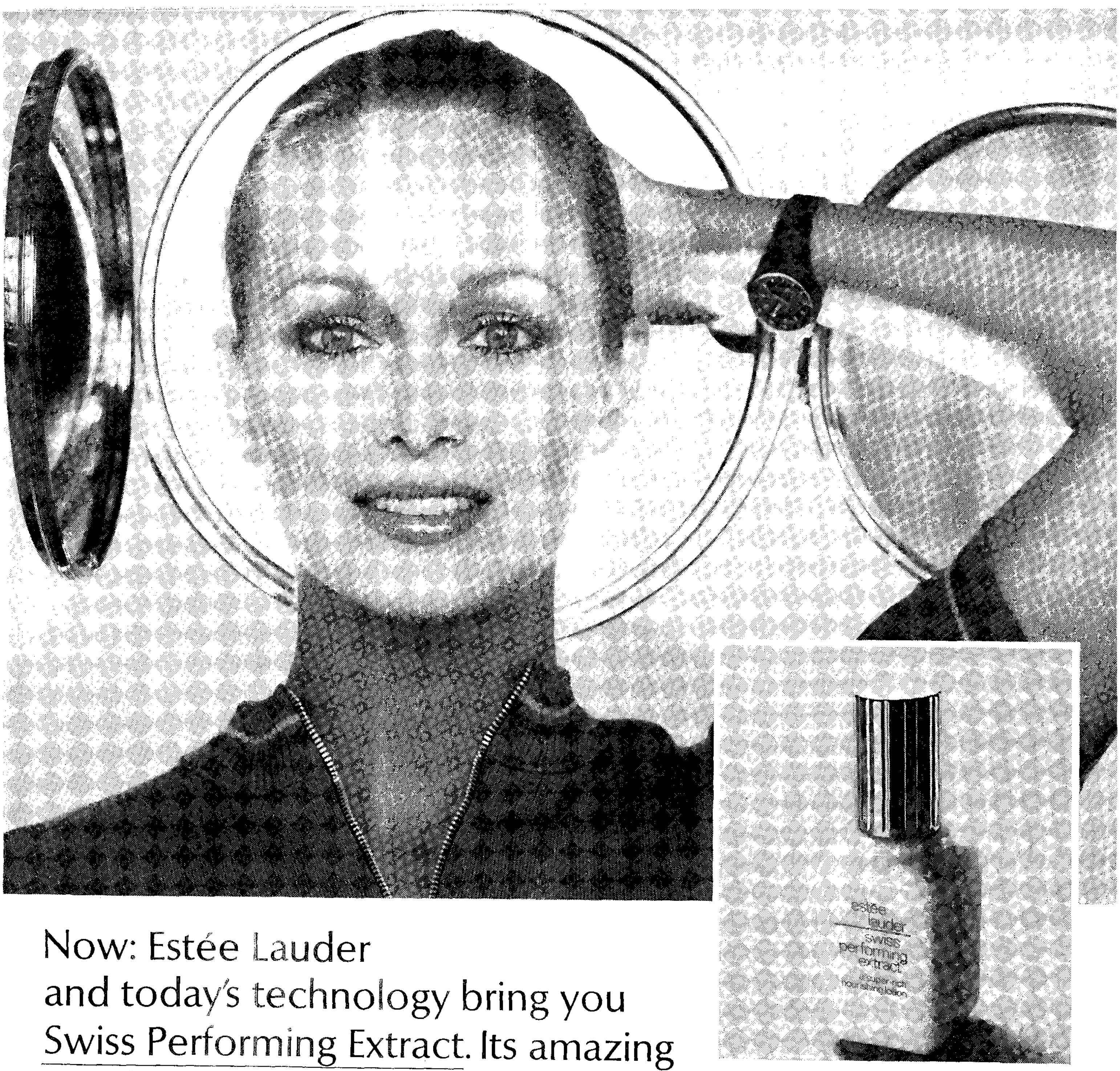
Bradley's, 7 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons and a new grand piano that was left to the proprietor, Bradley Cunningham, by the late Paul Desmond. **Michael Renzi** and his bassist perform through Saturday, Oct. 29; on Monday, Oct. 31, post-hard-bop pianist **George Cables** will come in. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **Barry Harris** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **Tony Monte** on piano and **Ron Naspo** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **Bobby Shorts** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**Beverly Peer** on bass and **Gene Gammage** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. At ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, keyboard sorceress **Marian Mc Partland** casts spells that begin taking effect about nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock—also known as new-wave—bands around. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 27-30, the Ramones, Forest Hills' gift to the *nouvelle vague*, will perform their loud, simple, and short-beyond-belief œuvres. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**Mabel Mercer** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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more is there to say? Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** (see page 100, this issue) began singing in Chicago around 1907, when she was twelve. Her good contralto remains steady and rich, even at slow speeds, and she can swing, particularly when she rolls into one of her own blues. The rest of her act is the pianist **JIMMY ROWLES,** who supports her so beautifully that he quite rightly disappears. On Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY,** whose thirty-and-more-year-old hits include "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," and who still chichis in a little-girl voice, works with bassist Morris Edwards. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**DOC CHEATHAM,** who has been playing trumpet solos for more than fifty years, heads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—While the fastidious pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and his bassist, **BILLY POPP,** take breaks from their concise sets, you can watch the "Odd Couple" on color TV Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. Dinner.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer-pianist, has taken up residence Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer (whom Warren Vaché replaces beginning Monday, Oct. 31), and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. They're here Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, swing-era-inspired tenor saxophonist, fronts a quintet from eight-thirty; and on Tuesday, Nov. 1, Hamilton will sit in with the nightly regulars. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and most capable bop pianists, works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort with **FRANK LUTHER** on bass and Alicia Sherman on vocals. This trio works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from five to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Jon Hendricks, his wife, Judith, and his grown children, Michelle and Eric, make up a vocal quartet that tries to breathe new life into "Sandman," "In a Mellow Tone," "Royal Garden Blues," and other Lambert, Hendricks & Ross chestnuts. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. On Monday, Oct. 31, former big-band star vocalist Helen Forrest will begin a six-night visit. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one o'clock. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR,** the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** bassist **AARON BELL,** and (taking over for Sonny Greer) drummer **SHELTON GARY.** Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"The Ms. in Music" is an attractive and swinging celebration of women as they have been treated in popular song over the past fifty years. The whole thing—it's a miniature revue, really—has been put together by the cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER,** who has assembled **DILL JONES** on piano, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar and banjo, **GEORGE DUVIVIER** on bass, and **FRED STOLL** on drums. The singing is by Grosz, who likes Fats Waller, and by a pair of expert studio hands—**BERNIE KNEE,** who echoes Buddy Clark and Bing Crosby, and **FRANCINE CAROLL,** whose plunging vibrato summons up Judy Garland. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. **STUFF**—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and drummers **CHRIS PARKER** and **STEVE GADD**—is a wonderful R. & B. group, performing its jogging, repetitive riffs that, happily, seem to go on forever, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 28-30, singer and songwriter Philip Namanworth will work with his band. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Buzzy Linhart, a bubbly folk-rock singer, trades sets with Meisberg & Walters, a country-rooted band from Florida, through Saturday, Oct. 29. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and **SY OLIVER'S** bouncing dance septet populate Art Deco-land. The band works Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Chris Connor, who was Stan Kenton's vocalist in the fifties, is singing here through Saturday, Oct. 29; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, Novella Nelson, a stylized and ultra-dramatic singer who has many admirers in these quarters, will come in for a six-night stint. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, warm, informal belowstairs room. Pianist, leader, and presence **SUN RA** and his **OUTER SPACE WORLD'S CONTINUUM ARKESTRA** orbit around the stage through Saturday, Oct. 29; starting Wednesday, Nov. 2, trumpeter, flugelhornist, and humorist **TED CURSON** will lead his fire-breathing septet through material which, although only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop, sounds wonderfully contemporary. On Mondays, electric pianist David Chesky works with thirteen other jazz-rock journeymen. Music from about ten. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—**DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles, plays electric piano, and guides his twelve-piece band through some of his charts on Mondays; on Tuesdays, altoist **LEE KONITZ** takes his nonet through some material by Chick Corea, Jimmy Knepper (who is sometimes in the band), Lenny Tristano, and Louis Armstrong; on Wednesdays, Konitz comes back with a trio; and Thursdays through Saturdays belong to the neo-cool-school quartet of trumpeter **CHET BAKER.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** exciting, flashy, and always musical, heads up a quintet through Saturday, Oct. 29; on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30-31, guitarist John Scofield, bassist George Mraz, pianist Richie Beirach, and drummer Joe La Barbara will join forces; and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 1-5, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki will work with singer Rhada Shothm. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Transplanted (from the West End, up the street) swing music. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, the **COUNTSMEN**—**EARLE WARREN, DICKY WELLS, FRANKLIN SKEETE,** and **JO JONES, JR.**—will be present. Music from nine-thirty. Light menu, no liquor.

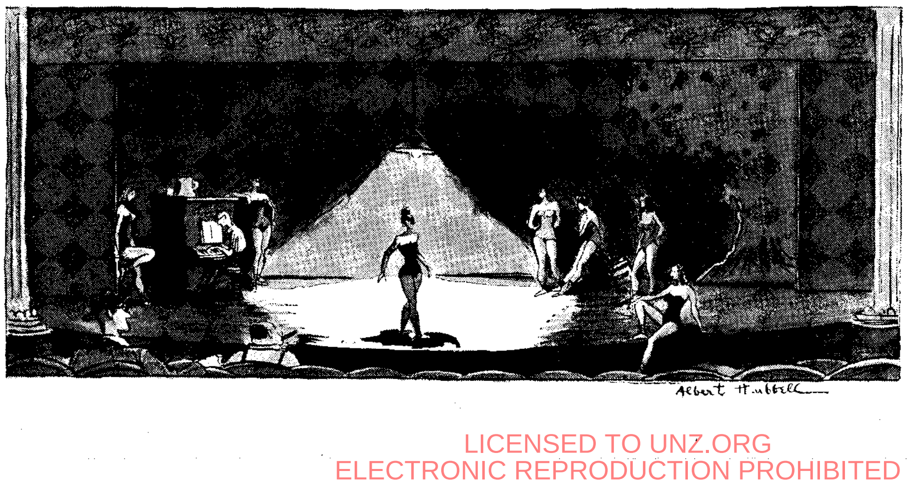
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, vibraharpist Gary Burton and his quartet will be on hand opposite drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his current crop of Jazz Messengers on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29. On Monday, Oct. 31, tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** and his free-wheeling, spirited big band, the **LOUD MINORITY**—known, for this occasion, Halloween, as the Hip Hobgoblins—will perform. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, classical and jazz guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** will lead a trio. Music from ten. In the terrace bar, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** guitarist **EDDIE BERG,** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Tenor saxophonist and composer **JOE HENDERSON** is present with a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will bring in his quartet. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, between tours. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith, who usually wears a floppy felt hat, is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays, Sadik Hakim is at the piano with bassist Errol Walters backing him up. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating brand-new Kawai baby grand practically in their laps—one certainly doesn't have any



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The 924 is designed to cope with the energy crisis. It gets a surprising 31 miles per gallon on the highway ('77 EPA-estimated) and 17 mpg in the city, with standard transmission. Your actual mileage may vary according to where and how you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.

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Thanks to pneumatic assists, the rear window/hatch lifts up effortlessly, providing quick access to your belongings. For maximum space—an amazing 18 cubic feet—the rear deck folds down. And for privacy, there is a built-in cover that conceals your luggage.

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In recognition of traffic conditions today, and acknowledging those who prefer not to shift, this is the first Porsche ever to have a fully automatic transmission as optional equipment.

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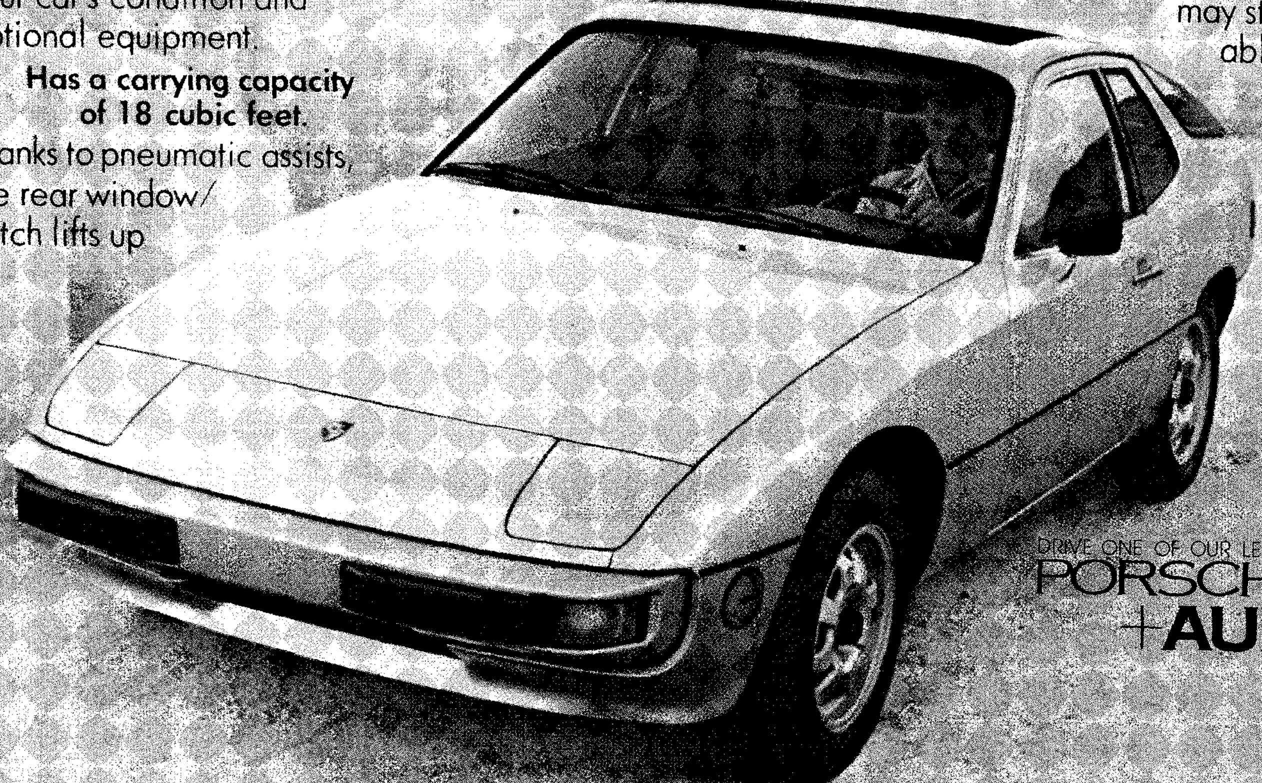
The 924 costs under $11,000.* And the engine was designed to make parts accessible and servicing easy, keeping repair bills to a minimum.

So, if you have to ask what it costs to own a Porsche, you may still be able to afford one.



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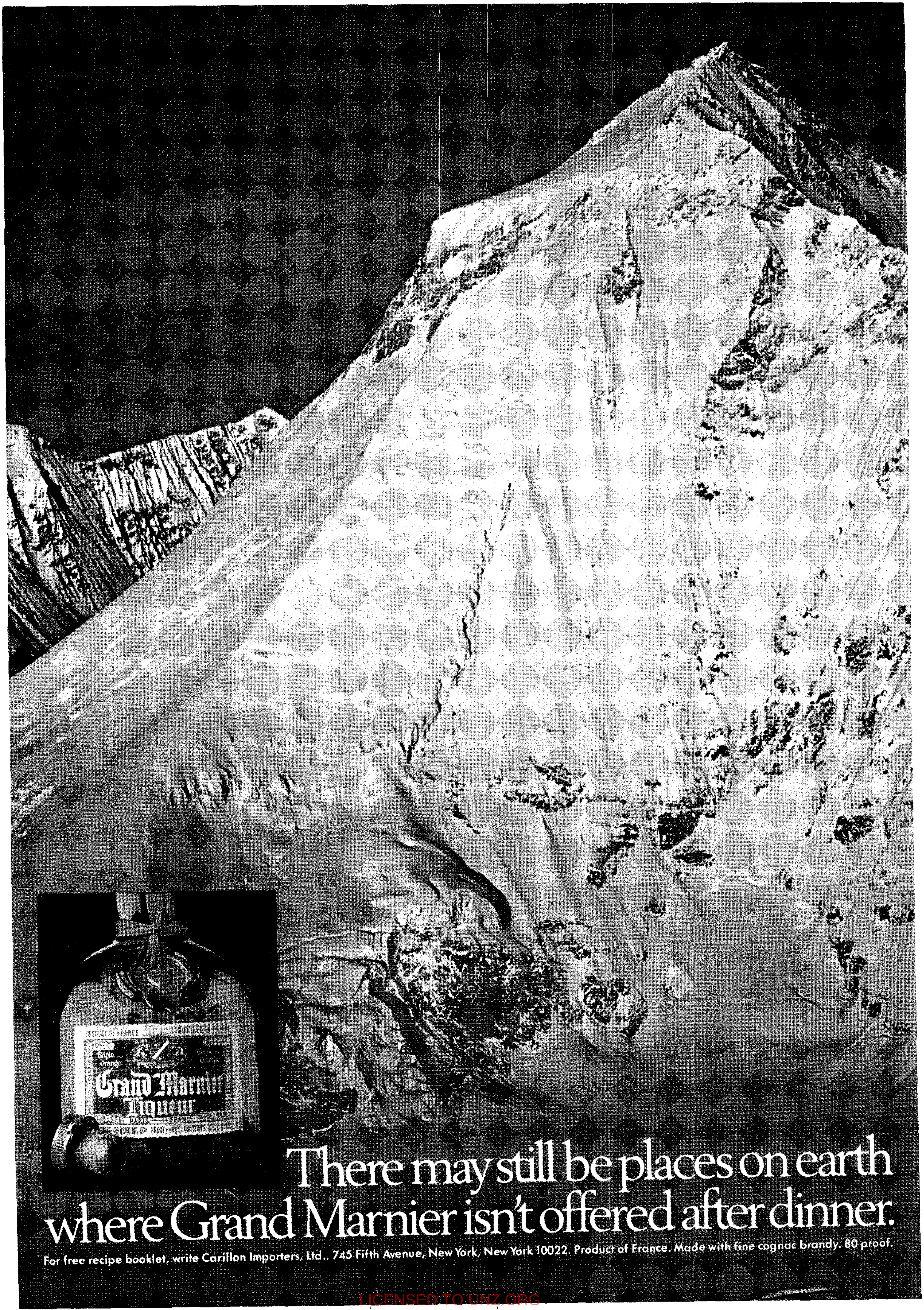
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trouble hearing the musicians. **HAROLD DANKO**, the pianist and lively soloist in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, works with a bassist Wednesdays through Saturdays; **JUDD WOLDIN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** team up on Mondays and Tuesdays. Music from nine, except Sundays. Dinner in the back dining room.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 5:45: **JUDITH COHEN**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 5:45: **KELLY GARRETT**.

Be Bop Deluxe, Styx, and **City Boy**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Crusaders, Maynard Ferguson's Orchestra, and **Marlena Shaw**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.

B. B. King, Bobby Blue Bland, Muddy Waters, and **Albert King**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Chicago—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Frank Zappa—Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30-31, at 8.

Linda Ronstadt—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 29-30, at 8.

Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.

Julio Iglesias—Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 1:30.

Mike Longo—Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3. Admission by contribution.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The first in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by Randy Weston. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Brand X, the Coryell / Mouzon Band, and **David Sancious & Tone**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8.

Patti Labelle and **Noel Pointer**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30-31, at 8.

Utopia—Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.

Alan Price and **Andy Pratt**—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.

Charlie Daniels Band, Mark Farner, and **Stillwater**—Palladium. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.

Newband—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.

Phoebe Snow—With Elliott Murphy. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Raphael—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Gentle Giant and **Dr. Feel Good**—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.

Shakti (with John McLaughlin) and **Alice Coltrane**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.

Note—Film clips and short subjects that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: "Jazz on TV"—Red Allen, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Jimmy Rushing, Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 7:30: "The Jazz Trumpet"—Dizzy Gillespie, Red Allen, Pete Dailey, and Wingy Manone; and "Louis Armstrong: Red Beans and Ricely Yours." (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Eleanor Antin—A new, eighty-minute color video in which the artist continues her paper-doll fantasy as a nurse. It is shown at 11, 1, and 3. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

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Peter Arno (1904-68)—Cartoons spanning a thirty-year period and tracing the artist's development from the rather hesitant line and cluttered composition of his earlier work to the powerful draftsmanship and frill-less simplicity of his later drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Large, formal studio paintings of nudes, still-lifes, and landscapes, plus quick pencil or pen-and-ink sketches. Through Nov. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brams—Textural paintings built up of several layers of a plasterlike mixture of marble dust, sand, and mortar, stained here and there with acrylics. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Abstract landscapes simplified down to minimal art—a plain line cut across the canvas serves as the horizon separating the fundamental elements. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Boxes (most on exhibit for the first time) and collages. Through Nov. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Willem de Kooning—A dozen fresh, big new oils, some of which seem to be messages from an interior and some strictly related to the landscape. Through Nov. 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Richly textured wall hangings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joellen Hall—Drawings of birds observed at close range at the Felix Neck Wild Life Sanctuary, on Martha's Vineyard, and sculptures of chickens and roosters. Through Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

John Hartell—Architectural interiors and Greek ruins are sources for a new group of semi-abstract oils—arched doorways, deep window casements, long halls, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Jordan—Mesas, canyons, and wide stretches of the colorful New Mexican desert, rendered in oils and pastels. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Landès Lewitin (1892-1966)—Mythical and religious figures drawn or painted on paper and simplified almost to the level of symbols—a simplicity reminiscent of the earliest woodcuts and the illustrations in illuminated manuscripts. Through Nov. 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Leo Lionni—Carved-wood, ivory, and metal representations of fantastical botanical wonders. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alice Neel / Miriam Beerman—A new series of paintings, mostly portraits. / Outsize drawings of animal heads done in loose brushstrokes of oil and black ink. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.). . . ¶ *The Cathedral Museum of Religious Art*, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., has a show of fifty of Beerman's paintings, drawings, and collages. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Howard Newman—Smoothly finished cast-bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Larry Rivers—Paintings, drawings, and collages from the fifties and sixties, when this artist was newly emerging from the coils of Abstract Expressionism and had taken up Dutch Master cigars. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.). . . ¶ Recent paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures. Through Nov. 12. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Raphael Soyer—These latest paintings include portraits of fellow-artists (Alex Katz, Mimi Gross Grooms), as well as Soyer's perennial seamstresses. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Tallon—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 19. (Flanagan, 22 E. 72nd St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Roland Topor—Color drawings on paper and canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

William Wilkins—Landscapes of the French countryside, with cathedral details sometimes thrown in, plus handsomely turned out nudes, by an English painter who has developed a singular brush technique—a sort of neo-*Pointillist* way of working. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Albert York / Gwen John (1876-1939)—Small-scale paintings—almost miniatures—of simple landscapes, cows, dogs, cats, and people. / Winsome little watercolors and pencil drawings by the talented sister of Augustus John. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Two paintings by Sam Francis, and a single painting each by Kline, Louis, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, and Rothko. Through Nov. 17. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, in a new location at 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Americans and Europeans which span two centuries, including works by Benjamin West, Thomas Sully, Charles Demuth, and Picasso. Through Nov. 19. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans—Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso among them) who have dominated the twentieth century. Through Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jane B. Armstrong—Carved-stone representations of salmon, dolphins, and horses and other animals. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Forty monotypes from the fifties. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Enrico Baj / Jeff Hoare—Comic assemblages, usually taking the form of overdecorated noblemen. They are done in a wide range of materials, including metal, ceramic, and fabric. / Abstract seascapes involving swirls of deep reds and blues. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Early watercolors and pencil sketches, some of them completed while he was still enrolled in art school. Through Nov. 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Late works, including portraits (and the crayon sketches for them), landscapes, and a stunning watercolor still-life of a pitcher, some fruit, and some flowers. Through Nov. 12. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Horsehair, linen, and gesso pieces. Through Nov. 18. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Bilgé Friedlaender—Paper, wax, and muslin constructions, and drawings. Through Nov. 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—In these surreal realist landscapes, a detail (a tree, say) from the horizon is repeated in the sky. Through Nov. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Low-keyed acrylics plastered onto heavy cardboard along with patches of fabric. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tadaaki Kuwayama—Large panels and groups of

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panels, all covered with a uniform silvery tone by this Japanese-born Minimalist. Through Nov. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Complicated constructions of vertical and horizontal metal rods welded together and given a golden sheen by one means or another. Through Nov. 12 (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—A retrospective of oil paintings by this abstractionist. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist paintings with clearly recognizable figurative elements. Through Nov. 8. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—This artist rivets our attention on worthy but otherwise forgettable Old Master reproductions by violating them. He paints a jet-black rectangle in the focal center of the picture plane, which somehow makes us study carefully and appreciate what is left. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Howardena Pindell—Paper works on which an intelligent coral seems to have been at pains to create a coruscating surface. Actually, it is built up of hundreds of confetti-like discs punched out of previous drawings by this artist, who saves them for the purpose and bonds them in place with spray adhesives and whatever other suitable materials are at hand. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (JAM, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sydell Pollack—Large oil paintings of people who are ostensibly living it up in cabarets or at carnivals but who seem individually to be wrapped up in themselves, oblivious of the surrounding merriment. Through Nov. 12. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—A comprehensive show of works painted between 1941 and 1966. Through Nov. 12. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton—Large mixed-medium works that serve as samplers of the artist's commendable skills. In a typical one, a rather formal cloud study in oils, slightly reminiscent of Steinberg, sits above a row of sketchily drawn coffee cups, while other sections of the canvas are devoted to penmanship drills, color charts, stitching with heavy threads and wooden thongs, and a childlike drawing of a house. Through Nov. 12. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Helen Thomas—A series of oil paintings called Partial Eclipse, in which transparent globes usually of low-keyed color are superimposed on one another, producing effects as striking as the whirling rings of Saturn. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Riduan Tomkins—Small symbols—a stylized figure on a diving board, two or three waterbirds, a rectangle of contrasting color—are posted at unexpected stations on a rich color field of one predominant shade. The artist is English. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mario Toral—Large and beautifully rendered depictions of writhing forms—androgynous and highly sensual—fill the canvases by this Chilean-born artist. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Constructivist paintings by this Uruguayan artist, who used Indian and Latin-American symbols to form what looked like proclamations in hieroglyphics—fish, boats, trains, clocks all take their parts in these fascinating compositions. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Susan Weil—Mixed inks applied with a brush to multiple sheets of crushed paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Works on paper and a few paintings by a Greek immigrant who learned of his great classical heritage after his arrival in this country as a boy, and who, inspired, went on to become one of our pioneer nonobjective artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ball, Bat, and Glove—A celebration of the national pastime in painting, sculpture, photographs, and prints, by a group of artists including Lichtenstein, Steinberg, Oldenburg. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **art students league,** 215 W. 57th St.: Samples of student work achieved between 1879 and 1927, including an O'Keeffe still-life done in William Merritt Chase's class, a Speicher portrait of O'Keeffe, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9:30; Saturdays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **crispo,** 41 E. 57th St.: One may judge the high quality of this group show by the presence, side by side on one wall, of a Prendergast, an Avery, a Stuart Davis, a Pousette-Dart, and a Marin. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Schoener, Moller, and Etnier. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **pearl,** 29 W. 57th St.: "American Geometric Abstract Painting of the 1950's" includes works by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jeanne Miles. Through Saturday, Oct. 29.

Sculpture—The fortieth annual exhibit of the Sculptors Guild consists of sixty pieces by as many artists. Through Nov. 17. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano / George Schneeman—A series called "Daddy's Old," in which, to chronicle an old man's illness, one or two tiny figures molded of wax and painted with oil are fixed to a relatively vast, solid-color background. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. / Startlingly clear-cut portraits and painstaking studies of sports shirts, done in fresco on cinderblock. Through Nov. 9. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

William Allan—Acrylic paintings of clouds. Through Nov. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

John Altoon (1925-69)—Abstract paintings and drawings on paper from the sixties. Through Nov. 12. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Spectacular murals made up of foot-square steel plates with a baked-on white-enamel finish, on which the artist silkscreens a quarter-inch grid before adding her designs in everyday enamel; some are abstract, and some have a strange representational cast. Through Nov. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Tom Blackwell—Resplendent motorcycles, their chromium reflecting blinding highlights, by this master of the Photo-Realist genre. A couple of slick cars are thrown in for good measure. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Kenneth Capps—Two massive cubes of steel beams, around nine feet high, embracing heavy wooden beams. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Walter De Maria—Two hundred and twenty thousand pounds of earth, tastefully and evenly distributed by this pioneer earth artist over thirty-six hundred square feet of exhibition space. It is visible only through a foyer door. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.) . . . ¶ Thirteen stainless-steel circles, all over six feet in diameter, and thirteen stainless-steel squares, all over six feet across, laid out on the floor in pairs, each encompassing precisely the same area (within an eighth of an inch). Through Jan. 31. (Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl., east of Washington Sq. Opens at noon.)

Bob Duran—New works by this painter who specializes in jagged vertical stripes that seem to march across the canvas in a colorful parade. . . . ¶ "Drawing on a Grid" is the title of a small and illustrious exhibition of works on paper by several of the most notable names in the field—Eva Hesse, Agnes Martin, Katherine Porter, and Joan Snyder. The title succinctly describes the work. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 29.

Robbie Ehrlich—This painter works on pentagon-shaped canvases, singly and in groups, one of which, consisting of twenty-five pentagons, is eleven feet high and twenty-six feet long. Each pentagon is covered with a complicated grid pattern, sometimes in stained-glass colors. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Dalia Ramanauskas / Arie Galles—Incredibly detailed pencil and colored-ink drawings of vegetable crates (peppers, in this instance), frayed lengths of rope, and mattress ticking, done with a style that transcends the subject matter. / Triangular sculptural pieces made of vertical wooden slats about an inch apart and painted so that a pastel glow is reflected on the white wall they ornament. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Peter Tkacheff is showing solid-color canvases painted a sort of battleship gray; Timothy Woodman is showing wall constructions of a nautical bent cut from found pieces of sheet metal and scraps of plywood; and Joe Neill, whose major pieces are out on the gallery's roof, is showing a wonderfully carpentered framework, about a third life-size, for a bus, plus trestlework in polished aluminum. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Freidus, a new gallery at 158 Lafayette St., near Grand. Wednesdays, 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Reginald Case—Paintings in which a figure is silhouetted against a background of upholstery-and-tile patterns. Also collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Moskowitz—Centered images (a piano, a cane, a house) on a color field. Through Nov. 16. (Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pierre Cordier / Margo Davis—Each work by this artist consists of a mounted series of small sequential pictures developed chemically on photographic paper without the use of a camera, a darkroom, or an enlarger. / Photographs of fountain sculptures, pediments, and decorative interiors, all of them taken in Rome. Through Nov. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Vintage prints of city life centered on New York in the thirties.

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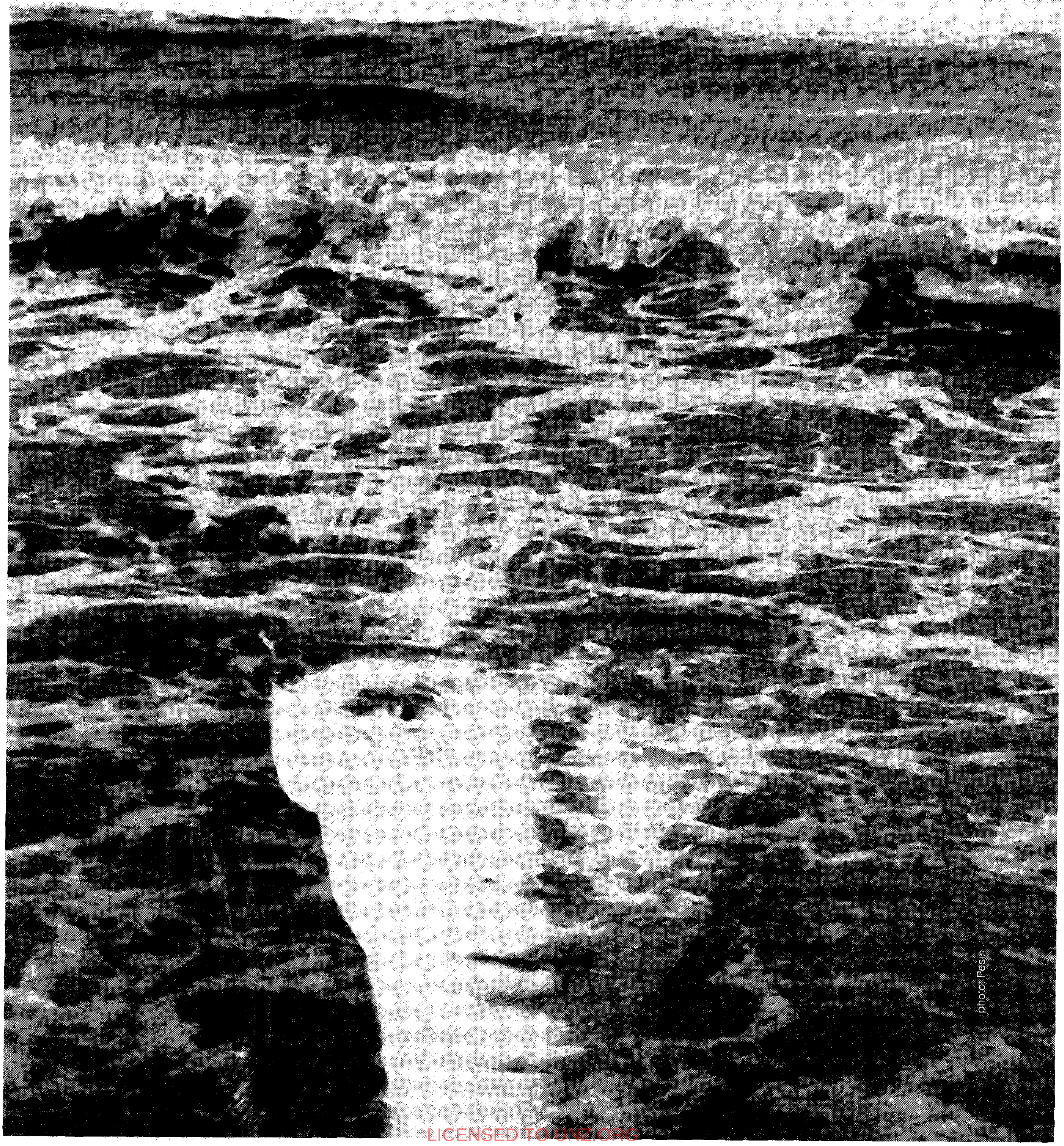

photo: Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Albumen-process prints of abandoned railroad terminals and other architectural subjects, on muslin (some four feet by five) and paper. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—A photographic retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Dec. 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A show that covers sixty years of his career, plus his last works, made in his garden in Orgeval, France. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Garry Winogrand—Pictures taken between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties, can be seen at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: "42nd Street: Theatre and the City" comprises more than eighty photographic enlargements of theatre interiors and façades (many constructed in Italian Renaissance and Georgian styles) as they looked in all their opulence in the late twenties and as they appear today. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . GREY ART GALLERY of New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: A survey of panoramic photographs (one is twenty feet long) of Civil War battlefields, cityscapes, Martian landscapes, and a 1935 White House luncheon. Through Wednesday, Nov. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.). . . VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by William Wegman, Jared Bark, Jan Groover, John Baldessari, Jan Dibbets, and Bernd and Hilla Becher. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.). . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: Forty-five photographers are represented in a show drawn from the Julien Levy Collection. Through Nov. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Monday, Oct. 31. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mythical monster Cronus, by David Hare, whose paintings give enough personification to the rocky devourer of his own young that one can almost feel a dim sympathy for him. Through Sunday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968), which are distinctive for their perforated and built-up surfaces. Through Dec. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Gouaches, drawings, and prints by Anni Albers. Through Nov. 11. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Albers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Starts Friday, Oct. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection, which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-fourth annual exhibit of paintings and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Starts Friday, Oct. 28. (Open daily, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new permanent installation that examines methods of transportation (canoe to subway) in New York. It features the society's collection of carriages (one purported to have carried President Washington), stagecoaches, sleighs, and fire trucks. Paintings, drawings, and photographs round out the exhibit. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard. . . . ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "Boris Godunov," with Florence Quivar, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Giacomo Aragall, Ryan Edwards, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 31: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 1: "Boris Godunov," with Florence Quivar, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Misha Raitzin, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, John Cheek, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "La Bohème," with Mary Costa, Giacomo Aragall, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8; on Monday, Oct. 31, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8: "The Voice of Ariadne," with Cynthia Clarey, Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Thea Musgrave. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Susan Davenny Wyner, Frances Bible, Charles Roe, Dominic Cossa, and Richard T. Gill; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Irwin Densen; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, James Billings, and William Chapman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30, at 1: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Susan Davenny Wyner, Celina Lindsley, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30, at 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Vernon Hartman, and Richard McKee; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Howard Hensel, Dominic Cossa, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Sharon

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Daniels, Lando Bartolini, David Holloway, Samuel Ramey, and William Ledbetter; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Sherry Zannoth, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Thomas Jamerson. Both conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Gianna Rolandi, John Lankston, Paul Ukena, and Richard Taylor; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Susan Davenny Wyner, Frances Bible, Charles Roe, David Holloway, and Will Roy; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, Richard Fredricks, and Placido Domingo; Lloyd Walser. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 27-29, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano). . . . ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 4, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing—Berlioz' opera "Beatrice and Benedict" in concert form, in the opening performances of the season here. With Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto; Stuart Burrows, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; Douglas Lawrence, bass; Rohan McCullough, actor; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27, at 8.) . . . ¶ A Brahms-Gabrieli program, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (St. Paul the Apostle Church, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-6770.)

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn directing with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Michel Block, piano; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Monday, Oct. 31, at 8: A performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Lucia Popp, and Barbara Hendricks, sopranos; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Walker, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; the Chicago Symphony Chorus; and the Glen Ellyn Children's Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 1-2, at 8: A varied program, with Miss Popp. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: A Tippett-Bruckner program; no soloists.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5:30, with the Suk Trio and Michael Wager, narrator.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty-five musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, who perform without a conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at midnight.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting the second of two concerts, with Eugene Drucker, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Bruce Ferden conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Bach Aria Group—Robert Shaw directing, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Fine Arts Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the second of two concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart viola quintets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Johanna Meier—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Lukas Foss, the Dorian Wind Quintet, and the Virtuosi Strings—Chamber music, with Mr. Foss playing the harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; James Buswell, violin and piano; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet and piano; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5.)

Elizabethan Enterprise—An all-Machaut program, with Peter Becker, countertenor. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Les Menestriers—A program of music of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of mostly French music, with Daniel Collins, countertenor. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-7890.)

Stony Brook Concerts—The first in a series of three chamber-music recitals by faculty members of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, this one with Charles Rosen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Renée Siebert, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2.)

Frederica von Stade and Richard Goode—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2:30.)

In Praise of Early Music—The first in a series of six concerts, this one played by the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Lazar Berman—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—Principals of the Boston Symphony, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The first in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Cleveland Quartet, with Francis Tursi, viola, and Robert Sylvester, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Robert White—Tenor, with Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Fortunato Arico, cello; and Samuel Sanders, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Early Music at the Y—A two-part, one-day program. Part I by the King's Singers, a male sextet, at 7:30, Tuesday, Nov. 1. Part II by Les Menestriers, an early-music quartet, at 9, same day. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Elsa Charlston—Soprano, in a recital of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Carol Rosenberger—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

American String Quartet—With Claus Adam, cello. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of three programs, this one devoted to the music of John Cage, Morton Feldman, Lejaren Hiller, and Giancinto Scelsi. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Oxana—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Theodore Baskin, oboe; David Singer, clarinet; Alexander Heller, bassoon; Robert Routch, horn; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of seven programs, this one performed by Dwight Peltzer and Henry Martin, piano; Stanley Waldman, clarinet; Elaine Russell, soprano; Janet Sullivan, contralto; William Lyon Lee, tenor; and Elliott Levine, bass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Playing the Aaron Copland cycle of piano works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

Mary Freeman Blankstein—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 5:30.)

Suk Soon Kim—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass, with a balalaika ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music from Aston Magna—Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Fortunato Arico, cello; Carole Bogard, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Nov. 2. . . .

¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Nov. 4. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 29 (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 5 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown.

Professional Football—Jets vs. New England Patriots. (Foxboro. Sunday, Oct. 30.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (St. Louis. Monday, Oct. 31.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Oct. 30, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 5. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Friday, Dec. 23. Through Saturday, Oct. 29, post time will be 1:30, after that, it will be 12:30. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 29, and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Oct. 29, and the Young America, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 29, and the Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 5.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

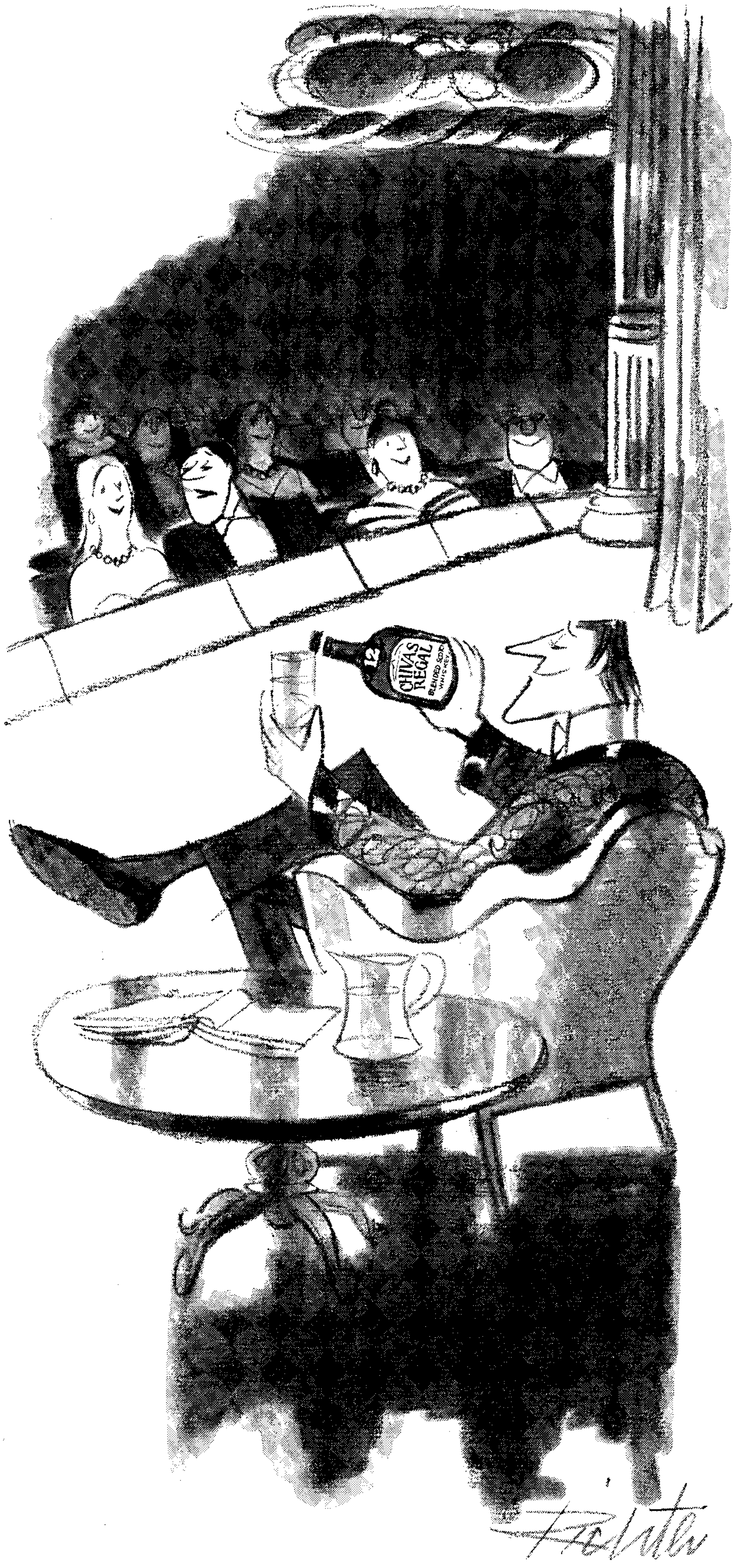
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union's Engineering Building, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Tess Gallagher and Laura Jensen reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Andrei Voznesensky reading from his own works, in Russian, with English translations read by William Jay Smith. (Altschul Auditorium, Columbia University International Affairs Building, Amsterdam Ave. at 118th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2: Colorplate and sporting books, from the collection of James Gowen. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 10:15 and 2: English and French furniture, silver, porcelains, paintings, and rugs; from the estate of Edith Kane Baker. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 2: Books, belonging to Beaver College. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Scientific and other books, from the Franklin Institute. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 28. . . . CHRISTIE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 10:30: Jewels, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 2:30, and Saturday, Oct. 29, at 10:30 and 2:30: Chinese ceramics and other works of art, owned by John D. Rockefeller 3rd and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10:30 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver and *objets de vertu;* from the estate of Elinor Dorrance Ingersoll and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 27.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 30. Turn the clock back an hour.

(*Advertisement*)



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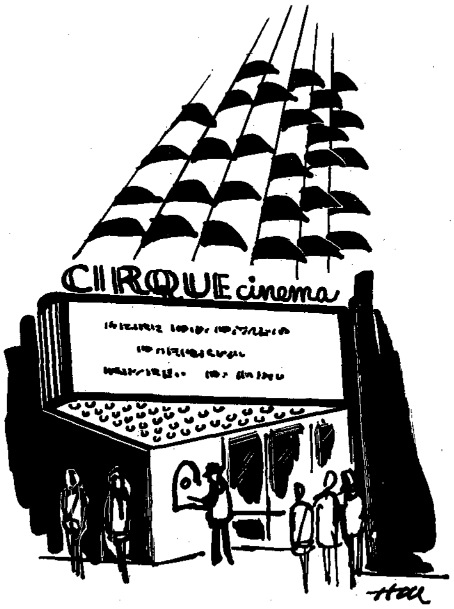
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Black and White in Color."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 1: "Smokey and the Bandit" and "Two-Lane Blacktop."
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 1: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."
From Nov. 2: "Pardon Mon Affaire."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Valentino."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Piece of the Action."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 2: "Desperate Living."
From Nov. 3: "Voyage to Grand Tartarie."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Valentino."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Valentino."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 1: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 2: "Which Way Is Up?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Piece of the Action."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 1: "Barbarella" and "Fantastic Planet."
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Damnation Alley."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Oh, God!"

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 26: "The Demise of Father Mouret."
From Oct. 27: "Alicia."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Barbarella."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 29: "An American in Paris" and "Singin' in the Rain." Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Gaslight" and "The Postman Always Rings Twice." From Nov. 2: "Grand Hotel" and "Adam's Rib."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Desperate Living" and "Pink Flamingos" (X-rated). From Nov. 3: "Voyage to Grand Tartarie."
Theatre 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 1: "Children of Rage." From Nov. 2: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 1: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."
From Nov. 2: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Handle with Care."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Julia."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The American Friend."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 2: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Nov. 3: "Voyage to Grand Tartarie."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Damnation Alley." From Nov. 3: "Bobby Deerfield."
Theatre 3: "Oh, God!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Black and White in Color."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 1: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste" and "The Sting."
From Nov. 2: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "Harold and Maude."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2561)
Through Oct. 27: "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Claire Bloom.
Oct. 28 through the afternoon of Oct. 30: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.
Oct. 30 (evening) through Nov. 3: Seven new French films by Jean-Luc Godard, Chantal Akerman, Benoit Jacquot, Jean-Marie Straub and D. Huillet, and Luc Moullet and Antonietta Pizzorno, shown on an involved evening-and-matinée schedule. Our best advice is to phone the theatre for exact dates, times, and film titles.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 26: "Three Songs of Lenin" (1934), in Russian, directed by Dziga Vertov; and "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.
Oct. 27: "The Married Virgin" (1920), "The Isle of Love" (1920), and "The Eagle" (1925), all silent films, with Rudolph Valentino.
Oct. 28: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise.
Oct. 29: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "The Loved One." (†)
Oct. 30: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (†); and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
Oct. 31: "She" (†) and "The Old Dark House." (†)
Nov. 1: "Fate of a Man" (1959), in Russian, directed by Sergei Bondarchuk; and "Other People's Letters" (1976), in Russian, directed by Ilja Averbach.
Nov. 2: "The Road of Life" (1931), in Russian, directed by Nikolai Ekk; and "When Leaves Fall" (1968), in Russian, directed by Otar Yosseliana.
Nov. 3: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†) and "Two for the Road." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 27: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney and Lily Tomlin; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.
Oct. 28-29: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Inserts." (†)
Oct. 30-31: "From Here to Eternity" (†) and "Suddenly, Last Summer." (†)
Nov. 1: "Score" (1974), directed by Radley Metzger, with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant (X-rated); and "The Lickerish Quartet" (1970), directed by Radley Metzger, with Silvana Venturelli (X-rated).
Nov. 2-3: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Le Sex Shop." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 29: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Flamingo Road" (†) and "Beyond the Forest." (†)
From Nov. 2: "Humoresque" (†); and "The Great Lie" (1941), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 27: "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975), directed by James Ivory, with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey; and "The Householder" (1963), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor.
Oct. 28-29: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965),

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directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor; and "Savages" (1972), directed by James Ivory, with Louis J. Stadlen and Anne Francine.

Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Bombay Talkie" (†); and "The Guru" (1969), directed by James Ivory, with Rita Tushingham and Michael York.

Nov. 2-3: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (†) and "Island of Lost Souls." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 26: "Laughter" (1930), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with Nancy Carroll, Fredric March, and Frank Morgan; and "Honey" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Nancy Carroll, Skeets Gallagher, Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts, and Harry Green.

Oct. 27: "Enter Madame" (1935), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Elissa Landi and Cary Grant; and "Fatal Lady" (1936), directed by Edward Ludwig, with Walter Pidgeon, Mary Ellis, Ruth Donnelly, and Norman Foster.

Oct. 28: "College Swing" (1938), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Bob Hope, and Burns and Allen; and "Many Happy Returns" (1934), directed by Norman McLeod, with Burns and Allen.

Oct. 29-30: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

Oct. 31: "Phantom of the Opera" (†) and "The Climax." (†)

Nov. 1: "Twentieth Century" (†) and "Only Angels Have Wings." (†)

Nov. 2: "The Exile" (†) and "If I Were King." (†)

Nov. 3: "True to the Navy" (1930), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Clara Bow, Fredric March, Harry Green, and Rex Bell; and "Love Among the Millionaires." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Arabian Nights" (1942), directed by John Rawlins, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Leif Erickson, and Turhan Bey; and "Apache Drums" (1951), directed by Hugo Fregonese, with Stephen McNally and Coleen Gray. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: "Cobra Woman" (1943), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Maria Montez, Sabu, and Jon Hall. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 8:30: Parts 1 and 2 of a program of films from the Annecy International Animation Film Festival. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2:30: "To Hell and Back" (1955), directed by Jesse Hibbs, with Audie Murphy and Marshall Thompson. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), directed by Otto Preminger, with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at noon: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Turhan Bey, and Andy Devine. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "The Egg and I" (1947), directed by Chester Erskine, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Marjorie Main, and Percy Kilbride. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 5: "Captive Wild Woman" (1943), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with John Carradine and Evelyn Ankers; and "Six Lessons from Madame la Zonga" (1941), directed by John Rawlins, with Lupe Velez and Leon Errol. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at noon: "Arabian Nights." . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "Harvey" (1950), directed by Henry Koster, with James Stewart and Josephine Hull. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 5: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie; and "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumont. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at noon: Part 1 of a program of films from the Annecy International Animation Film Festival. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands" (1948), directed by Norman Foster, with Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine, and Robert Newton; and "Take One False Step" (1949), directed by Chester Erskine, with William Powell and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6: A program of films by Peter Hutton. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at noon: Part 2 of a program of films from the Annecy International Animation Film Festival. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Shooting Stars" (1928), directed by A. V. Bramble and Anthony Asquith, with Annette Benson. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "Walk the Proud Land" (1956), directed by Jesse Hibbs, with Audie Murphy and Anne Bancroft. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Horizons West" (1952), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Robert Ryan, Julia Adams, and Rock Hudson. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 8:30: "The Naked Dawn" (1956), directed by Edgar Ulmer, with Arthur Kennedy. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Oct. 28: A video, film, and light installation by Bart Robbett. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (8:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Jacobs, Gehr, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Hill, Russell, Frampton, Jordan, Kirsanoff, Keaton, Cornell, and others. Showings Oct. 26-28 at 7 and 9; Oct. 29 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Oct. 30 at 8; and Nov. 1-3 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Rapid Eye Movement: Sci-Fi & Fantasy Animation," a program of fourteen short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this ingenious, often witty battle-of-the-sexes comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are married lawyers pitted against each other in the trial of Judy Holliday, who is accused of shooting her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell. Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. The script (by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin) stoops to a few easy laughs, but it's lively, and it provides some sensational supporting roles. David Wayne almost walks off with the picture. Jean Hagen is around, too, and Polly Moran, and Hope Emerson. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 2.)

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, wih delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 2.)

Alicia—A documentary on the Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso, directed by Victor Casaus. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Oct. 27.)

The American Friend—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (10/17/77) (Cinema Studio.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form, and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 1.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, she's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten), whom she treats abominably; every time she has a chance, she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the sound track with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Regency; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Art, and New Yorker.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director is Sydney Pollack. (10/3/77) (Baronet, and Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 3.)

Bombay Talkie (1970)—A James Ivory film about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodrama for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (Thalia; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a bit refined, and the movie goes soft and romantic, but there's some very funny stuff along the way, especially the cocktail party. With Patricia Neal, George Peppard, and Martin Balsam, and with Mickey Rooney in a wild caricature of a Japanese. Blake Edwards directed George Axelrod's adaptation of the Capote novella. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Children of Rage (1975)—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

The Climax (1944)—Boris Karloff is a mad doctor who hypnotizes one woman and strangles another (both played by Susanna Foster).

All quite unalarming, which is a bit of a flaw in a picture like this. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 31.)

Damnation Alley—With Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Jack Smight. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 2.)

The Demise of Father Mouret (1975)—Directed by Georges Franju. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Desperate Living—With Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce; directed by John Waters. (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

Equus—Based on the Peter Shaffer play, with Richard Burton and Peter Firth. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Exile (1947)—The title is all too apropos: Max Ophuls had many sad days in Hollywood, and this piece of costumed theatrics filled a number of them. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was the producer, the writer, and the gymnastic star, and Maria Montez. Paule Croset, Henry Daniell, and Nigel Bruce appear with him. The cinematographer, Franz Planer, worked with Ophuls in happier times. From the novel "His Majesty, the King," by Cosmo Hamilton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In English. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 1.)

Flamingo Road (1949)—Joan Crawford's heroines have a few too many ups and downs. This time, she's involved with Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce," and she's implicated in murder again, and with the same director, Michael Curtiz, but the script lacks the mythic overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's merely tediously overwrought. With Sydney Greenstreet, Gladys George, David Brian, Gertrude Michael, and Fred Clark. (Regency; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—One of the few memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Cinema Village; Oct. 30-31.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won an Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband. Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-faced Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 2.)

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Handle with Care—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. (Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band.") (10/24/77) (Little Carnegie.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Olympia; starting Nov. 2.)

Humoresque (1946)—In this second version of Fannie Hurst's hokey weeper, the heroine (Joan Crawford) is myopic, dipsomaniacal, dissatisfied with her husband (Paul Cavanaugh), older than her ghetto-born violinist lover (John Garfield), and given to brooding heavily about the futility of a life devoid of everything but sables, limousines, Napoleon brandy, town houses, seashore estates, and enough liquid assets to make a Morgan partner's eyes widen. She bears her burdens gallantly, and when she realizes that her career as a social butterfly has not prepared her adequately to be the helpmate of her violinist she bravely wades out into the ocean and gurgles to her doom, wreathed in seaweed and clamshells. Clifford Odets worked on the update, and some of the dialogue is sharp-witted, but with frequent interruptions for big yeasty passages on the meaning of life and art. If Carol Burnett were to step in and take over, she'd hardly have to change a thing. Garfield saws away impressively while Isaac Stern is heard playing several violin concertos, and there are lines to treasure, such as Cavanaugh's remark about the music: "It has fire—rather like what you'd feel in a van Gogh painting." Jean Negulesco directed. (Possibly Odets was called in because he'd used a violinist hero in his 1937 play "Golden Boy.") As the hero's old neighborhood pal, Oscar Levant plays the piano and makes jokes; with J. Carrol Naish, Craig Stevens, Ruth Nelson, John Abbott, Fritz Leiber, and Robert (then Bobby) Blake. (Regency; starting Nov. 2.)

If I Were King (1938)—Lively costume romance. Ronald Colman smiles with mocking charm as the braggart poet François Villon, quick-witted with epigrams and swords. Fortunately, the script is by Preston Sturges. Frances Dee is the frosty great lady whom the poet melts (or thaws, anyway), and Ellen Drew is the warmer number, Huguette, an unkempt wench who hangs around the fellows in the wine cellars. With Basil Rathbone as a sly, wily Louis XI, and a first-rate cast, including Henry Wilcoxon, Bruce Lester, Alma Lloyd, Sidney Toler, Ralph Forbes, Montagu Love, and William Farnum. Frank Lloyd directed this version of Justin McCarthy's play, first filmed in 1920 starring William Farnum, then in 1926 starring John Barrymore, then in a musical version in 1930 starring Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald, and again (unsuccessfully this time) in 1955 starring Oreste Kirkop and Kathryn Grayson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 2.)

Inserts (1976)—The script, by the young writer-director John Byrum, is a long one-act play, reminiscent of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director, now shoots stag movies. The plot twists are poorly motivated, and the callow dialogue makes the whole thing seem like a kid's show. With Jessica Harper, and, as the stag-movie star, the talented Veronica Cartwright, who flings herself into her role in the dissolute romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. X-rated. (3/15/76) (Cinema Village; Oct. 28-29.)

Island of Lost Souls (1932)—The first screen horror version of H. G. Wells' "The Island of Dr. Moreau," with Charles Laughton as a mad scientist and Kathleen Burke as a rather

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decorous Panther Woman. Wells rightly denied any connection between the movie and his book. (Thalia; Nov. 2-3.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. (10/10/77) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 2.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). (7/25/77) (Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Nov. 1.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Love Among the Millionaires (1930)—Clara Bow is Pepper the waitress, and Mitzi Green is her little sister; Skeets Gallagher and Stuart Erwin are both in love with Pepper, but she's in love with Stanley Smith, a railroad magnate's son, incognito. This happy nonsense from Paramount has a batch of songs (including "Don't Be a Meanie") and dialogue by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Theodore von Eltz is the sneaky villain; Frank Tuttle directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3.)

The Loved One (1965)—From the look of this version of Evelyn Waugh's satirical novel centering on Forest Lawn, the director, Tony Richardson, shot every plausible idea that came along, and then, as the material was of megalomaniac length, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to plug the holes with overlapping sound. But it's funny anyway. The botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton play a married couple, Rod Steiger an embalmer, Ayllene Gibbons his bedridden fat mother (who gets orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials), Jonathan Winters a charlatan, and Liberace a casket salesman. The cast also includes James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Robert Morse, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Christopher Isherwood worked on the script; then Terry Southern was brought in. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Paris.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Nov. 1.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Plaza.)

Only Angels Have Wings (1939)—Rubbish that wouldn't hurt a fly, and perfectly enjoyable, with Jean Arthur and some airmail pilots in a South American town. She falls in love with Cary Grant, who sends men up into the air in all conditions, and flies himself when the weather is really rotten. Gold-tinted kitsch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 2.)

Phantom of the Opera (1943)—Someone at Universal had the brainstorm of redoing the silent Lon Chaney horror picture and taking advantage of the fact that it was set in an opera house to make it not only a sound picture but a musical. The result is this stodgy version, directed by Arthur Lubin, with Claude Rains as the faceless horror and Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster as the singing pretty people. Even without a face, Rains is more expressive than they are. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 31.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi,

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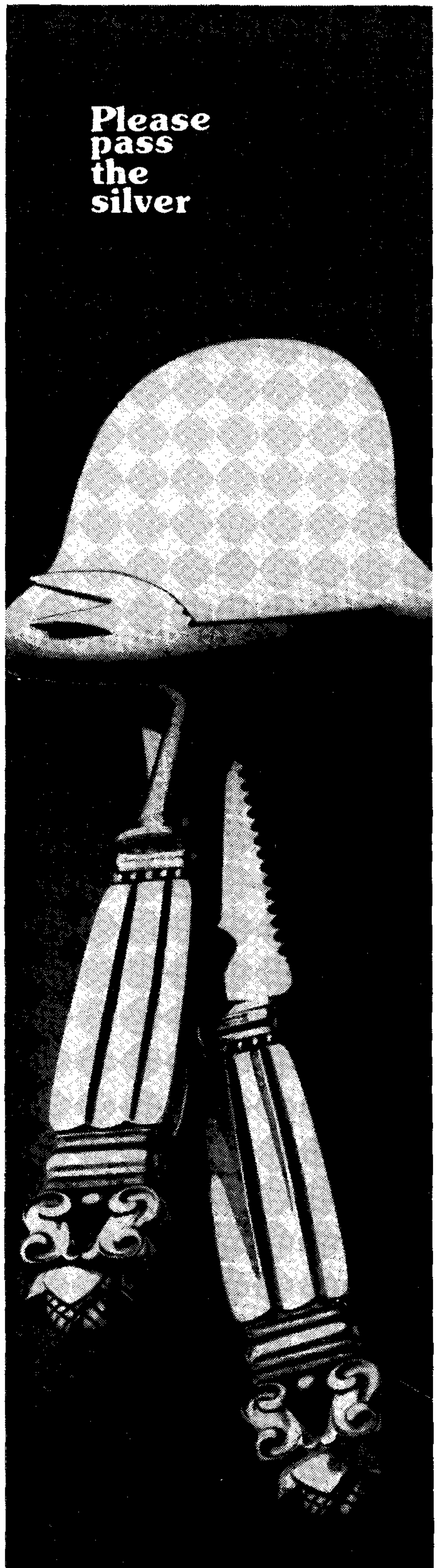

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Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I.)

Ruggles of Red Gap (1935)—Charles Laughton starred in this justly honored version of the venerable comedy by Harry Leon Wilson. (There were two earlier versions—one in 1918, and one in 1923 with Edward Everett Horton—and a later version in 1950, called "Fancy Pants," with Bob Hope.) The Laughton film, directed in a calm, restrained style by Leo McCarey, is just about irresistible, even with its big scene—Laughton, an English valet in the Old West, reciting the Gettysburg Address in a saloon, as the camera pans across the awed faces of the cowhands. It's a bit much, but it works like magic. The cast could hardly be better: Roland Young is the Englishman who loses the valet in a poker game, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are the rich American couple who win him, and ZaSu Pitts is the widow the valet courts. With Maude Eburne, Lucien Littlefield, Leila Hyams, Willy Fung, and Libbie Taylor. (Thalia; Nov. 2-3.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (Cinema Village; Nov. 2-3.)

She (1935)—Hilarious, terrible, essential. Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagey décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunters of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrudes upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the story; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. Camp like this is a rarity. With Nigel Bruce. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Olympia; through Nov. 1.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Cinema Village; Oct. 30-31.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Ziegfeld.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

Valentino—With Rudolf Nureyev in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (34th St. East, Columbia II, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Voyage to Grand Tartarie—With Jean-Luc Bideau and Micheline Lanctot, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (D.W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 3.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 2.)

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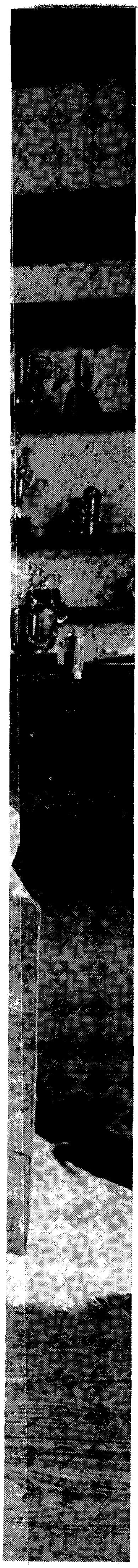

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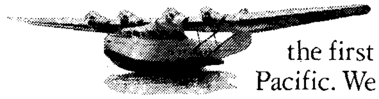

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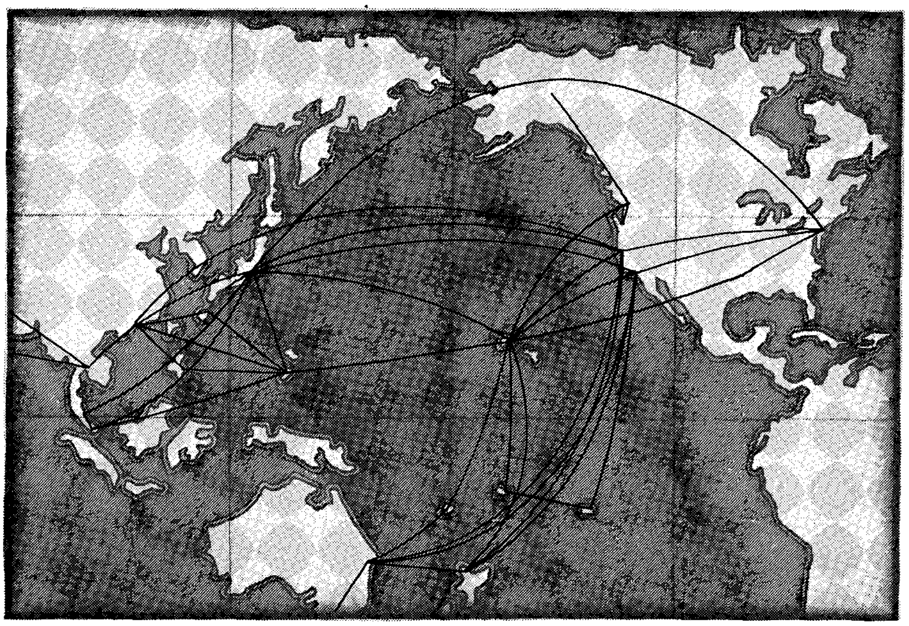

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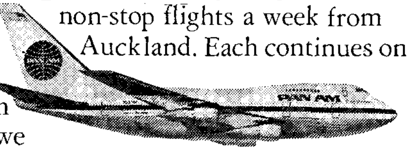

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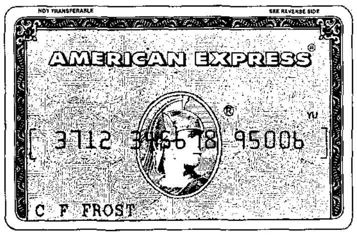

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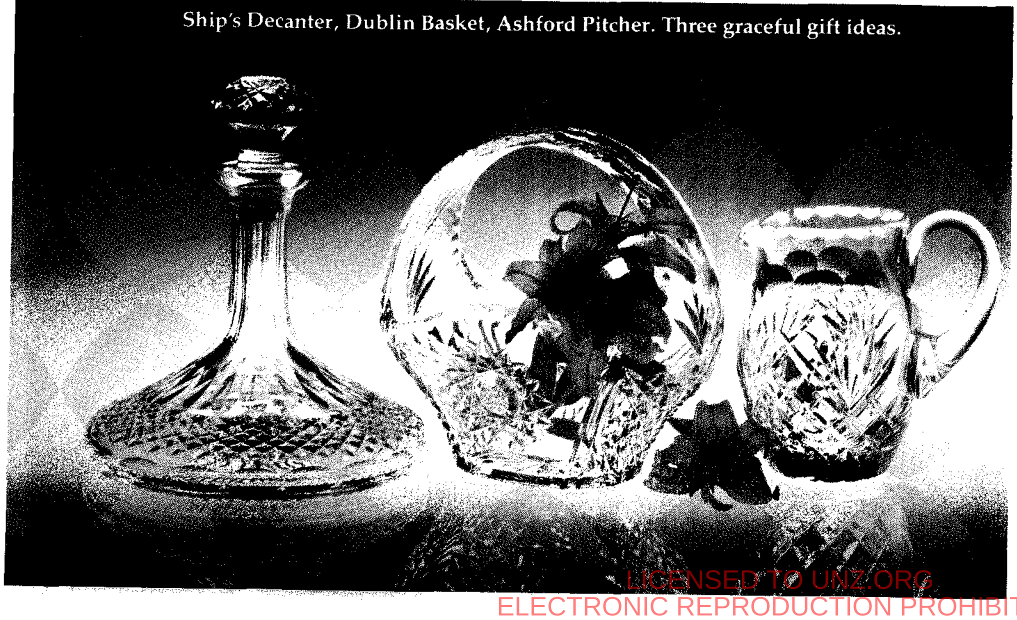

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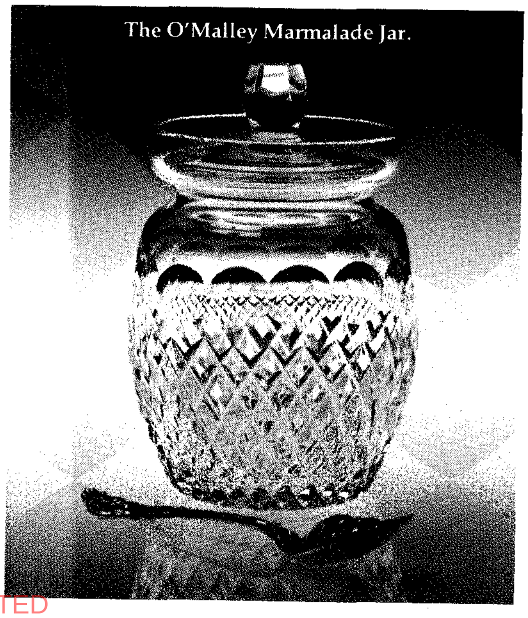

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THESE past few weeks, we have turned our attention to the newspapers in a manner not habitual with us—asking, as we read, the hard question "How are we—all of us—doing?"

We have not, it seems, done well. We have failed to live up to our advance billing. We have failed to come to terms with economic and philosophical reality. We have failed to pass litmus tests, to build up players through the farm system, to spend money where it will do the most good, to follow our gut instincts, to comply, to come face to face with what's beyond the French Quarter; failed to see the big picture, to correct oversights; failed to develop a unified approach, monitor progress, work miracles; failed to obtain access to the sea.

We went too far. We threw away unique opportunities. We wasted all our energy on the Canal, giving little or no attention to outdoor lighting. We mistook rudeness and self-righteousness for leadership, yielded to lawlessness, gave tangibles for intangibles. We met behind closed doors, and disagreed on the question of seating. We brooded. We were obsessed with style rather than substance. We declined to lead the diamond jack and allow it to ride. We indulged in excessive snacking, quibbled over which expenditures belonged in the numerator, and cried disaster over each new Supreme Court decision. We tolerated "excused" absences and bad things done badly. We hushed up incidents, galvanized the opposition, made four straight unforced errors, and fought on a dozen battlefields at once. We carried loyalties past the point of good sense and sought round-the-clock companionship from cronies and assistants. We rushed to judgment.

We failed to identify enormous problems, apparently intractable problems, chronic problems, and major problems. We denied that there are problems. We were unable to cope with problems that should have been anticipated. We were reluctant to adopt known solutions.

We held to old and narrow concepts. We shamelessly recycled ideas, and curtailed their flow. We made archaic rules, heretical assertions, unnecessarily sharp statements.

We continued to believe that millionaires are mental giants, to allow the proliferation of pirated tapes and discs, and to engage in a constant drive to "communicate" which has created a modern-day Tower of Babel.

But we were not completely at fault. We had to deal with snags, slumps, impasses, summary uprootings, slights, dilution. There were erosions, declines, transitions, reversals, slouchings toward and fallings behind, inescapable aftermaths.

There were various outbreaks.

All the while, we were being asked to assume added costs, hobbling costs, hidden costs: the hidden costs of Empire, the hidden costs of rigidity.

We were subject to the pendulum effect and the ripple effect. We were beset by lawyers, hopeless fogies and mossbacks, the Rockefellers, and uninformed persons.

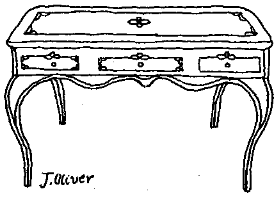
We were prey to forces: the herd instinct, the liberal legacy, the division of the self against itself, the politics of barbarism, the new cult of age, machismo, post-Watergate morality, containerization and fragmentation, the breakup of the nuclear family, a debauched culture, post-recession jitters, creeping annexation, defeatism, human folly, Snowbelt-Sunbelt chauvinism, and the movement from mod to punk.

We want to do better. But, looking ahead, we see a confusing mosaic of goals and means. We see historical tensions and the convergence of a multitude of strands in American political life. We see last straws. We see a national preoccupation with the past, and we see the future, which has a way of catching up with you.

* * *

First Landing

ONE recent morning, we looked at the scenery at Kennedy Airport—one of the largest flat landscapes in the East, with light poles receding mathematically in the distance—along with a lot of other people, who were looking longer and more intently out of an airport window than they had probably ever looked before when they weren't expecting relatives, as we waited for the first landing in the New York area of the Concorde, the discord-producing supersonic French-British jet liner. Port Authority policemen, who were everywhere, told people that the best place to see the landing was from the windows of Concourse C at the Pan American terminal, and many of the four or five hundred spectators in that part of the airport (including us) believed them, in spite of the fact that no planes at all were landing on the part of the runway you could see from there. Everybody figured that it didn't matter, and that they'd hear the noise long before the plane came down. In fact, there was a certain shivering anticipation of hearing a really loud, Sensurround-type of noise to drown out the penny-ante annoyance of a large electric drill that workmen were using nearby. The Concorde, however, makes a really big noise only when it is taking off, so what happened was that suddenly everybody realized that a plane that had soundlessly taxied into the upper-right-hand corner of the view was the one they'd been waiting for when a man said, disappointed, "Oh. It's already down." The people who had been watching over on the other side of the terminal, and had seen the plane land and then taxi out of sight, suddenly swamped the Concourse C windows. Excitement was high. Instamatics on plastic wrist straps were aimed. The plane, under a cloud of thirteen media and Port Authority helicopters, taxied on, out of sight from Concourse C, drawing all the spectators to still another vantage point in the terminal with such a rush that if the terminal had been a boat it would have tipped over. People pressed up against the long continuous line of windows in the first-class lounge, which gave the plane an ideal promenade, and everybody got a good look as it came taxiing by, close and fast. It looked great. It looked as high-spirited as a '69 GTO with its back end jacked up. Its fuselage, pointed weirdly at both ends, looked like nothing else on earth except maybe a squirt of paint. It gave us a feeling that was the great-great-great-grandson of the feeling that people had when they first saw a steamboat—an emotion without its ancestor's strong surge of hope but a real relative all the same. The spectators, many of whom had taken a subway-and-bus combination to Kennedy to see the plane, went "Oooh" and then applauded as it taxied by.



Out of the Bogs

THE latest hit at the Metropolitan Museum is a show called "Treasures of Early Irish Art," and the devisers of the show aren't exaggerating when they say "early": among the seventy or so beautiful objects on display are some gold dress ornaments and jewelry dating back to around 2000 B.C., while the Johnny-come-lately of the exhibition is a silver processional cross from Lislaughtin fashioned by one William, the son of Cornelius, in the last quarter of the fifteenth century A.D. The three most celebrated objects in the show all date from the eighth century A.D., when Ireland was enjoying one of its recurrent periods of prominence in the cultural life of Europe; they are the so-called Tara brooch, the Ardagh chalice, and the Book of Kells. This gorgeously illuminated manuscript, which is causing the largest pedestrian traffic jams at the Museum, is usually to be found in a modest glass case in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; here it has been placed in what amounts to a technologically sophisticated, nondenominational reliquary, which simulates the temperature and humidity to which the manuscript is accustomed in dear, damp Dublin.

There's a form of malapropism known as the Irish bull (example: "Ireland is overrun with absentee landlords"), and perhaps it is an Irish bull to say that one of the chief wonders of the exhibition at the Met cannot be seen there. This particular wonder happens to be a person, not an object. He is G. Frank Mitchell, President of the Royal Irish Academy, Professor of Quaternary Studies at Trinity College, and a polymath if we ever heard of one. His fields of expert knowledge embrace geology, archeology, history, art, and ornithology. Having helped to select the objects for the exhibition (with one exception—the Emly shrine, from the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston—all have come from the collections of the National Museum of Ireland, the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College), Professor Mitchell wrote the preface to its sumptuous catalogue, and an introductory historical essay, the section on "Foreign Influences and the Beginnings of Christian Art," and the detailed catalogue entries as well. Professor Mitchell has been back and forth several times between Dublin and New York overseeing preparations for the show. He carried the Book of Kells here on an ordinary Aer Lingus flight, keeping it in an environmentally controlled box snugly between his feet. We spoke with him one day last week, just before he returned home. A tall, craggy-faced man in his sixties, he was in high spirits over the success of the exhibition. "Only a very few of Ireland's early treasures have survived, and, little as we like having those few leave the country, we thought it important to commit them to an extended stay in America," he said. "After New York, the exhibition will go to San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Boston, and Philadelphia. I think it will show Americans, including a lot of Irish-Americans, that there is more to Ireland than the stereotypes the tourist tends to look for. Ireland is a tiny country that for thousands of years produced art of a quality as high as that to be found anywhere in the world."

One reason that little early Irish art has survived is that the country was so often invaded and plundered. Viking raiders took much treasure out of Ireland before settling down and founding the first towns there; so did successive waves of Normans and Englishmen. In troubled times, treasure that hadn't been carried off might be buried for safekeeping and then lost to memory. A fragment of an ancient crosier turned up in a peat bog only a few months ago. As the catalogue notes, when the West Clare Railway was under construction, in 1854, a hoard of prehistoric gold ornaments was uncovered at the little town of Mooghaun North. Sir William Wilde, the father of Oscar Wilde, was an ardent student of the Irish past. By the time he got word of the find, many of the ornaments had been melted down, but he went to Mooghaun North and made an inventory of what remained: "5 gorgets, 2 neck torcs, 2 unwrought ingots, and no less than 137 rings and armillae." The weight of the surviving ornaments was a hundred and seventy-four ounces—the greatest find of prehistoric gold ever to be discovered in Western Europe.

Mostly while wearing his geologist's hat, Professor Mitchell has visited all but two of our fifty states. "So far, the two Dakotas have mysteriously eluded me," he said. "There's some gravel out in the badlands that I'm very eager to have a look at. North Carolina is one of my favorite states. Did you know that Mount Mitchell, near Asheville, is the highest peak east of the Mississippi? It's named for a Professor Mitchell, but I'm sorry to say it isn't *this* Professor Mitchell."

Worldly Goods

JANET called last week to ask if we'd like to help her clean her apartment. "I'm divesting myself of my worldly goods," she said when we got there, "starting with this box of miscellaneous papers." Sitting down on a straight-backed chair, she leaned into a large carton and proceeded to pull out assorted pieces of paper—letters, postcards, business cards, calling cards, palm cards, posters, flyers, handouts, bills, lists, notes, clippings, manuscripts. We settled down on a stack of old newspapers to watch, and to listen.

"You know how all my life I always regret everything?" she asked.

We nodded.

"It's my age," Janet said. "Lately, it's not getting around that's making me nervous. Oh, my God, Greece!

That's the place I want to go. I took a one-day course in Greek. All the words are here somewhere." She glanced at a piece of paper. " 'Antiquity.' I don't know if I want to do that part." She put the paper on the floor next to a wastebasket.

" 'Five-dollar discount with this flyer.' Oh, it's a massage parlor. Listen to this: 'The newest development in sexual awareness . . . Color TV . . . Relaxing indoor games, backgammon, chess.' No address; you have to call them. I thought I would go there with a bunch of people and say my TV set isn't working. They hand these out to men on the street, and I always insist on getting one.

"Here's a postcard from behind the Iron Curtain in Korea. She says she can't say anything.

"This is something a cabdriver said: 'I was the eleventh-highest salesman in the store.' I wrote that down.

" 'Protect your credit and your credit will protect you.' They call this a personal letter. 'Dear Friend . . .'

" 'The Committee to Preserve West Eighty-sixth Street: Dear Neighbor . . .' It's from a stranger. It says to write to Mayor Beame and Percy Sutton."

Janet reached into the box again. "Registered mail. 'You're being sued, three days' notice.' This is from June. I'm throwing that out.

"Here's a Christmas card from four years ago. 'How are you?' it says. I guess I should throw these things out.

"This is something Max made for me I should have had framed. It's a tired unicorn.

"I don't seem to be throwing anything out. I'm just looking at it.

" 'Take notice.' Oh, it's another one. Six hundred and ninety-five dollars—two copies of it. Out!

"Here's another one. 'Notice of demand before filing suit . . . A claim . . . Balance: a hundred and seventy dollars. This is final.' I wonder if it is.

"Something for troubled employees in the downtown area. I went, but I wasn't troubled enough. I ate a hard-boiled egg and left with a man who wasn't troubled enough, either."

Janet looked up for a moment. "I'd better call Puerto Rico," she said. "A Mrs. Martinez wants to write my autobiography in Spanish. I'd better reverse the charges."

Janet peered back into the box and examined the next item. " 'Demand for the payment of debt . . . Pay no one but this office . . . Final demand.' It has to be paid to Payco," she said. "I don't know who that is, do you?"

We said no.

"Oh, this is a letter from a gorgeous guy I picked up on the street once. He was a doctor from Haiti. He sent me his picture. I lost the picture, but I still have the letter.

"Here's another letter: 'Dear Janet, I'm living in a convent with three nuns. Love, H.' I don't know who that's from.

"Oh, here's another trip. 'Great portals and waterways of Western Europe.' That was in the summer. I must have missed it.

"This starts out 'Dear Silent One.' It couldn't be for me.

"Here's a prescription for Motrin for 1972. They probably won't pay any attention to it now. Whatever I had, I'm over it.

"Here's a drawing that says 'Janet's feet.' See that drawing?" Janet passed us the drawing.

"Oh, the Driver's Manual. I'm absolutely unable to do this. I cannot take that written test. I know what a stop sign looks like. I'll throw that out." She tossed the booklet into the wastebasket, and we handed back the drawing, which she laid beside her on the floor.

"*Here's* that letter I was supposed to send them when they were dunning me at Jack LaLanne's: 'She has developed a discogenic disease and is forbidden to continue her health-spa activity.'

"This is when I stayed at a friend's house: 'Wasps,' it says. 'Wasps sometimes get into the dining room, either through screen door if not slammed shut or secret passages in the storm

windows. . . . Swatter is on hook near icebox.'

" 'Get cigarettes for St. Luke's Adolescent Addiction Center.' That's written on the back of a torn envelope.

" 'Reminder . . . Unless the rent is paid in three days, disposses proceeding will begin.' D-i-s-p-o-s-s-e-s. I don't think that's right. I get one of these every month.

"A bank in California has a hundred dollars of mine.

" 'Papini's.' That reminds me of World War Two in Florence. What's the name of that old bridge?

"My God, I never saw these, did I? Baby pictures of someone else's baby.

"Here's a paper duck that says 'Hubert des Forges.'

" 'Call Joe.' I don't dare throw anything out.

" 'Ben St. George. Call for money.'

"Here's a psychiatrist who keeps suing me. I'm always afraid I'm going to throw out something important.

"All of my divorce stuff, none of which worked out. I mean, I got the divorce but not the money.

" 'Goodell for Senator.' That goes back a way."

Janet reached down to a deeper layer of papers. "I always throw the bills away, and I save all the things in my handwriting, which I can't read," she said. "At least, I ought to fill one trash basket. How about this stuff?" She put a pile of papers in her lap and studied the top one.

"I'm going to throw out a Massapequa timetable.

"Oh-oh. 'Please inspect these documents. Guard these documents to prevent forgeries.' I've lost the documents, I think.

"A card: 'Peace and Happiness.' Oh, this is that lady I picked up on a train with two little kids. I found her a hotel. She sent me a peace-and-happiness card."

Janet gasped. We leaned forward.

"September 27, 1974," she said. "I have a doctor's appointment at 1 P.M. Things are written on the back. A phone number. Who do you suppose that is? Should I throw it out?"

Janet put the appointment card on the floor and surveyed the room.

"If I'm going to end my life here, I'm going to change the color of the walls," she said.

She picked up another piece of paper. " 'Please renew subscription.' I tried selling eighty old magazines for ten cents each. The man said he didn't want them, so I gave them to him for nothing.

"How about this?" Janet asked, and she began to recite:

I had a part of him she thought,
Her eyes grew misty dim
A part of him is not enough
She thought the hell with him.

"Should be a comma," she muttered. "*Or* 'For he had all there was of her, She only part of him.'

"It's the worst poem I ever read or wrote," Janet said, sticking the poem under her right knee.

"This is a letter of recommendation so I wouldn't be fired. Listen to this: 'She brought a sense of order . . .' I think he went too far.

"This is a box full of very important . . . I had these things in a lot of bags, and I thought if I put it all in boxes and threw out the empty bags I would . . . This is one of several boxes. Eight bags and two boxes, and there's a barrel outside. What do you do with things like this?" Janet held up a used manila envelope.

We tried to think of an answer.

"I threw a little card away just now," Janet said. "It said 'Leather' on it.

"Here's another bunch of poems. I've been looking for these. What happened to the one where . . . Well, I'm so glad I found these." Janet put the poems on a pile behind her and returned to the box.

"Bunch of hymns," she said.

" 'Natural carpentry—the people's carpenter,' " she said. "That's good. I'm going to have something built.

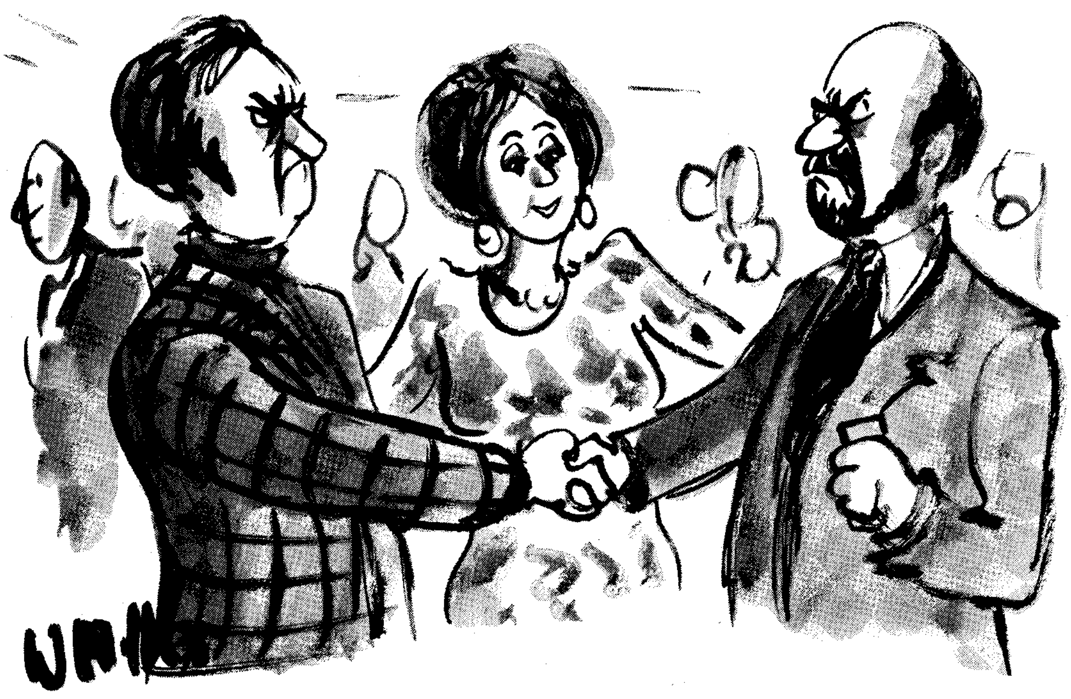
"Oh. 'Janet, Darling.' Here's a letter from my ex-husband before we were married. He was crazy about me in 1952."

Janet stood up abruptly and headed for the door, carrying a small straw wastebasket loosely filled with crumpled papers.

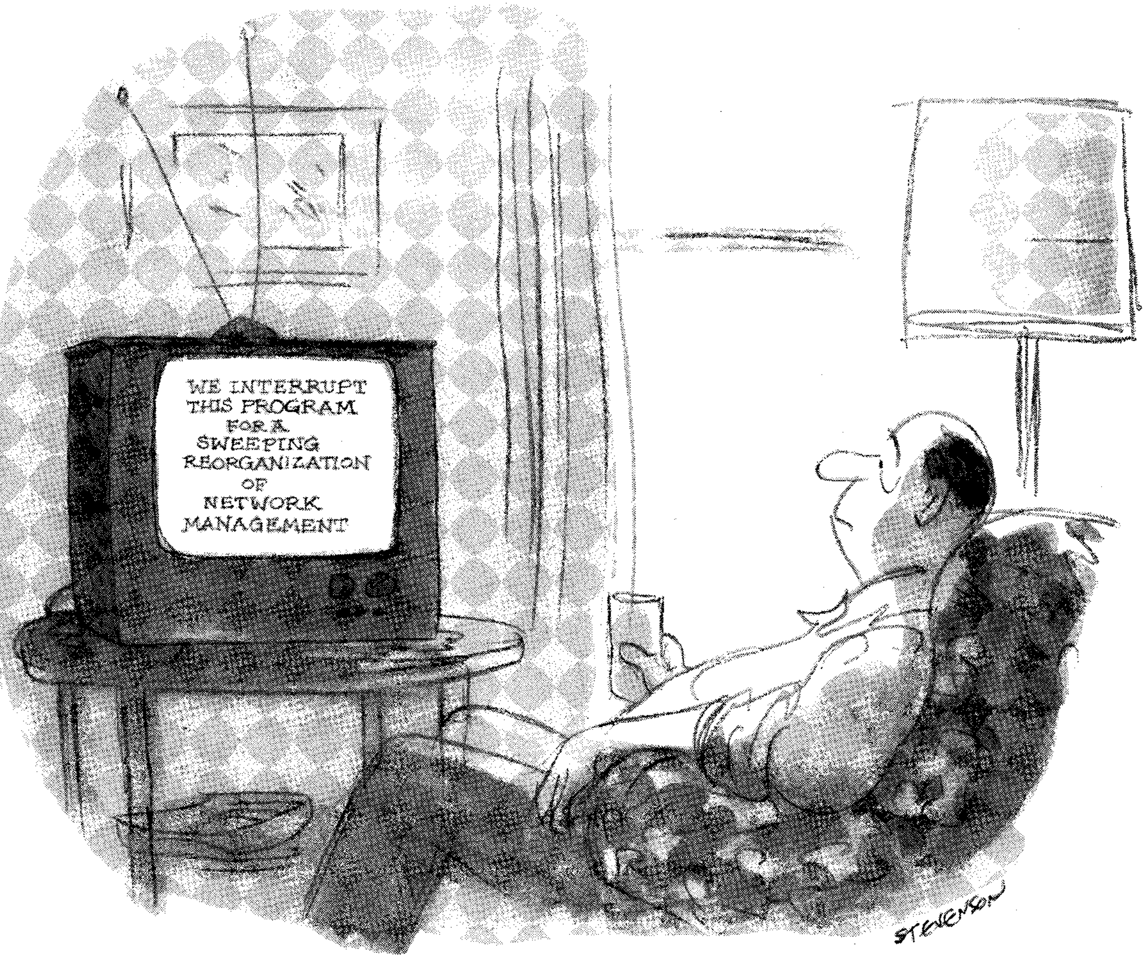
"What I should do is keep this trash basket and throw out the box," she said.

Dave's

AT four o'clock on a windy morning last week, on lower Broadway, a yellow sign saying "The Fabric Warehouse" was swinging and screeching crazily; at first, we thought somebody was playing a soprano saxophone, but nobody was around. The neighborhood was apparently deserted. It turned out, however, that everybody who was ambulatory was inside Dave's Corner, a luncheonette a few doors away from the warehouse, on the corner of Canal Street and Broadway. Dave's was brightly lit on the outside, with red, blue, and green neon signs advertising "Dave's Improved Egg Cream," "Dave's Lime Rickey," and other special features; indoors, three horseshoe-shaped lunch counters were lined with customers, and there was a good deal of action at the cigar counter, too. (Near the cash register was a sign saying, "You Ring/We Bring. CA 6-8361.") We sat down at one of the counters, and ordered breakfast from a cheerful red-haired young woman in a white skirt and a blue top. The people around us were



"I'm glad you two are friends again. I hate to see gifted people fight."


WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SWEEPING REORGANIZATION OF NETWORK MANAGEMENT
STEVENSON

dressed in a broad spectrum of styles—Basic Taxi-Driver, Laborer, Long-Haul Trucker (cap and heavy jacket), and White Collar, plus one man in a black suit, a white shirt, and a black tie, presumably All-Night Mortician. The talk was fairly constant, rippling around the room from the counters to the open kitchen (two cooks were keeping busy) and on to the cigar counter and back again. At the same time, smaller conversations—two or three people—were taking place.

"I'm going to Long Beach."

"I'm going to Springfield, Mass."

"You in Newark, ain't you?"

"North Bergen."

"Yeah." To the waitress, who is getting coffee-to-go: "No bag."

Groups formed, broke up, re-formed. A young man sat down next to a couple of older men.

Older man, looking at him: "You a cash customer?"

Young man: "No, I'm a credit man."

He was made welcome.

Two men shout across the counter to a red-faced man who is eating alone.

"Hi, Jimmy!"

"How ya feel, Jimmy?"

Jimmy looks up from his scrambled and fries. "Good!" he says, grinning.

Under the conversations ("He makes a living . . .") are a steady rattle of dishes, the hollow clatter of a tray of coffee cups, the sound of the grill being scraped, and the calling out of orders.

A man behind the cigar counter is giving directions to a customer: "You go up about two blocks and turn right on Kenmare Street. Whataya got? A truck?"

The customer nods.

We ask the waitress if Dave himself is here.

She nods, smiling, and says, "*That's* Dave," pointing to a short elderly man with an extraordinarily benign expression.

Dave has been participating in a majority of the conversations, punctuating them with a big staccato laugh; the rest of the time, he has been strolling around with his hands in his pockets, looking pleased with everything, like a beaming grandfather of the bride at a really nice wedding. Dave is wearing a red-and-blue tie, a shirt with subtly harmonious blue stripes, a dark-blue wool sweater-vest, and tartan trousers, fundamentally but not exclusively red. He is debating the merits of automobile tires with one of the cooks. "No good!" he yells, agreeably.

He turns to the cigar counter, where a man asks him, "You got razor blades?"

"Yeah," says Dave cheerfully. "Who are you?"

To another man he says, "How's your wife?"

"A little better," says the man.

Dave sits down at the counter by his coffee cup, but he sits sidewise, so as not to miss anything. Soon he is engaged in another conversation. Dave has a fairly thick Russian-Yiddish accent, so he is difficult to understand in a conversation that is taking place several yards away, what with the other noises going on, but he is crystal-clear when he shouts, which is quite often. A customer hears Dave saying, rather confidentially, "She's a very nice little girl," and he boldly calls to Dave, "Who are you talking about?"

Dave gives the customer a Look. "The girl we're talking about," he explains.

A man in a polo coat, a pink shirt, and a red vest turns to a man in construction-worker clothes. "I meant to ask you, Ed. The Elevated structure at Gun Hill Road—is that all down now?"

"Yeah," replies Ed.

The man in the polo coat shakes his head. "I used to love to ride the Third Avenue 'L,' " he says.

A deliveryman comes in pushing a dolly with six cases of Simplot crinkle-cut frozen French-fried potatoes and one box of Bimbo lettuce; he and Dave have quite a few laughs as Dave signs the receipt.

We finish breakfast, and as we leave we ask Dave how long he's been at Broadway and Canal.

"I been here thirty-five years," Dave says proudly. "I got people coming thirty years."

"They all seem to be friends," we say.

"Why not?" says Dave.

WINTER—UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

(A PRE-SEASON TELEVISION INTERVIEW ON THE "ROUND WORLD OF WEATHER" SHOW)

HAROLD PORTENT (*he is wearing earphones, a blazer, and a look of belligerent modesty*): Don't delude yourself for the most minuscule portion of a nanosecond: It will be here soon, just as surely as the sound of my voice is reaching at this moment forty point six million more pairs of American ears than heard the far-famed address delivered at Gettysburg, P.A., by the bearded martyr-to-be of New Salem, Illinois. "What will be here soon?" you ask, and well you might, not having, as yet, the faintest notion whereof I speak. What will be here soon is Winter—he of the frigid temperatures and leaden skies and foreshortened daylight hours. Yes, the drear and snowy one himself will be making his appearance in a month or so hence. We tend to take him for granted, this paragon of quarterly transience who shares with only three other seasons the record for most annual occurrences, but he is a genial and thoughtful time of year, and he has some fascinating stories to tell, as I discovered on a recent visit to his home, in Entwistle, Alberta, just outside Edmonton, in our coterminous bilingual neighborland of Canada. I don't think you will find the colloquy we had there entirely jejune.

(*Fade to the patio of* WINTER'S *home, where we find* WINTER *wearing an electric-blue warmup suit and a pair of Adidas; from time to time during the interview, he jogs lightly in place, keeping himself loose.*)

PORTENT (*he has donned a plaid mackinaw and earmuffs*): Tell us, Winter, here at the top of the show, how do you do it—year after year, B.C. and now A.D.? For near unnumberable aeons now, you've been the exclusive source of snow and sleet and keen, knifelike winds for the bulk of the Northern Hemisphere, yet you show not the faintest indication of flagging. Indeed, many observers believe that you were at the apogee of your form only last year.

WINTER: Well, thanks, Harold. I guess I owe a lot of my success to my folks. My dad taught me the value of hard work and training. He passed away when I was fifteen, and Mom went to work as a secretary to put me and my kid brother through high school. She gave me all the encouragement anyone could ask for.

PORTENT: I've met that charming lady, and most gracious she is, I can attest. I hope you won't mind if I tell our viewers what she told me—that she had severe doubts about the direction you were taking as a child.

WINTER: That's right, Harold. Most of the kids I grew up with wanted to be just an ordinary summer afternoon or a cumulonimbus cloud, or maybe just a bit of lawn dew down in Connecticut, but I set my sights a little higher than that. When my mom saw that I was determined to become a whole time of year, she finally gave in. I guess the turning point was my first global event, which happened around a million years ago, back there in the Pleistocene epoch.

PORTENT: The global event whereof you speak was what we know as the Ice Age, was it not?

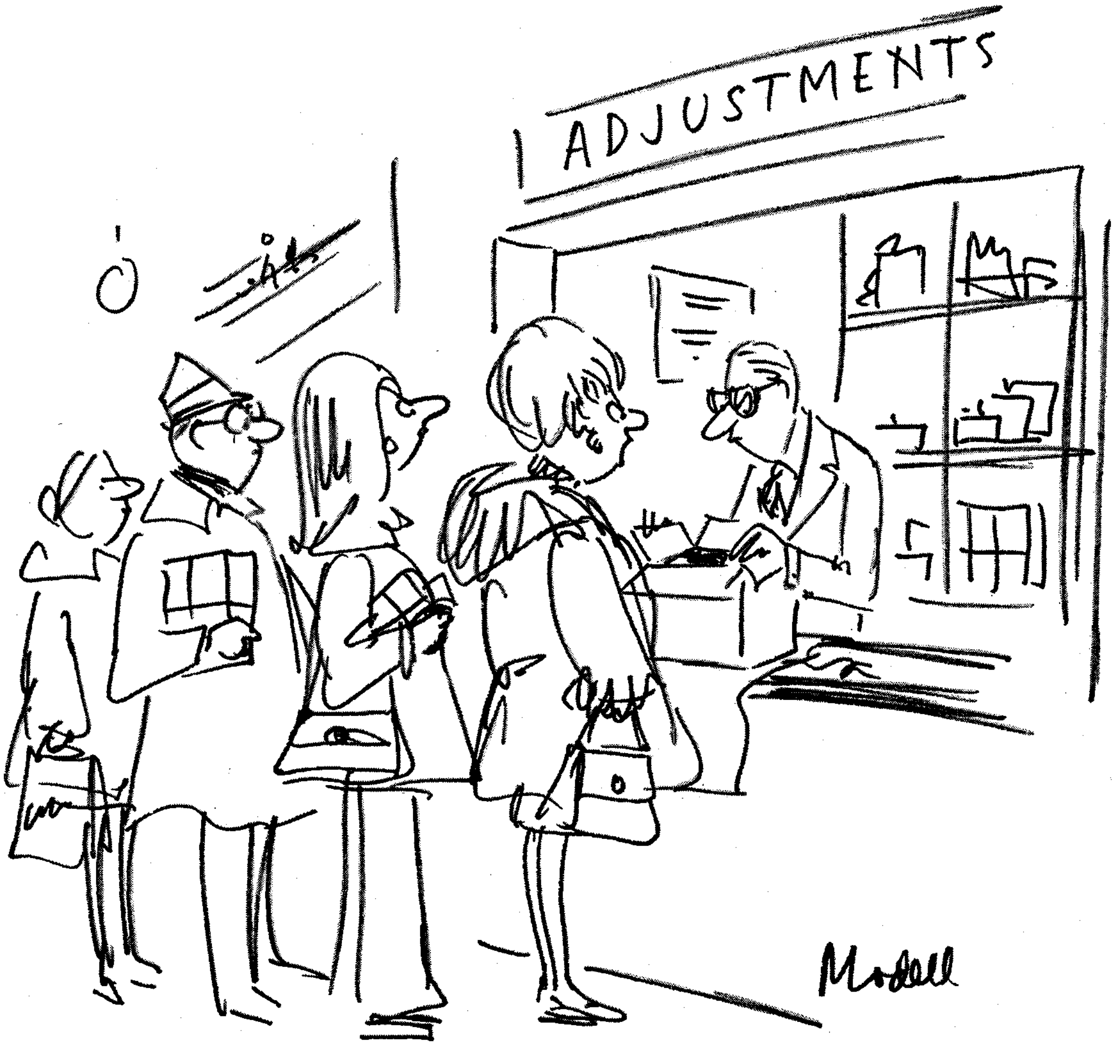
WINTER: That's right, Harold. I got kind of lucky in there; I was still just a kid, and I guess I didn't know my own strength.

PORTENT: Listen to that modesty, if you will. He ascribes one of the most spectacular events in this planet's history to mere happenstance.

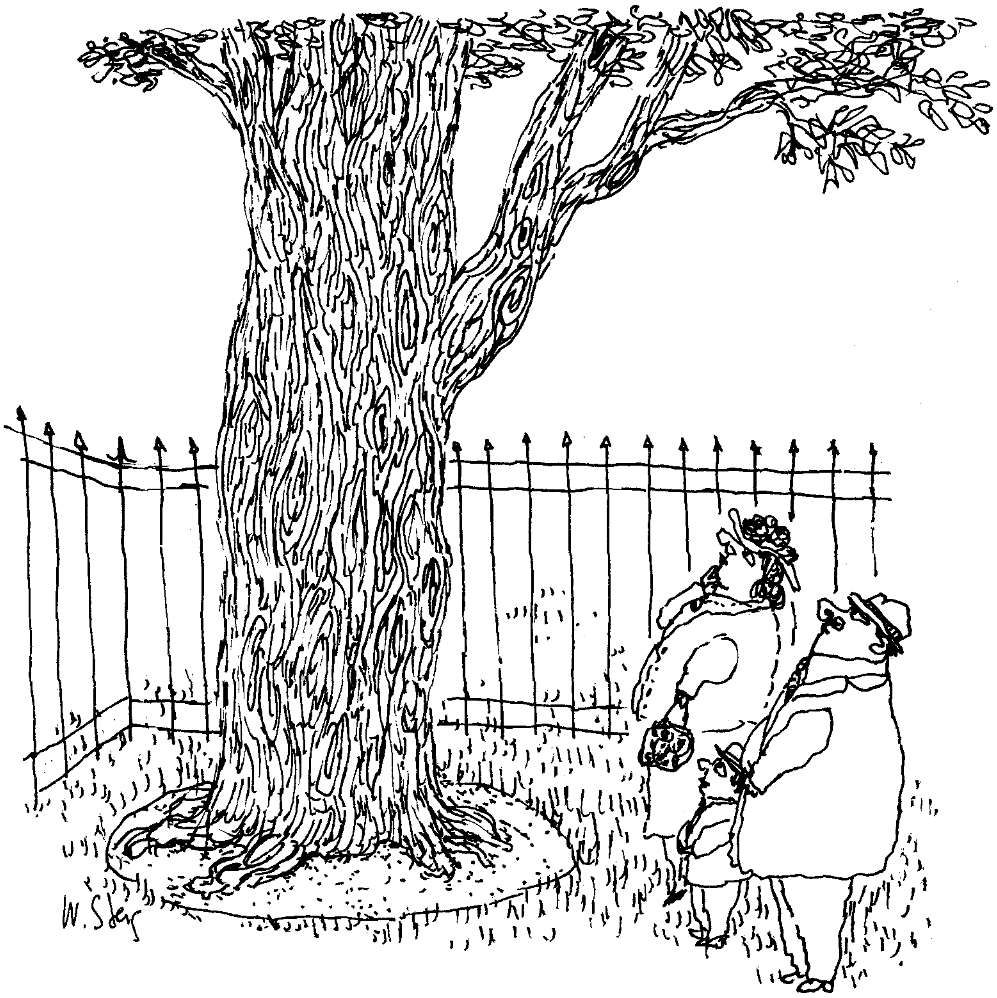
WINTER: Well, anyway, Harold, after that my mom was convinced, and she sacrificed a lot to make sure I had all the isobars and occluded fronts I needed.

PORTENT: Let's turn to the present, if we may. How do you stay in shape during your seven-month layoff?

WINTER: Well, Harold, in late March and early April I like to kind of ease off slowly, as you may have noticed. Then in May, June, and July I usually relax entirely.



"It's not just my opinion. Bess Myerson, Betty Furness, Elinor Guggenheimer, and my husband all think it's crummy, too."



Tree That Has Witnessed Historical Events

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PORTENT: You don't do a thing? Is that your inference?

WINTER: Not a thing. There's always the danger for us seasons of getting stale. You might notice that Summer's performance sometimes gets a little routine and—I don't know—mechanical around the middle of August. In May, I do some fishing in Minnesota, and then when it starts to get really hot my wife, Nadine, and I come home. I lay around in the hammock, and in the evening we do a little entertaining out in the yard.

PORTENT: Ladies and gentlemen, that is not the whole story of Winter's summer. It's my understanding that he devotes three hours each and every day, when he's home in Entwistle, to tutoring the underprivileged and needy children of his community in geometry and figure skating—sans emolument.

WINTER: Aw, it's not something I like to talk about too much, Harold, because I'm not doing it, like, for the publicity.

PORTENT: And that's the absolute truth, because just before we went on the air Winter asked me *not* to mention his tutoring work. I hope he understands that I'm just trying to get the whole story to the American people, which is no less than they deserve. Let's get back to business. You've taken us up through July. What happens in August?

WINTER: Well, Harold, in the middle of August I go up to the Arctic Circle and practice a few, you know, blizzards, or work up an ice storm or two. Then, along about the middle of September, the exhibition season starts in Alaska and Canada, and I just make my way south, seeing what kind of stuff I have.

PORTENT: Spoken like a true professional.

WINTER: Next, when I'm sure that all systems are go, I'm ready to take on the large urban centers of the United States.

PORTENT: I notice that you have an ever so slight but nonetheless palpable gleam in your eye when you talk about this aspect of your job. Why is that?

WINTER: Well, Harold, I'd be a liar if I didn't say that I consider the big cities in the United States my most challenging areas. I mean, it's one thing to create permafrost a mile thick in Greenland, where the conditions are always pretty favorable, but when you can dump twelve or sixteen inches of snow on New York City you've really accomplished something. That really gets me pumped up and starts the old adrenalin flowing.

PORTENT: That's completely understandable, and I don't think you have anything whatsoever whereof to apologize. But tell me, despite your all-around excellence at what you do, there must be certain fundamentals you concentrate on perforce.

WINTER: That's right, Harold. I do try and execute the basics, like low temperature, snow, and all that, as well as I can, but I like to give special attention to one technique in particular—the old wind-chill factor.

PORTENT: Can you elucidate further?

WINTER: It gets a little technical in here, but basically with the wind-chill factor it's a matter of keeping two things on your mind at the same time—coldness and wind velocity. You want to keep the winds *up* and that temperature *down*, and that can be confusing. If you lose your concentration, you can find yourself with winds *and* temperature both at around fifty-five, say, and that makes for one weird day but a pretty sad sort of wind-chill factor.

PORTENT: You're talking Fahrenheit, I have to presume.

WINTER: It's a matter of degree, I guess. (*Laughs.*) Seriously, I have to confess that I basically prefer the old system of keeping records. I mean, how the hell is someone going to know what's going on when he hears his weatherman tell him in late June that it's twenty-seven? I know the Commissioner has ruled it's going to be Celsius from here on in, but I think something gets lost when you make up these new rules all the time.

PORTENT: From the way you talk about what you do, it's clear to at least one listener that although you're a gentleman, you're not necessarily Mister Nice Guy.

WINTER: Harold, in my line of work you can't afford to be Mister Nice Guy all the time. I've got to start right out in November, fighting against Autumn for control. Summer even tries to horn in on the act a little, so it's tough going from the outset.

PORTENT: From the picture that is emerging, it is possible to understand the exiguities of your work and to in-

tuit why you have to be the thoroughgoing professional at all times. For that very reason, I'd like to touch now on a delicate matter. What happened to you during the early seventies? What caused the drastic and precipitous falloff in your performance during those years?

Winter: Well, as you know, Harold, I haven't talked about this publicly before, but now that I've got the problem licked I think maybe I should, because it might help out those who find themselves in a similar situation. It was drugs, Harold, and, like you said, it darn near got the best of me. I had no concentration and no interest in the job. It got so bad that in some crazy way I *enjoyed* those high readings in December and March. But then I met Nadine, and she helped me get my life back together again. And during that time I also found Christ, Harold. With Nadine's help, I now have a good Christian home, and I'm trying to bring my kids up the right way. But don't let anybody tell you about any fancy greenhouse effect, because it was drugs pure and simple that caused those problems.

Portent: What a dramatic story you've just told us. And what a sensational comeback you made last year. Truly remarkable and astonishing!

Winter: Well, gee, thanks, Harold. I must admit I was sort of proud of that little snowstorm I cooked up in May.

Portent: One more question, if I might. Can you give us just one personal insight about how you regard your fellow times of year. I speak, of course, of Spring, Summer, and Fall. You mentioned previously that you start right off in November with an epic struggle against Fall, or Autumn, as he likes to be called.

Winter: That's right, Harold, and I've got Spring fighting me on the flip side, too. They've got their job to do, and I've got mine. In fact, I think if you take us as a bunch, we round up into a pretty good year. Most folks are satisfied, I guess. They get those beautiful soft rainy days in April, and then them clear hot ones in July, and then Autumn comes around and touches up the trees in October. And I admit I'm pretty proud when I set those gray clouds skimming over the sky in December, with that light touch of dampness in the air and the temperature and barometer falling, so that you know there's just a little touch of that old white stuff in store.

Portent: Thank you very much for your time during this all-important exhibition schedule. (*Zoom to closeup of* Portent, *who faces the camera squarely.*) There you have it, ladies and gentlemen—a not insensate, albeit unlettered, talent, largely uncomprehending of the enormity of the effect he has upon the lives of each and every one of us. (*Sky behind* Portent *is rapidly turning gray, and his breath becomes visible.*) A greatly gifted individual, yes, but after all basically a raw physical entity, with little on his mind but the mere diurnal accomplishment of his appointed tasks. (*Snowflakes begin to swirl;* Portent's *eyebrows are covered with rime.*) An unsapient being, let it be said, who did not receive the advantages of a higher education—unlike, perhaps, you and I. (*He raises his voice to make himself heard over the whistling wind.*) An individual who, in f-fact, probably comprehends little—whooeee—little whereof I s-speak at this very m-m-moment, that's Whimper—that's *Winter,* up close and p-pers— (*Wind rises to a screech, and* Portent's *earmuffs exit camera right, quickly followed, up close and horizontal, by* Harold Portent.)

—Daniel Menaker

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ELEGY: FOR ROBERT LOWELL

I

In the autumnal blue
of your church-hooded New
England, the porcupine
sharpens its golden needles
against Bostonian bricks
to a point of needless
blinding shine.

White foam kneels and breaks
on the altar. People's
eyes glitter inside
the church like pebbles
splashed by the tide.

What is Salvation, since
a tear magnifies like glass
a future perfect tense?
The choir, time and again,
sings in the key of the Cross
of Our Father's gain,
which is but our loss.

There will be a lot,
a lot of Almighty Lord,
but not so much as a shred
of your flesh. When man dies
the wardrobe gapes instead.
We acquire the idle state
of your jackets and ties.

II

On the Charles's bank
dark, crowding, printed letters
surround their sealed tongue.

A child, commalike, loiters
among dresses and pants
of vowels and consonants

that don't make a word. The lack
of pen spells
their uselessness. And the black

Cadillac sails
through the screaming police sirens
like a new Odysseus keeping silence.

III

Planes at Logan thunder
off from the brown mass
of industrial tundra
with its bureaucratic moss.

Huge autoherds graze
on gray, convoluted, flat
stripes shining with grease
like an updated flag.

Shoals of cod and eel
that discovered this land before
Vikings or Spaniards still
beset the shore.

In the republic of ends
and means that counts each deed
poetry represents
the minority of the dead.

Now you become a part
of the inanimate, plain
terra of disregard
of the common pain.

IV

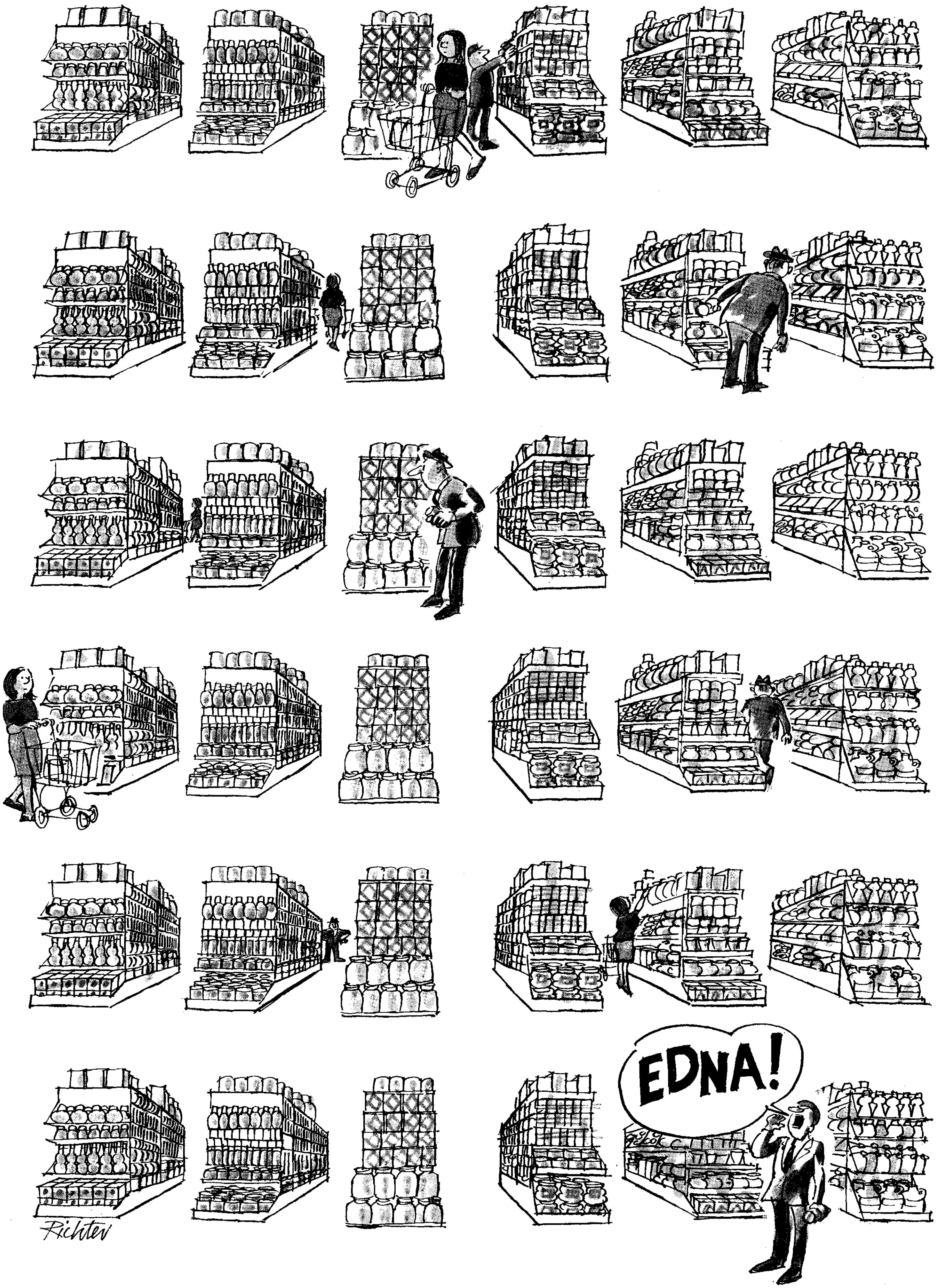
You knew far more
of death than he ever will
learn about you or
dare to reveal.

It might feel like an old
dark place with no match
to strike, where each word
is trying a latch.

Under this roof
flesh adopts all
the invisibility of
lingering soul.

In the sky with the false
song of the weathercock
your bell tolls
—a ceaseless alarm clock.

—Joseph Brodsky


EDNA!
Richter

UNGUIDED TOUR

I TOOK a trip to see the beautiful things. Change of scenery. Change of heart. And do you know?

What?

They're still there.

Ah, but they won't be there for long.

I know. That's why I went. To say goodbye. Whenever I travel, it's always to say goodbye.

Tile roofs, timbered balconies, fish in the bay, the copper clock, shawls drying on the rocks, the delicate odor of olives, sunsets behind the bridge, ochre stone. "Gardens, parks, forests, woods, canals, private lakes, with huts, villas, gates, garden seats, gazebos, alcoves, grottoes, hermitages, triumphal arches, chapels, temples, mosques, banqueting houses, rotundas, observatories, aviaries, greenhouses, icehouses, fountains, bridges, boats, cascades, baths." The Roman amphitheatre, the Etruscan sarcophagus. The monument to the 1914-18 war dead in every village square. You don't see the military base. It's out of town, and not on the main road.

Omens. The cloister wall has sprung a long diagonal crack. The water level is rising. The marble saint's nose is no longer aquiline.

This spot. Some piety always brings me back to this spot. I think of all the people who were here. Their names scratched into the bottom of the fresco.

Vandals!

Yes. Their way of being here.

The proudest of human-made things dragged down to the condition of natural things. Last Judgment.

You can't lock up all the things in museums.

Aren't there any beautiful things in your own country?

No. Yes. Fewer.

Did you have guidebooks, maps, timetables, stout shoes?

I read the guidebooks when I got home. I wanted to stay with my—

Immediate impressions?

You could call them that.

But you did see the famous places. You didn't perversely neglect them.

I did see them. As conscientiously as I could while protecting my ignorance. I don't want to know more than I know, don't want to get more attached to them than I already am.

How did you know where to go?

By playing my memory like a roulette wheel.

Do you remember what you saw?

Not much. It was too sad. I can't love the past that's trapped within my memory like a souvenir.

Object lessons. Grecian urns. A pepper-mill Eiffel Tower. Bismarck beer mug. Bay-of-Naples-with-Vesuvius scarf.

No souvenirs, thanks. Let's stay with the real thing.

The past. Well, there's always something ineffable about the past, don't you think?

In all its original glory. The indispensable heritage of a woman of culture.

I agree. Like you, I don't consider devotion to the past a form of snobbery. Just one of the more disastrous forms of unrequited love.

I was being wry. I'm a fickle lover. It's not love that the past needs in order to survive, it's an absence of choices.

And armies of the well-off, immobilized by vanity, greed, fear of scandal, and the inefficiency and discomfort of travel. Women carrying parasols and pearl handbags, with mincing steps, long skirts, shy eyes. Mustached men in top hats, lustrous hair parted on the left side, garters holding up their silk socks. Seconded by footmen, cobblers, ragpickers, blacksmiths, buskers, printer's devils, chimney sweeps, lacemakers, midwives, carters, milkmaids, stonemasons, coachmen, turnkeys, and sacristans. As recently as that. All gone. The people. And their pomp and circumstance.

Is that what you think I went to see?

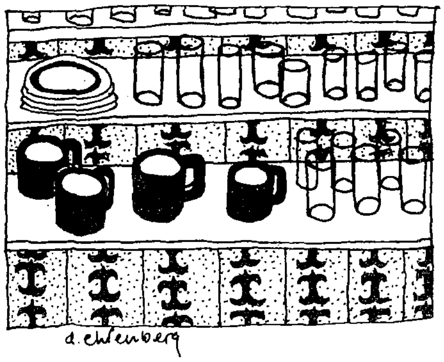
Not the people. But their places, their beautiful things. You said they were still there. The hut, the hermitage, the grotto, the park, the castle. An aviary in the Chinese style. His Lordship's estate. A delightful seclusion in the midst of his impenetrable woods.

I wasn't happy there.

What did you feel?

Regret that the trees were being cut down.

So you have a hazy vision of natural things. From too much indulgence in the nervous, metallic pleasures of cities.



Unequal to my passions. I fled the lakes, I fled the woods, I fled the fields pulsing with glowworms, I fled the aromatic mountains.

Provincial blahs. Something less solitary is what you need.

I used to say: Landscapes interest me only in relation to human beings. Ah, loving someone would give life to all this. . . . But the emotions that human beings inspire in us also sadly resemble each other. The more that places, customs, the circumstances of adventures are changed, the more we see that we amidst them are unchanging. I know all the reactions I shall have. Know all the words that I am going to utter again.

You should have taken me along instead.

You mean him. Yes, of course I wasn't alone. But we quarrelled most of the time. He plodding, I odious.

They say. They say a trip is a good time for repairing a damaged love.

Or else it's the worst. Feelings like shrapnel half worked out of the wound. Opinions. And competition of opinions. Desperate amatory exercises back at the hotel on golden summer afternoons. Room service.

How did you let it get that dreary? You were so hopeful.

Rubbish! Prisons and hospitals are swollen with hope. But not charter flights and luxury hotels.

But you were moved. Sometimes.

Maybe it was exhaustion. Sure I was. I am. The inside of my feelings is damp with tears.

And the outside?

Very dry. Well—as dry as is necessary. You can't imagine how tiring it is. That double-membraned organ of nostalgia, pumping the tears in. Pumping them out.

Qualities of depth and stamina.

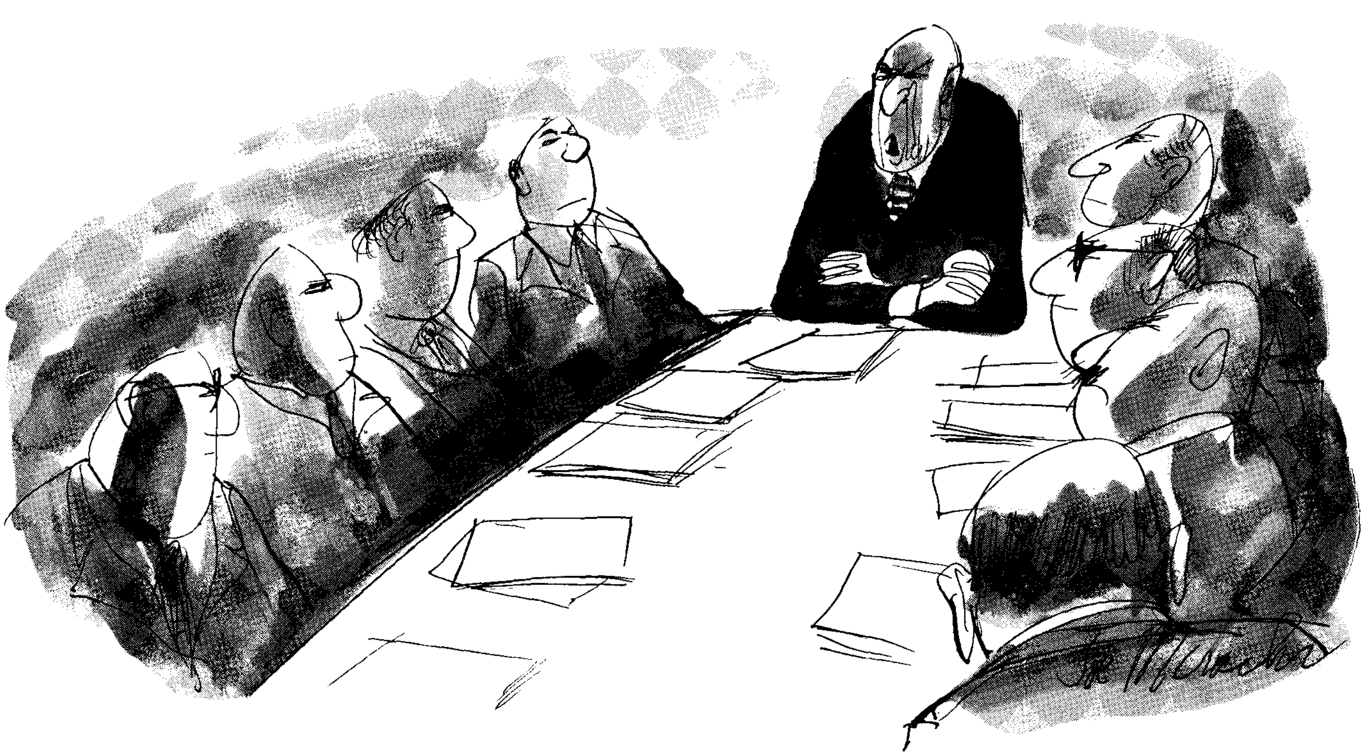
And discrimination. When one can summon them.

I'm bushed. They aren't all beautiful, the beautiful things. I've never seen so many squabby Cupids and clumsy Graces.

Here's a café. *In the café.* The village priest playing the pinball machine. Nineteen-year-old sailors with red pompons watching. Old gent with amber worry beads. Proprietor's granddaughter doing her homework at a deal table. Two hunters buying picture postcards of stags. He says: You can drink the acidic local wine, become a little less odious, unwind.

Monsieur René says it closes at five.

Each picture. "Each picture had beneath it a motto of some good inten-



"Last month, I reached mandatory retirement age. I am still here. Anybody want to make something of it?"

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tion. Seeing that I was looking carefully at these noble images, he said: 'Here everything is natural.' The figures were all clothed like living men and women, though they were much more beautiful. Lots of light, lots of darkness, men and women who are and yet are not."

Worth a detour? Worth a trip! It's a remarkable collection. Still possessed its aura. The things positively importuned.

The baron's zeal in explaining. His courteous manner. Stayed all through the bombardment.

A necessary homogeneity. Or else some stark, specific event.

I want to go back to that antique store.

"The ogival arch of the doorway is Gothic, but the central nave and the flanking wings—"

You're hard to please.

Can't you imagine travelling not to accumulate pleasures but to make them rarer?

Satiety is not my problem. Nor is piety.

There's nothing left but to wait for our meals, like animals.

Are you catching a cold? Drink this.

I'm perfectly all right. I beg you, don't buy the catalogue. Or the postcard-size reproductions. Or the sailor sweater.

Don't be angry, but—did you tip Monsieur René?

Say to yourself fifty times a day: I am not a connoisseur, I am not a romantic wanderer, I am not a pilgrim.

You say it.

"A permanent part of mankind's spiritual goods."

Translate that for me. I forgot my phrase book.

STILL, you saw what you came to see.

The old victory of arrangement over accumulation.

But sometimes you were happy. Not just in spite of things.

Barefoot on the mosaic floor of the baptistery. Clambering above the flying buttresses. Irradiated by a Baroque monstrance shimmering indistinctly in the growing dusk of the cathedral. Effulgence of things. Voluminous. Resplendent. Unutterable bliss.

You send postcards on which you write "Bliss." Remember? You sent one to me.

I remember. Don't stop me. I'm flying. I'm prowling. Epiphany. Hot tears. Delirium. Don't stop me. I stroke my delirium like the balls of the comely waiter.

You want to make me jealous.

Don't stop me. His dainty skin, his saucy laughter, his way of whistling, the succulent dampness of his shirt. We went into a shed behind the restaurant. And I said: Enter, sir, this body. This body is your castle, your cabin, your hunting lodge, your villa, your carriage, your luxury liner, your drawing room, your kitchen, your speedboat, your toolshed . . .

Do you often do that sort of thing when he's around?

Him? He was napping at the hotel. A mild attack of heliophobia.

In the hotel. Back at the hotel, I woke him up. He had an erection. I seated myself on his loins. The nub, the hub, the fulcrum. Gravitational lines of force. In a world of perfect daylight. Indeed, a high-noon world, in which objects cast no shadows.

Only the half-wise will despise these sensations.

I'm turning. I'm a huge steering wheel, unguided by any human hand. I'm turning . . .

And the other pleasures? The ones you came for.

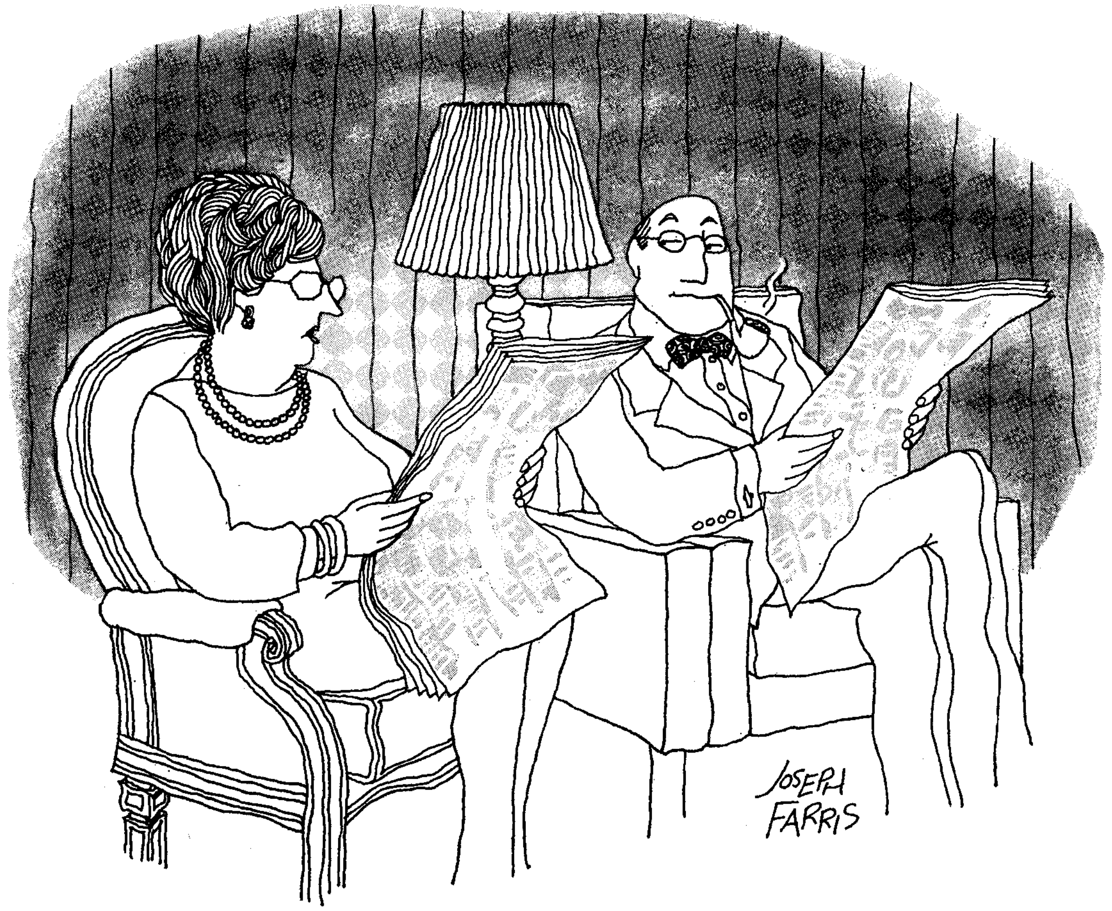
"In the entire visible world there is hardly a more powerful mood-impression than that experienced within one of the Gothic cathedrals just as the sun is setting."

Pleasures of the eye. It had to be emphasized.

"The eye can see nothing beyond those glimmering figures that hover overhead to the west in stern, solemn rows as the burning evening sun falls across them."

Messengers of temporal and spiritual infinity.

"The sensation of fire permeates all,



"Robert, promise me you'll never try to cross the Atlantic in one of those balloons."

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and the colors sing out, rejoicing and sobbing."

There, in truth, is a different world.

I found a wonderful old Baedeker, with lots of things that aren't in the Michelin. *Let's.* Let's visit the caves. Unless they're closed.

Let's visit the World War I cemetery.

Let's watch the regatta.

This spot. He committed suicide right here, by the lake. With his fiancée. In 1811.

I seduced a waiter in the restaurant by the port two days ago. *He said.* He said his name was Arrigo.

I love you. And my heart is pounding.

So is mine.

What's important is that we're strolling in this arcade together.

That we're strolling. That we're looking. That it's beautiful.

Object lessons. Give me that suitcase, it's heavy.

One must be careful not to wonder if these pleasures are superior to last year's pleasures. They never are.

That must be the seduction of the past again. But just wait until now becomes then. You'll see how happy we were.

I'm not expecting to be happy. *Complaints.* I've already seen it. I'm sure it'll be full. It's too far. You're driving too fast, I can't see anything. Only two showings of the movie, at seven and at nine. There's a strike, I can't telephone. This damned siesta, nothing's open between one and four. If everything came out of this suitcase, I don't understand why I can't cram it all back in.

You'll soon stop fretting over these mingy impediments. You'll realize you're carefree, without obligations. And then the unease will start.

Like those upper-middle-class Protestant folk who experience revelations, become hysterical, suffer breakdowns under the disorienting impact of Mediterranean light and Mediterranean manners. You're still thinking about the waiter.

I said I love you, I trust you, I didn't mind.

You shouldn't. I don't want that kind of revelation. I don't want to satisfy my desire, I want to exasperate it. I want to resist the temptation of melancholy, my dear. If you only knew how much.

Then you must stop this flirtation with the past invented by poets and curators. We can forget about their old things. We can buy their postcards, eat their food, admire their sexual nonchalance. We can march in their workers' festivals and sing the "Internationale," for even we know the words.

I'm feeling perfectly all right.

I think it's safe to. Pick up hitchhikers, drink unbottled water, try to score some hash in the piazza, eat the mussels, leave the camera in the car, hang out in waterfront bars, trust the hotel concierge to make the reservation, don't you?

Something. Don't you want to do something?

Does every country have a tragic history except ours?

This spot. See? There's a commemorative plaque. Between the windows.

Ruined. Ruined by too many decades of intrepid appreciation. Nature, the whore, coöperates. The crags of the Dolomites made too pink by the sun, the water of the lagoon made too silver by the moon, the blue skies of Greece (or Sicily) made too deep a blue by the arch in a white wall.

Ruins. These are ruins left from the last war.

Antiquarian effrontery: our pretty dwelling.

It was a convent, built according to a plan drawn up by Michelangelo. Turned into a hotel in 1927. Don't expect the natives to take care of the beautiful things.

I don't.

They say. They say they're going to fill in the canal and make it a highway, sell the duchess's rococo chapel to a sheikh in Kuwait, build a condominium on that bluff with a stand of pine, open a boutique in the fishing village, put a sound-and-light show in the ghetto. It's going fast. International Committee. Attempting to preserve. Under the patronage of His Excellency and the Honorable. Going fast. You'll have to run.

Will I have to run?

Then let them go. Life is not a race.

Or else it is.

Anymore. Isn't it a pity they don't write out the menus in purple ink anymore. That you can't put your shoes outside the hotel room at night. *Remember.* Those outsize bills, the kind they had until the devaluation. *Last time.* There weren't as many cars last time, were there?

HOW could you stand it?

It was easier than it sounds. With an imagination like a pillar of fire. And a heart like a pillar of salt.

And you want to break the tie.

Right.

Lot's wife!

But his lover.

I told you. I told you, you should have taken me along instead.

Lingering. In the basilica. In the garden behind the inn. In the spice market. In bed, in the middle of the golden afternoon.

Because. It's because of the fumes from the petrochemical factories nearby. It's because they don't have enough guards for the museums.

"Two groups of statuary, one depicting virtuous toil, the other unbridled licentiousness."

Do you realize how much prices have gone up? Appalling inflation. I can't conceive how people here manage. With rents almost as high as back home and salaries half.

"On the left of the main road, the Tomb of the Reliefs (the so-called Tomba Bella) is entered. On the walls round the niches and on the pillars, the favorite objects of the dead and domestic articles are reproduced in painted stucco relief: dogs, helmets, swords, leggings, shields, knapsacks and haversacks, bowls, a jug, a couch, pincers, a saw, knives, kitchen vessels and utensils, coils of rope, etc."

I'm sure. I'm sure she was a prostitute. Did you look at her shoes? I'm sure they're giving a concert in the cathedral tonight. *Plus they said.* Three stars, I'm sure they said it had three stars. *This spot.* This is where they shot the scene in that movie.

Quite unspoiled. I'm amazed. I was expecting the worst.

They rent mules.

Of course. Every wage earner in the country gets five weeks' paid vacation.

The women age so quickly.

Nice. It's the second summer for the Ministry of Tourism's "Be Nice" campaign. This country where ruined marvels litter the ground.

It says. It says it's closed for restoration. It says you can't swim there anymore.

Pollution.

They said.

I don't care. Come on in. The water's almost as warm as the Caribbean.

I want you, I feel you. Lick my neck. Slip off your trunks. Let me . . . *Let's.* Let's go back to the hotel.

"The treatment of space in Mannerist architecture and painting shows this change from the 'closed' Renaissance world order to the 'open,' 'loose,' and deviating motions in the Mannerist universe."

What are you trying to tell me?

"The harmony, intelligibility, and coherence of the Renaissance world view were inherent in the symmetrical courtyards of Italian palaces."

I don't want to flatter my intelligence with evidence.

If you don't want to look at the painting, look at me.

See the sign? You can't take the boat that way. We're getting near the nuclear-submarine base.

Reports. Five cases of cholera have been reported.

This piazza has been called a stage for heroes.

It gets much cooler at night. You have to wear a sweater.

Thanks to the music festival every summer. You should see this place in the winter. It's dead.

The trial is next week, so now they're having demonstrations. Can't you see the banner? And listen to that song.

Let's not. I'm sure it's a clip joint.

They said. Sharks, I think they said.

Not the hydrofoil. I know it's faster, but they make me sick.

"THE sun having mounted and the heat elsewhere too extreme for us, we have retired to the tree-shaded courtyard." It's not that I loved him. But, in a certain hour of physical fatigue . . .

At the mercy of your moods.

Contented sometimes. Even blissful.

Doesn't sound like it. Sounds like struggling to savor.

Maybe. Loss of judgment in the necropolis.

Reports. There's a civil war raging in the north. The Liberation Front's leader is still in exile. Rumors that the dictator has had a stroke. But everything seems so—

Calm?

I guess . . . calm.

This spot. On this spot they massacred three hundred students.

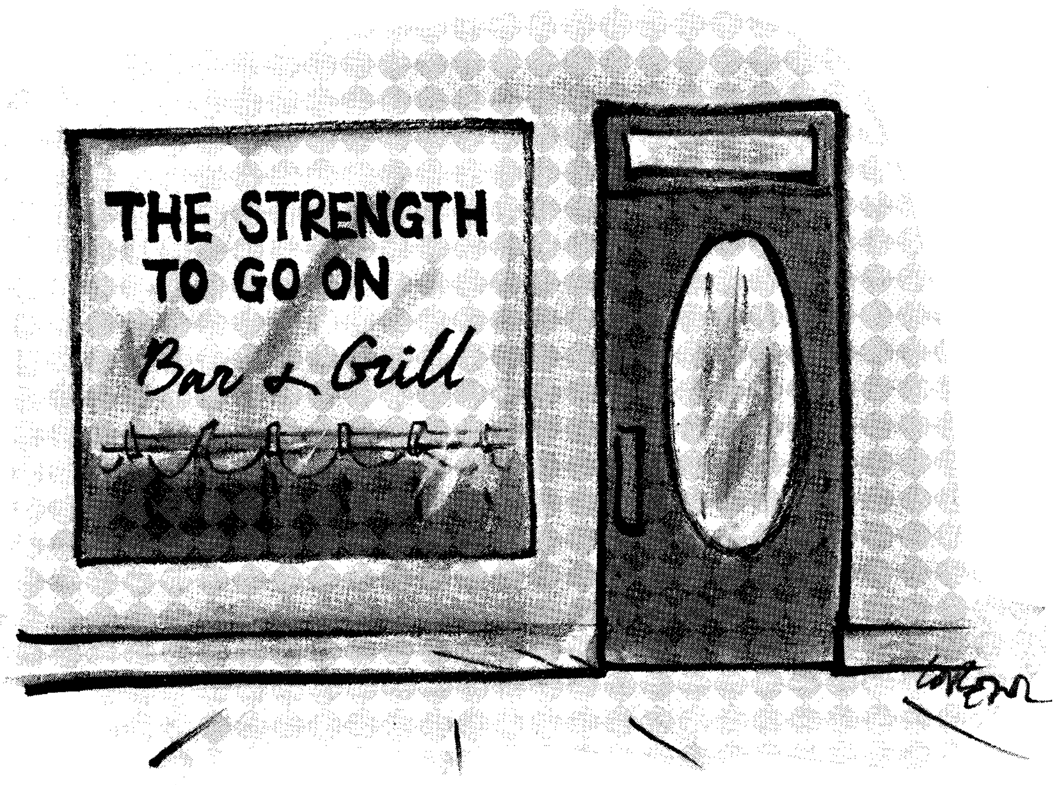
I'd better go with you. You'll have to bargain.

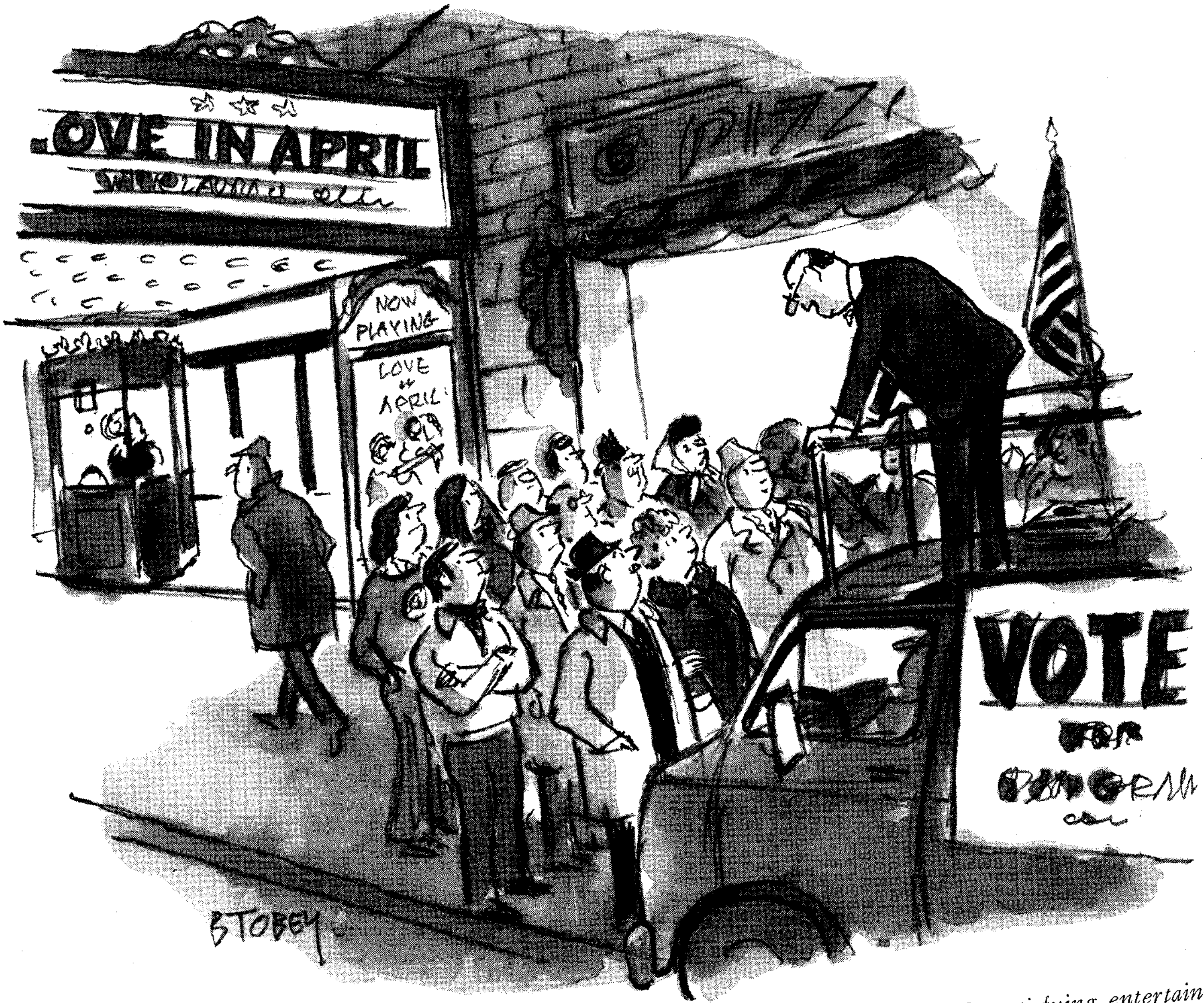
I'm starting to like the food. You get used to it after a while. Don't you?

In the oldest paintings there is a complete absence of chiaroscuro.

I feel well here. There's not so much to see.

"Below the molding, small leafy trees, from which hang wreaths, ribbons, and various objects, alternate with figures of men dancing. One man


THE STRENGTH TO GO ON
Bar & Grill
KOREN



"I'm glad you asked me that. I would characterize it as low-key but generally satisfying entertainment. Thin plot, adequate performances, serviceable but uninspired direction. It's rated G."

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is lying on the ground, playing the double flute."

Cameras. The women don't like to be photographed.

We may need a guide.

It's a book on the treasures they unearthed. Pictures, bronzes, and lamps.

That's the prison where they torture political suspects. Terror incognita.

Covered with flies. That poor child.

Did you see?

Omens. The power failure yesterday. New graffiti on the monument this morning. Tanks grinding along the boulevard at noon. *They say.* They say the radar at the airport has been out for the last seventy-two hours. They say the dictator has recovered from his heart attack.

No, bottled water. Hardier folk. Quite different vegetation.

And the way they treat women here! Beasts of burden. Hauling those sacks up azure hills on which—

They're building a ski station.

They're phasing out the leprosarium.

Look at his face. He's trying to talk to you.

Of course we could live here, privileged as we are. It isn't our country. I don't even mind being robbed.

"The sun having mounted and the heat elsewhere too extreme for us, we have retired to the shade of an oasis."

SOMETIMES I did love him. Still, in a certain hour of mental fatigue . . .

At the mercy of your moods.

My undaunted caresses. My churlish silences.

You were trying to mend an error.

I was trying to change my plight.

I told you, you should have taken me along instead.

It wouldn't have been different. I went on from there alone. I would have left you, too.

Mornings of departure. With everything prepared. Sun rising over the most majestic of bays (Naples, Rio, or Hong Kong).

But you could decide to stay. Make new arrangements. Would that make you feel free? Or would you feel you'd spurned something irreplaceable?

The whole world.

That's because it's later rather than earlier. "At the beginning of the world, everything was America."

How far from the beginning are we? When did we first start to feel the wound?

This staunchless wound, the great longing for another place. To make this place another.

In a mosque at Damietta stands a

OCTOBER

1
A smudge for the horizon
that, on a clear day, shows
the hard edge of hills and
buildings on the other coast.
Anchored boats all head one way:
north, where the wind comes from.
You can see the storm inflating
out of the west. A dark hole
in gray cloud twirls, widens,
while white rips multiply
on the water far out.
Wet, tousled yellow leaves
thick on the slate terrace.
The jay's hoarse cry. He's
stumbling in the air,
too soaked to fly.

2
Knuckles of the rain
on the roof,
chuckles into the drain-
pipe, spatters on
the leaves that litter
the grass. Melancholy
morning, the tide full
in the bay, an overflowing
bowl. At least no wind,
no roughness in the sky,
its gray face bedraggled
by its tears.

3
Peeling a pear, I remember
my daddy's hand. His thumb
(the one that got nipped by the saw
lacked a nail) fit into
the cored hollow of the slippery
half his knife skinned so neatly.
Dad would pare the fruit from our
orchard in the fall while Mother
boiled the jars, prepared for
"putting up." Dad used to darn
our socks when we were small
and cut our hair and toenails.
Sunday mornings, in pajamas, we'd
take turns in his lap. He'd help
bathe us sometimes. Dad could do
anything. He built our dining table,
chairs, the buffet, the bay window
seat, my little desk of cherry wood
where I wrote my first poems. That
day at the shop, splitting panel
boards on the electric saw (oh, I
can hear the screech of it now,
the whirling blade that sliced
my daddy's thumb), he received the mar
that, long after, in his coffin,
distinguished his skilled hand.

4
I sit with braided fingers
and closed eyes
in a span of late sunlight.
The spokes are closing.
It is fall—warm milk of light,
though from an aging breast.
I do not mean to pray.
The posture for thanks or
supplication is the same
as for weariness or relief.
But I am glad for the luck
of light. Surely it is godly
that it makes all things
begin, and appear, and become
actual to each other.
Light that's sucked into
the eye, warming the brain
with wires of color.
Light that hatched life
out of the cold egg of earth.

5
Dark wild honey, the lion's
eye color, you brought home
from a country store.
Tastes of the work of shaggy
bees on strong weeds,
their midsummer bloom.
My brain's electric circuit
glows, like the lion's iris
that, concentrated, vibrates
while seeming not to move.
Thick transparent amber
you brought home,
the sweet that burns.

6
"The very hairs of your head
are numbered," said the words
in my head, as the haircutter
snipped and cut, my round head
a newel poked out of the tent
top's slippery sheet, while my
hairs' straight rays rained
down, making pattern on the neat,
vacant cosmos of my lap. And
maybe it was those tiny flies,
phantoms of my aging eyes, seen
out of the sides floating (that,
when you turn to find them
full face, always dissolve), but
I saw, I think, minuscule,
marked in clearest ink, Hairs
#9001 and #9002 fall, the cut-off
ends streaking little comets,
till they tumbled to confuse,
with all the others in their
fizzled heaps, in canyons of my
lap. And what keeps asking
in my head now that, brushed off
and finished, I'm walking
in the street is how can those
numbers remain all the way through,
and all along the length of every
hair, and even before each one
is grown, apparently, through
my scalp? For, if the hairs of my
head are numbered, it means
no more and no less of them
have ever, or will ever, be.
In my head, now cool and light,
thoughts, phantom white flies,
take a fling: This discovery
can apply to everything.

7
Now and then, a red leaf riding
the slow flow of gray water.
From the bridge, see far into
the woods, now that limbs are bare,
ground thick-littered. See,
along the scarcely gliding stream,
the blanched, diminished, ragged
swamp and woods the sun still
spills into. Stand still, stare
hard into bramble and tangle,
past leaning broken trunks,
sprawled roots exposed. Will
something move? Some vision
come to outline? Yes, there—
deep in—a dark bird hangs
in the thicket, stretches a wing.
Reversing his perch, he says one
chuck. His shoulder patch,
which should be red, looks gray.
This old Redwing has decided to
stay, this year, not join the
strenuous migration. Better here,
in the familiar, to fade.

—May Swenson

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column that, if you lick it until your tongue bleeds, will cure you of restlessness. It must bleed.

A curious word wanderlust. I'm ready to go.

I've already gone. Regretfully, exultantly. A prouder lyricism. It's not Paradise that's lost.

Advice. Move along, let's get cracking, don't hold me down, he travels fastest who travels alone. Let's get the show on the road. Get up, slugabed. I'm clearing out of here. Get your ass in gear. Sleep fast, we need the pillow.

She's racing, he's stalling.

If I go this fast, I won't see anything. If I slow down—

Everything. —then I won't have seen everything before it disappears.

Everywhere. I've been everywhere. I haven't been everywhere, but it's on my list.

Land's end. But there's water, O my heart. And salt on my tongue.

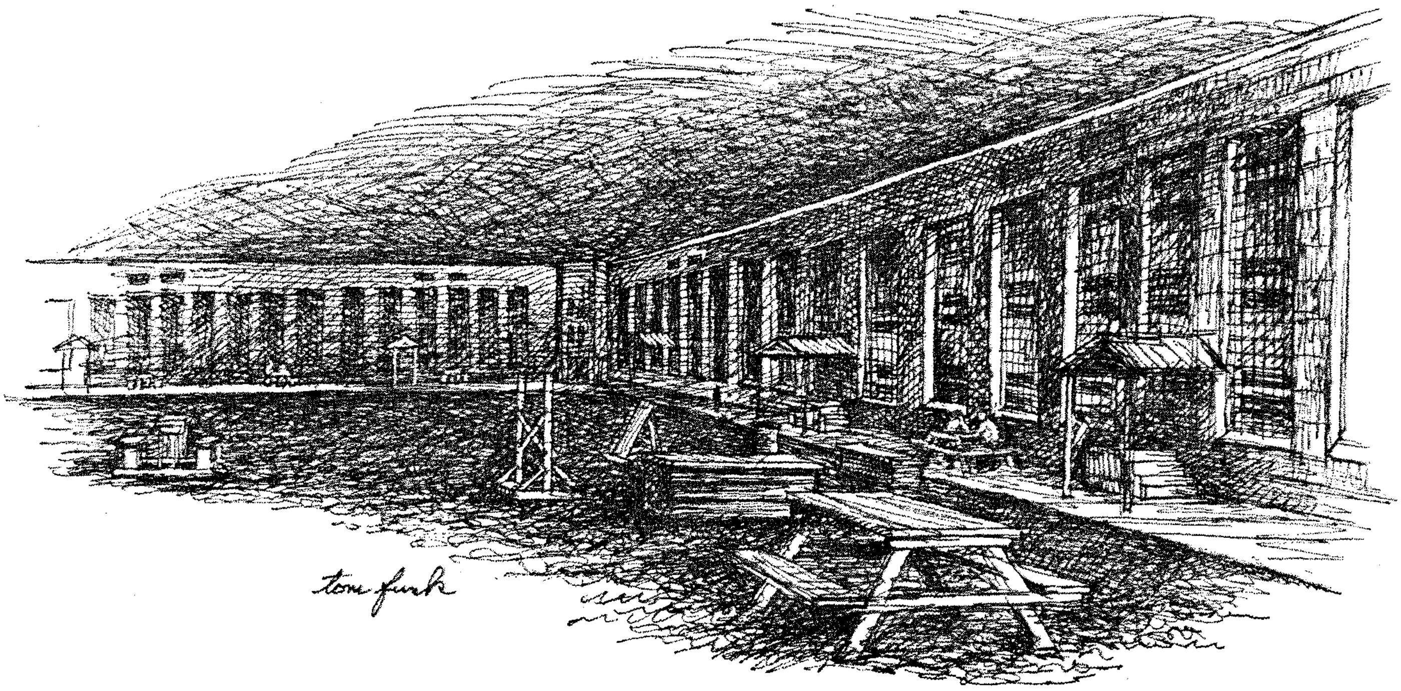
The end of the world. This is not the end of the world.

—Susan Sontag

ANNALS OF CRIME

A PRISON AND A PRISONER

II—SAME AS ON THE STREET



IT IS more expensive to keep a convicted felon in a maximum-security prison in New York State for a year than to send a young man or woman to an Ivy League college for a year. Harvard's annual charges for room, board, tuition, and incidentals are about $8,000. The State of New York spends $9,768 a year to keep a man at Green Haven, in Dutchess County, one of New York's five maximum-security prisons. Over half this sum—$5,618—is allocated to the salaries of the security staff. The state spends $475 per prisoner on food annually, $210 on fuel, and $171 on inmate wages for prison work. (It is much costlier to keep a prisoner in a smaller, medium-security or minimum-security prison, so the average cost of keeping a man in prison in New York State is $13,713 a year.) George Malinow, a fifty-seven-year-old robber who has been convicted of four serious crimes and has spent thirty-six of the last thirty-nine years in assorted New York State prisons, the last five at Green Haven, does not think that the taxpayers are getting good value for their money. Many of the state's taxpayers do not know precisely what they are getting for their money, but some do have a certain understanding; a victim of one of Malinow's robber friends at Green Haven said not long ago, "I sleep better knowing that that thief is behind bars."

Like most prisons, Green Haven furnishes the essentials: room (cell) and board (three starchy meals a day in the mess hall); clothes (green uniforms, a white shirt, an allotment of undergarments, outerwear, and footgear); laundry service; haircuts; and even a certain amount of entertainment and recreation—earphones in the cells, a weekly movie in the auditorium, television in the yards and in a few cellblocks, sports in the yards and the gym. Green Haven also issues some products that are necessary for keeping clean and well groomed—toilet paper, razor blades, soap (an abrasive variety made at Great Meadow, in Comstock), a toothbrush, and toothpaste—although the block officers in charge of distributing these supplies often run out of them. In addition, cigarette-rolling paper and Top tobacco are made available, but Green Haven's inmates are former members of the affluent society, which is not a roll-your-own society except for marijuana smokers, and few avail themselves of the state-issued tobacco. (The rolling paper, however, is appreciated by the marijuana smokers.) There are many things not provided by the state that most prisoners regard as even more necessary than people on the outside do—for example, talcum powder and deodorant, because of the prisoners' more limited bathing facilities. Store-bought cigarettes, instant coffee, immersion coils for heating water, and between-meal snacks—especially for the fifteen-hour period between supper and breakfast—also seem necessary, and help to fill the empty spaces of prison life.

There are two ways an inmate can legitimately obtain such items at Green Haven. He can get them in the two monthly packages that a prisoner in New York State may receive from people on his approved visiting list, or he can go to the commissary every two weeks and buy up to forty-five dollars' worth of groceries, toiletries, and miscellaneous items, if he can afford to. The commissary sells several hundred items—but at prices pegged to salaries on the outside rather than to prison wages. A carton of cigarettes costs $4.70, a ten-ounce jar of instant coffee costs $3.41, a six-and-a-half-ounce can of tuna fish costs sixty-eight cents. If a man earns $2.75 a week and smokes a pack a day, he can't even keep himself in commissary-bought cigarettes unless his family has deposited money in his inmate account. The wife of one of George Malinow's friends, who knows how much it costs the state's taxpayers each year to keep her husband in prison, figured that it also cost her $2,000 a year to make his life more agreeable there. That was what she spent on bus fare, packages, postage, collect phone calls, and money orders. A lot of men in prison have no families. Many of those who weren't single when they got to Green Haven are single for all practical purposes by the time they have been there a year or two, so they must provide for themselves. Others come from poor families; one of the most frequent forms of identification that visitors present to reception-room guards is a welfare card. A few prisoners sell paintings, leather handbags, and other arts and crafts through the prison hobby shop, or send their handicrafts out with visitors to be sold, but not many earn a lot of money this way. For most men, their only legitimate income is their inmate wages. To some prisoners, going to the commissary is one of the most frustrating experiences at Green Haven. They make out their "buy slips" the night before they are scheduled to go to the commissary, and they wait in line for hours to be served, only to be told that the items they have chosen are sold out. They must then see what else is in stock that they want, and hastily determine whether they can afford the substitutes. They feel the lack of purchasing power keenly—the pint of ice cream, the bag of potato chips, the box of cookies beyond their reach. The average commissary purchase at Green Haven is $15.01 every two weeks.

Most of the men at Green Haven are in prison precisely because they were not willing to go without on the street. They are no more willing to go without in prison, so they hustle to obtain what they cannot afford to buy. Some men sell special services. Inmates who want to be sure of getting their clothes back from the laundry "buy" a laundryman for a carton of cigarettes a month. In 1975, Green Haven's laundry closed for renovation. Before it closed, it had a steam presser. When it reopened, in 1976, it no longer had a steam presser, because the new prison uniforms were permanent press. The laundry's loss was the tailor shop's gain. The tailor shop had a steam presser; the tailor-shop workers now charge a pack of cigarettes for each shirt or pair of pants an inmate wants to have ironed. The tailor-shop employees also charge for such illegal alterations as converting straight-legged prison pants into bell-bottoms. Hustling usually involves breaking a prison rule. Some men gamble. Some sell sexual favors. In 1976, the going rate for fellatio was five packs of cigarettes. A great deal of the hustling involves appropriating state property for one's personal use, in which case it is usually called swagging.

Almost every job at Green Haven offers possibilities for swagging. In 1975, when the commissary was on the ground floor of the vocational building, a sergeant discovered that the inmates assigned to bag groceries and stock shelves were making good use of a hole in the floor. The hole had once been used for a steam pipe and had never been covered up except by the inmates, who covered it with a movable pallet. They used the hole to toss cartons of cigarettes down to inmate friends who worked in the maintenance tunnels below the commissary. The cigarettes were later sold or traded to other inmates, with the proceeds divided between the commissary workers and the maintenance men. In 1976, the hole having been plugged up, the commissary workers found other ways to send out cigarettes. For instance, they opened up boxes of saltines, emptied the boxes, refilled them with cigarettes, reglued the boxes, and slipped them into their friends' commissary orders.

The kitchen is another first-rate place to swag. Supervision is limited, and kitchen workers can take far more food than they can eat, and sell it or swap it. One of Malinow's friends, who receives five cartons of cigarettes a month from a crime partner he didn't rat on, doesn't smoke but loves to eat. His recent purchases from a kitchen worker have included a dozen eggs (two packs of cigarettes), a pound of rice (one pack), a pound of coffee (one pack), and several steaks (three packs apiece). He also has a contract with his friend in the kitchen for a daily loaf of soft bread (one carton a month). Kitchen workers have ac-

"Tony asked me to ask you, Mr. Bates—do you know offhand the whereabouts of your service manual?"

cess to the various ingredients used at Green Haven to make booze—yeast, raw dough, sugar, fruit, potatoes, cereal—and either sell the raw ingredients or make and sell the finished product.

In the fall and winter months, two or three steers are butchered each week on the Green Haven farm. The farm inmates are allowed to remove the heart, the lungs, the liver, and the tail and cook them for themselves. It is easy for them to cut off a few steaks while they are at it, some to eat, some to sell. During the summer months, when there is no butchering, the farm workers eat, and sometimes sell, pheasants. Each spring, the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, through the Dutchess County Federation of Sportsmen, entrusts a large number of pheasant chicks to Green Haven. The birds are fed on the farm during the summer months and are released by the Federation before the fall hunting season. Some do not survive to be shot at. Each week, the farm workers report that a few of the young pheasants have met with accidental deaths. The victims of these alleged drownings and other mishaps are eaten on the cellblocks after the farm inmates have plucked them and carefully buried their feathers on the farm.

The butcher shop is another logical place for inmates to steal steaks. That was what all the butcher-shop inmates were caught and fired for doing in February, 1976. Their replacements lost little time in following suit. Steak is rarely served in Green Haven's mess halls. Once, early in 1976, when steak was on the menu, Green Haven's food-service manager said he had taken the precaution of telling the kitchen inmates to cook eighteen hundred portions of steak to be sure of getting the sixteen hundred he figured he needed. He got only fourteen hundred. He had to make a list of the inmates who showed up at the mess hall after the kitchen had run out of steak, and feed them their steak another day.

The state-shop workers will often tell an inmate they are out of certain items in his size, and so they are, the items having been peddled to their friends. (The extent of their swagging became obvious as a result of the Great Frisk, in November, 1976, when Green Haven's inmates were locked in their cells for three days so that the officers could conduct a cell-by-cell search for weapons, drugs, money, and unauthorized state material in the cellblocks, and also search the yards and other prison buildings.) Inmates who want pills—uppers, downers, tranquillizers—buy them from hospital workers. The porters are convenient middlemen. Sometimes the butcher-shop inmates or the state-shop inmates lack the mobility to deliver their products to their customers on the various blocks. There are nine cellblocks at Green Haven, divided into companies. The porters are always assigned to a company on the ground floor—in their terms, they lock on a company on the flats—and they get to know the block officers, who run the block from their secure "cage" on the ground floor. The block officers ordinarily don't want to hassle their porters (and be hassled by them in return), and tend not to check them as they come and go. A lot of steaks travel around Green Haven in porters' garbage carts and feed-up wagons.

Green Haven's guards and civilian employees are not infrequently involved in the prison's barter economy and in ripping off the state. A guard who wanted an expensive fire extinguisher for his house knew an inmate whose job gave him access to some fire extinguishers. The inmate loved Italian food. He traded a fire extinguisher for three pounds of spaghetti and a pizza. Some guards often let prisoners steal steaks, because the guards are given their share.

It is the parole-clothing department's function to provide each man who is released from Green Haven with the clothes that the state says he is entitled to: a pair of slacks, a jacket, a shirt, underwear, socks, a belt, a pair of shoes, a tie, and (between November 1st and April 1st and on rainy days the rest of the year) a topcoat. Some men leaving prison don't want some—or any—of the clothes. In the records of parole clothing, however, every departing prisoner takes everything he is entitled to, which gives the department some clothes to use as it sees fit. Parole clothing also has the job of lending civilian clothes to the men who leave Green Haven temporarily for outside court appearances or on furloughs. Although these clothes are usually returned in good condition and are dry-cleaned and lent out again, some are reported damaged beyond repair. That gives the department more clothes to use at its discretion. Occasionally, it is claimed that the pipes above the racks in parole clothing have developed unfortunate leaks. The number of ruined clothes is duly recorded. Still more clothes become available to meet the needs of the parole-clothing workers.

Green Haven keeps statistics on how many prisoners hold jobs as porters, how many are clerks, and how many work on the farm, but these statistics are perhaps misleading. An inmate at Green Haven was recently asked his prison occupation. He happened to be employed in the furniture shop, but his answer didn't mention his job assignment. "I hustle, I swag, same as on the street," he said.

NEWSPAPERS cover crime and punishment as they do everything else. A rape is news, a robbery is news, a murder is news. A trial (if a suspect happens to be apprehended and happens not to cop a plea) is news. A criminal's newspaper life usually stops with his prison sentence. Unless a man happens to do something very bad or very good in prison, he disappears from print, because ordinary prison life, like ordinary life outside, is seldom considered newsworthy. Early in 1977, two prisoners in New York State did something out of the ordinary. On January 4th, Hector Lopez, a Green Haven inmate serving a sentence of fifteen years to life for murder, got into the newspapers for hitting two guards over the head with a steel bar, fracturing their skulls. Four days later, Winston Moseley, an Attica inmate, who in 1964 stabbed Kitty Genovese to death outside her apartment house in Queens while thirty-eight neighbors ignored her screams for help, received a bachelor's degree in sociology.

Ninety-nine per cent of New York State's inmates don't assault guards. Ninety-nine per cent of New York State's inmates don't get college degrees. Instead, they put most of their thoughts and energy into making their lives in prison as comfortable as possible. The prisoner I call George Malinow (the names of the other prisoners at Green Haven and of the guards and civilian employees have also been changed) kept a diary for four days—four ordinary days spent in the pursuit of comfort at Green Haven, four ordinary days of swagging and spinning out time.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1976

6:30 A.M. Bell rings very loud and long. A certain C.O. [correction officer, or guard] does this (rings bell long) whenever he comes on duty, and I and many other inmates here would like to hit him with a shoe, as he seems to do this on purpose!

God—I hate to get up, I feel so tired!! Serves me right for staying up doing glass painting till 1:55 this morning. But—get up I must and do so. Wash up, shave and get dressed in my work clothes which is green regulation

"How can you say we no longer have anything in common? What about how we both despise hypocrisy?"

• •

issued pants and shirt and work shoes. Put on water to be boiled for my coffee. Have coffee and 2 do-nuts. Smoke a cigarette and listen to news, via earphones.

7:15 A.M. Doors open up. I immediately rush off to the mess hall entrance area on the West Side entrance, being I'm one of the first inmates up—no one is near that area at this time of the morning. Terry, a friend of mine (inmate) who works in the kitchen, is there awaiting me. He hands me a large card board box which contains 20 dozen eggs (fresh ones), about 20 pounds raw bacon, about 20 pounds macaroni, 20 to 30 oranges, 2 large cans orange juice and one large can of olive oil for cooking. I immediately *rush* back to my cell, to avoid the other inmates about due to start going to the mess hall for their breakfast.

Hide all said food items in my cell and my friend Andy's cell. Andy is just at this time up and washing. We joke together about our sudden good windfall from our friend.

7:40 A.M. Andy and I proceed to go to work, the parole clothing department located at the basement of the Administration Building. Terry stops us to ask us to please get him some shorts, 2 white shirts and black socks. We tell him that we'll give it to him next morning. We reach the check point gate of the Administration Building, get pat frisked and we sign the logbook at the desk to verify at what time we arrived to work. Also left our institutional passes at this check point with the C.O. assigned there, as must be done.

We arrive at the basement parole area where we work. C.O.s Stevens and Barton are both there already. Stevens works the 7:20 to 3:20 shift. C.O. Barton does not usually arrive this early because he works the 9:45 to 5:45 shift but today he is working extra early over-time as he has been assigned to drive one of the inmates to an outside hospital for a medical appointment.

The coffee pot is ready as C.O. Stevens always plugs in this pot early as he arrives about 20 minutes to 7, each morning. So Andy, I and Stevens all have coffee and cake. C.O. Barton is busy with the checking of papers for the inmate he is due to take to the hospital so he doesn't join us. We have the radio playing and listening to the local news broadcast. Meanwhile, there are 4 men going home on parole this morning and they just arrived and are getting dressed. Andy and I both help and make certain that all these 4 inmates going home, have all their clothes and personal property packages they may own. They have cups of coffee and relax in casual and happy conversation—about the steaks, drinks and women they'll soon enjoy out there, etc.

Andy and I, both at times, have been asked by many persons—does seeing men talk like this and seeing them go home each day bother us? We don't see it that way as Andy and I, feel very glad to see as many as possible leave any prison as prison represents "hell," in all respects!!

7:50 A.M. All the men due to go home now, leave with C.O. Stevens, to go upstairs to an office where they'll all receive their $40 gate money and whatever's in their inmate account and their release papers. Then C.O. Stevens will escort them out and drive them in the prison van bus to Hopewell Jct. station where they will board a bus for N.Y. City. I sorted out all their state issued clothing they turned in to our dept. and also gathered all the earphones they brought to our dept. upon departure. Bagged all state clothes to be sent to State Shop, their final destination.

8:05 A.M. We have an extra relief C.O. to stay with us, as C.O.s Stevens & Barton are out on assignments. Said relief C.O.s name is Officer Dover (works in officers' mess from 10 A.M. onward), who is one of the best natured officers in all respects that I have ever come across. Good sense of humor, always smiling & happy go lucky. Very well mannered, fair and easy to relate with. Should be made a warden.

Andy and I, go to our kitchen room at our basement job area and have another cup of coffee and donuts. We relax and talk about general topics on the outside.

8:30 A.M. Another 3 inmates that work with us now arrive to work also. They are Danny, Benno, and Ned.

This morning—we have to take a full inventory of all the stock garments we have and record each item in our general inventory stock so we will know what to order, we are short of. After Danny, Ned, and Benno all have their coffee and buns, all 5 of us get ready to do the inventory.

8:50 A.M. Andy and I, start counting the jackets, slacks, socks, handkerchiefs, belts, shoes and shirts. Danny and Ned start to count *the ties, topcoats and the* other apparel that the men wear to go out on furloughs, death visits and to courts.

10:35 A.M. We all are caught up on our inventory and go to have coffee again and relax. During all this time of inventory taking, Benno sat at the desk to answer all phone calls of general inquiry and also, made up lists for calling men the next day—that have to be *fitted out with civilian clothes for their* due release dates soon.

11:05 A.M. Benno starts to prepare the foods that he will cook for our lunch as we are not going to go to the mess hall as there is only franks for lunch. Benno is making steaks, fried onions, *French fried potatoes, sauce gravy* and sweet green peas for our lunch meal. Benno is an exceptional cook! When he cooks, we all leave the kitchen to be out of his way and also, not to distract him then. One or more of us are available to help him—if he calls us, but most times he does it all by himself.

Of course, he cooks—so all others of us do the cleaning up and wash the pots & dishes.

11:40 A.M. We are just about ready to start eating. We all are in conversation about how good Benno cooked the steaks, the high price of food outside, etc. The radio is playing a late song hit and we all are enjoying the food and are in a good mood.

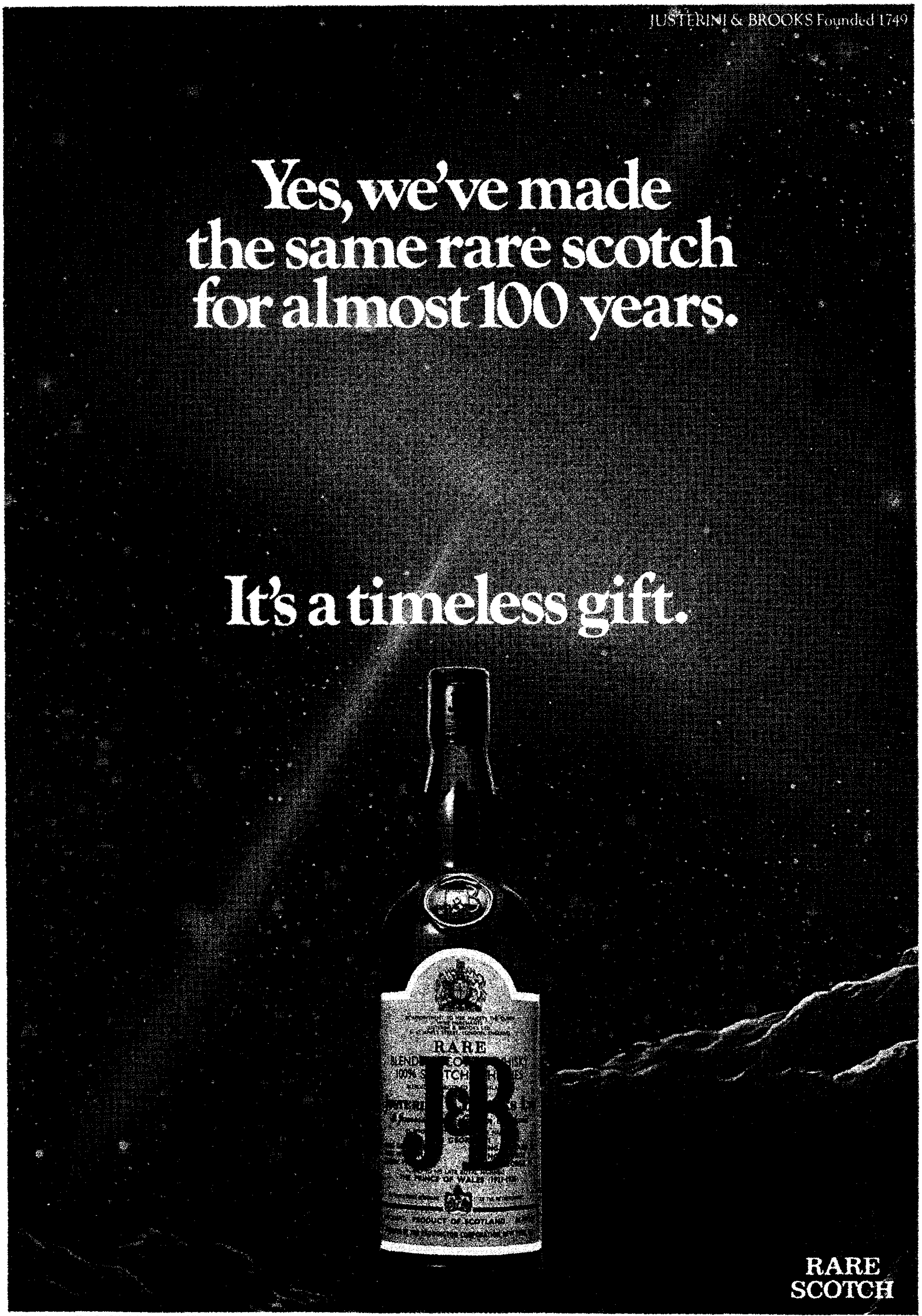
12:25 P.M. We are done eating—so Andy, Danny and I all take out the dishes, silver ware, pots to the sink area away from the kitchen and wash & dry all. Meantime, Ned swept out kitchen while Benno went to his desk to relax.

12:45 P.M. No inmates *to dress this afternoon so* Danny and I, re-check all the men due to go home the next morning—on our out going releases sheet. We line up all the clothing outfits and their personal packages containing personal property at the benches where they will get dressed in the morning.

1:15 P.M. We all now sit around the desks and are in conversation about many topics. The parole board's unjust decisions, rehabilitation, politics and prison mismanagement, etc.

2:05 P.M. Phone rings and we have to go to the store house to pick up 6 large cases containing jackets and slacks. Andy, Danny and I, all take a strong push wagon and check out from the check out gate at the administration area, get pat frisked and proceed to go to the store house. Along the way, we stop *off at E block, on the East Side, to* find out if 2 of the men locking there will be at our Jaycee's meeting tonight? They said they will. We leave for the store house.

We arrive at the store house, load our wagon with all the large cases and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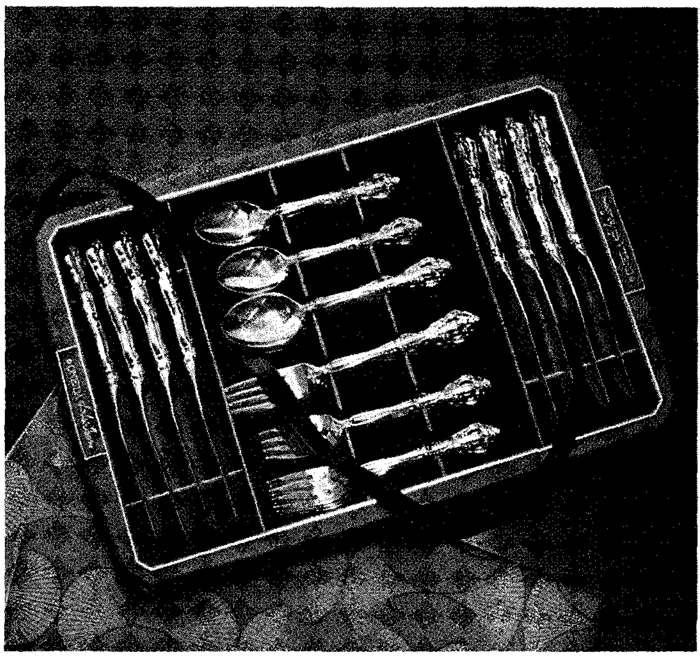
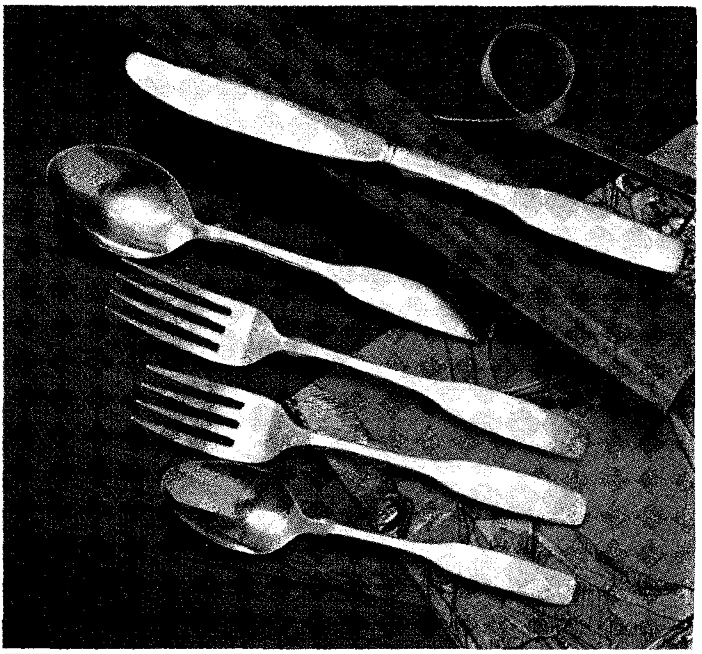
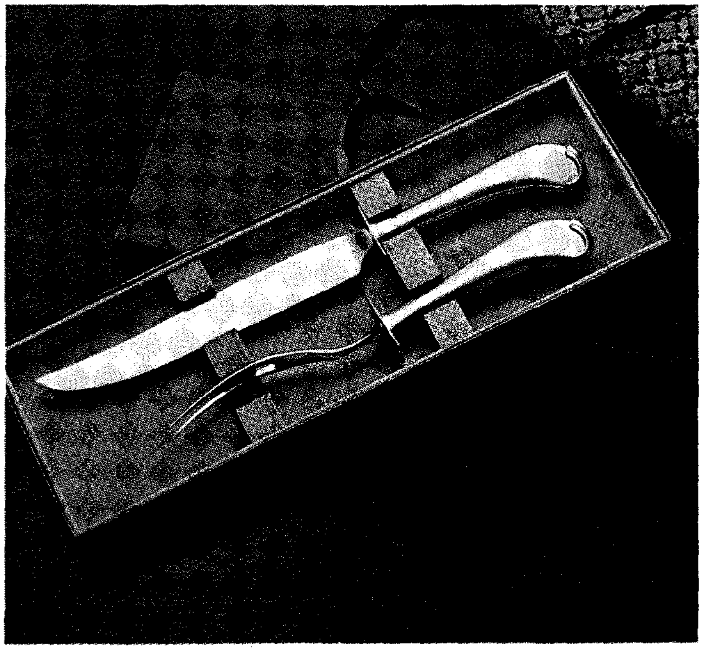
A gift givers' guide

Service for eight. Complete services in beautiful Oneida stainless are available in a wide range of prices and patterns at fine stores everywhere. The pattern shown below is Michelangelo.

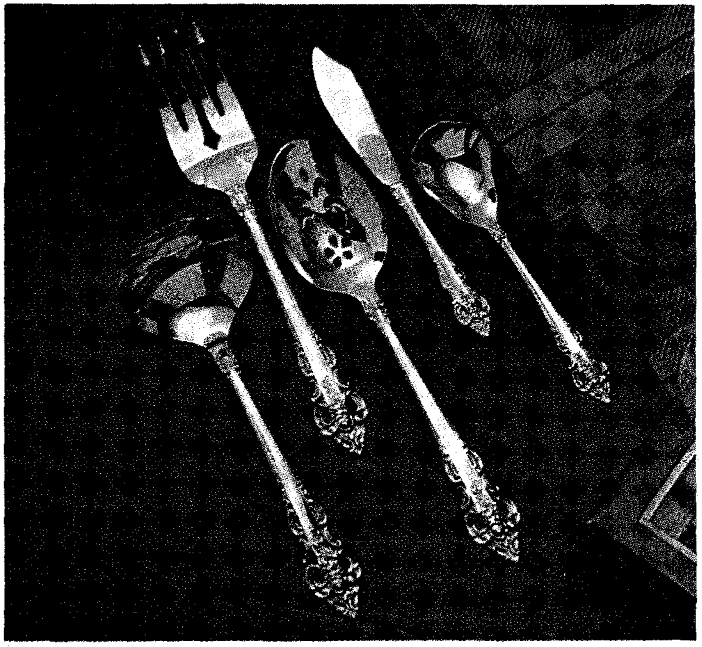


Five-piece place setting. It's always nice to have extra place settings when company comes to call. The Oneida stainless pattern pictured below is Paul Revere.





Carving set. Whether it's a large sirloin steak or a roast chicken dinner, every man should have a beautifully matched carving set. The set shown above is in our American Colonial pattern.



Five-piece hostess set. This handsome hostess set includes a gravy ladle, serving fork, pierced tablespoon, butter knife, and a sugar spoon. The pattern shown here is our Cherbourg.

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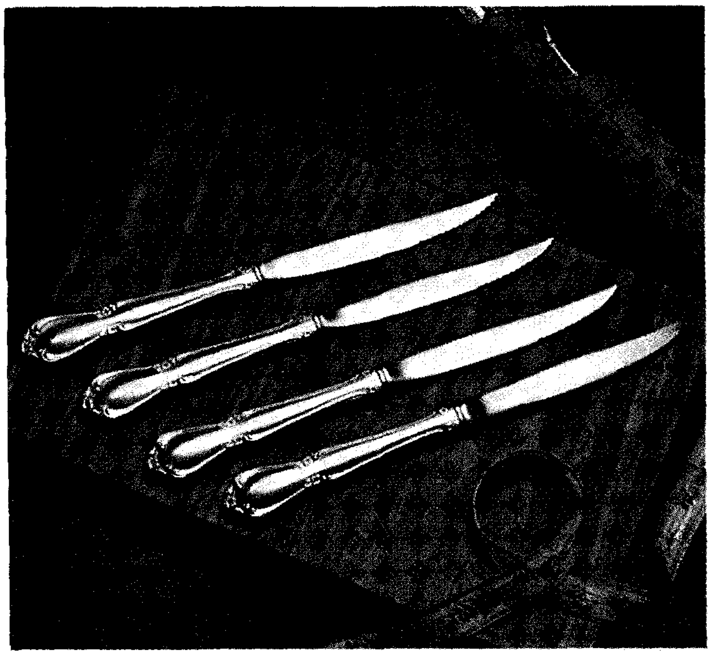
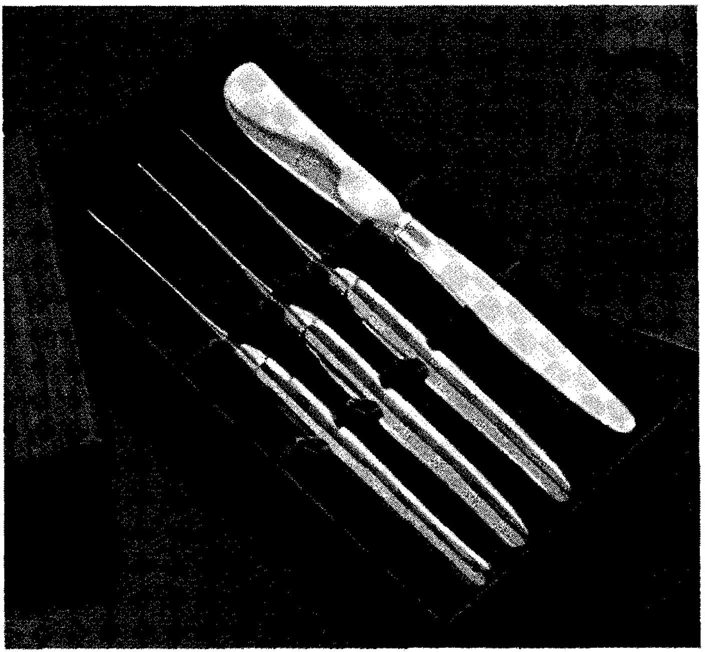
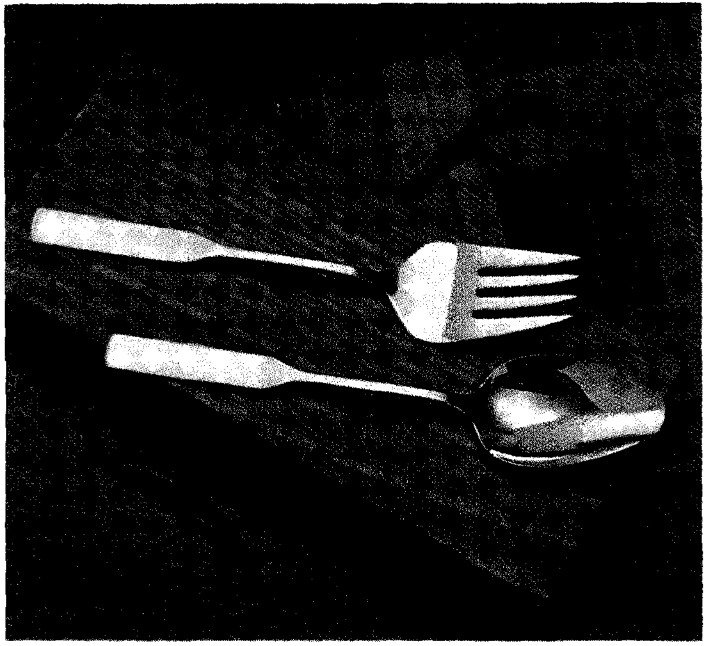
to Oneida stainless.

Steak knives. Here's the perfect gift for hungry eaters. Beautiful and useful steak knives with sharp, serrated blades. The knives shown below are in Chateau.

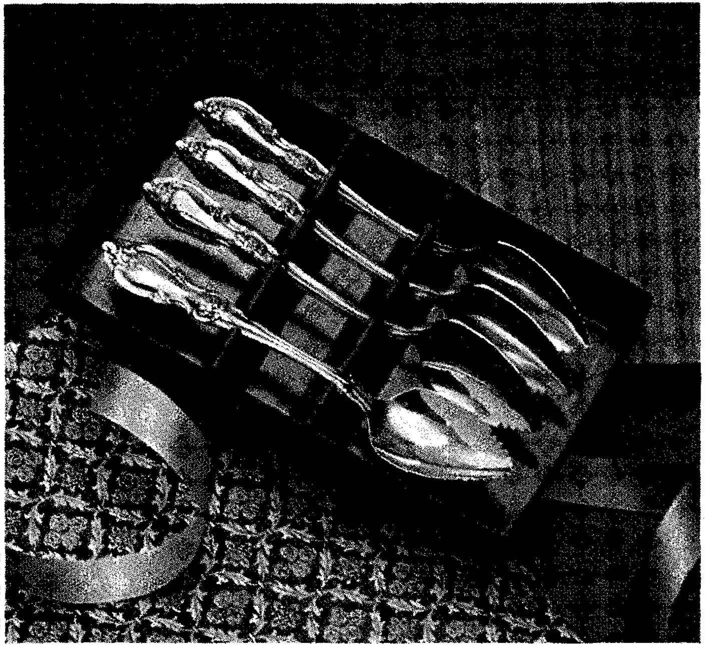


Butter spreaders. Here's an elegant touch for those special dinners. A gift of butter spreaders perfectly matched to her beautiful Oneida service. Shown below is Frostfire.





Serving pieces in open stock. Individual serving pieces, place settings and replacement pieces are available in all the popular Oneida patterns. Modern Antique shown above.



Fruit spoons. Here are serrated fruit spoons to make grapefruit even more delicious. Shown here in Louisiana.
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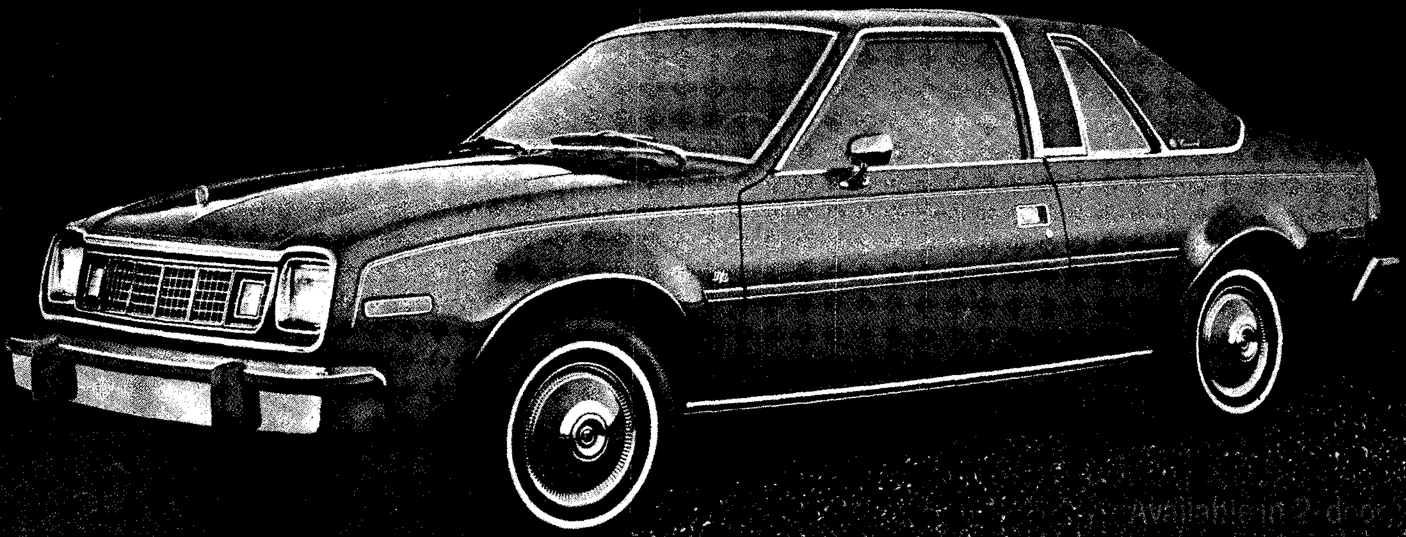

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pick up a copy of the order-form. We arrive at the front administration check point and again are pat frisked. We start sliding the boxes, one at a time, down the stairs to the basement where we work at. We get all boxes to the rack area. We open all boxes, take out garments and count them. The total checks out correctly. C.O. Stevens signs the receipt form copy and I take it back to the store house civilian clerk. When I return, Andy, Danny, Benno, and Ned are about half way done placing the slacks on the shelfs in their respective sizes, and the jackets on the line racks, in their respective sizes.

I join them in doing this and I sort the jackets. We stop this work at 2:45 P.M. I check and pull out coffee pot plug, stove plug, radio plug and toaster plug. Meanwhile—Andy dumps out all the trash into plastic trash bags due to go out to the dump area, via truck, in the morning. Benno dumps out all water from wash pails in kitchen. Danny washes out coffee pot and prepares it for next morning's use.

2:55 P.M. All of us leave our job area in basement, get pat frisked again at check out gate, pick up our passes and proceed to our cells in C block, all except Ned as he locks in J block.

3:05 P.M. I arrive at my cell, change clothes, wash up and go to the wash room on my gallery's end, to wash out and hang up the clothes I left there to soak yesterday.

3:25 P.M. Returned to cell, put water on for my thermos bottle to make my coffee. Layed down, smoked a cigar and relaxed listening to some soft music via earphones.

4:10 P.M. Got up, made cup of coffee, had a ham and Swiss cheese sandwich. Cleaned up table, brushed teeth and started to get all the necessary materials ready to do my glass painting. Worked on glass painting until lock in.

5:05 P.M. Bell rings—lock in time. Doors close and 2 C.O.s walk by & check the doors & count as they walk past my cell. I continue on working on the glass pictures.

5:25 P.M. C.O. stops at my cell and hands me 8 letters (personal), 2 more business letters and 1 magazine on real estate. C.O. continues on handing out mail to other cells.

Read 3 of these letters which come from the Philippines. One from my sweetheart, one from her sister & the 3rd from her mother. Finish reading all mail and lay down to catch the prison phone bulletin announcements on prison news.

5:55 P.M. Get up, wash up, brush teeth and get all my papers and materials ready for my Jaycees meeting due tonight at the school class building at J block, from 6 to 8:30 P.M.

6:00 P.M. Doors open up. I proceed to block door exit where many other men are waiting to go to different night classes and program classes. The block C.O. checks each one of us out on his master sheet.

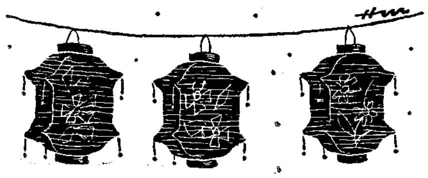
I arrive at my Jaycee class room and start writing out on the black board the agenda for tonight's meeting. An outside male Jaycee coordinator arrives and our Jaycee meeting starts. We discuss various project possibilities. One project involves bringing boys from the high schools within a few miles of Green Haven to the prison to see what it is like so that they will never want to commit crimes and will never wind up in prison. We also form committees for each project. Meeting ends at 8:25 P.M. and all of us leave to return to our blocks.

8:35 P.M. Returned to cell. Wash and make cup of coffee & smoke 2 cigarettes. Start to work again on my glass pictures and continue until 10 P.M. I stop to eat a salami & cheese with lettuce & tomatoe sandwich. Smoke 2 cigarettes and relax on my bed.

I start to think of my sweetheart in the Philippines. What's she doing, etc.? That's rather silly cause since it is a 12 hour difference in time from N.Y. City, it goes without saying it has to be about 10 A.M. there so of course, she can't be sleeping.

10:20 P.M. I start working on my glass pictures again. I accidently spill over the bottle of drawing paint all over my glass and I am angry as hell at myself for my carelessness! Finally get that particular portion on my glass cleaned and I have to re-draw that part of the picture again.

10:55 P.M. The bell rings and that means it's time to lock in for the night. Doors close and the 2 C.O.s again check the doors & take the count. I continue on working on the glass pictures. I feel very tired tonight so I stop working on these pictures at 11:40 P.M. I clean up all paint brushes, table and put away to a safe area, the glass paintings to dry during the night. Have a fast cup of coffee, then wash up, brush teeth and get undressed.



11:55 P.M. Put on only small night lamp, put on phones to catch midnight news. Light up cigarette and listen to the news on phones. Music (Western songs) comes on by some local Poughkeepsie disc jockey and I listen to it until 12:30 A.M.

12:35 A.M. I put out light, pull out phone plug and go to sleep.

Wednesday, August 11, 1976

6:05 A.M. Woke up and put water on for coffee. Smoked a cigarette and listened to the news over earphones. Water ready and I make my cup of coffee and wash up, brush teeth and get dressed in work clothes.

6:30 A.M. Bell rings to get up, for the block inmates. I count out 3 dozen fresh eggs that I had hidden in my cell previously into a small box. I put this box in the bottom of a large metal bucket that I use to soak clothes. Next, I also put several pounds raw bacon into a plastic bag & also place this in the pail with the eggs.

I sort out 3 dress shirts and 2 pants to take to my job section so I can neatly press these clothes for myself. Check myself to make sure I haven't forgotten anything—my institutional pass, locker keys, lighter, cigarettes and pens. Lay on bed, relax and smoke a cigarette, while listening to radio music.

7:20 A.M. Doors open up. I go to Andy's cell (2 cells away) and check to see if he is ready to go to work. He is—so we proceed to walk through the corridor hall. Near the mess hall—our friend—Terry is there waiting for us. He hands us a package of chop meat—about 15 pounds in weight. Andy carries this—as I am loaded carrying my pail and clothes to press.

We explain to Terry, that we didn't forget him—with regard to the clothing items he asked for the other day, as we couldn't bring it out yesterday. We assure Terry that he'll receive it tomorrow morning.

We are early—so along the way to work, the companies are now moving to the mess hall from A blk. Many men we know shout out their usual greetings to Andy and me.

Andy & I arrive at the administration check point gate. We hand in our passes and sign the inmates logbook, indicating we checked in to work & at what time. We got pat frisked. The two C.O.s at this post, smile & ask—"what's in the

"Leonard J. Munson, in a rare jocular mood, speaking."

• •

pail & bag?" I tell them—"food for us and our bosses." They laugh & tell us to go on. No doubt due to all the years I've been in G.H.; and these 2 C.O.s know me from all said years, they don't wish to bother me & give me a break.

We reach the basement locked barred door & holler—"Hey—open up, hard workers here!" C.O. Stevens comes & let's us in. We go to the kitchen & put the eggs, chop meat and bacon in the refrigerator. I put my clothes to be pressed near the ironing board for pressing later on.

7:45 A.M. Ned, Benno, and Danny arrive to work in the basement, in addition some inmates due to go home on parole release. Andy & I attend the men getting dressed and place all their property packages near them. Ned, Benno, Danny, Andy, I and some of the men going home, are in the kitchen having coffee. C.O. Stevens is busy at desk getting in order, all the release papers for the men going home now.

7:55 A.M. The men going home leave together with C.O. Stevens. C.O. Dover is the extra relief officer left with us.

We check list to see how many inmates who still have to be measured & fitted out with their going home clothes for call out today. We obtained cell locations, names & have C.O. Dover phone all blocks in which said men lock at, to have them sent to parole clothing dept. at 1 o'clock P.M.

All of us—stray off to attend to our personal needs—washing clothes, pressing clothes, reading, etc. I go and press all my clothes I brought down this morning.

9:35 A.M. We are sitting near the desk, talking when C.O. Dover answers the phone. He informs us that the Chief Clerk said that the Nassau County Sheriff's Office have 2 transportation officers on the way and they ought to arrive at G.H. about 10:30 A.M., to pick up 2 inmates that will be taken back to Nassau County Court for their legal proceedings.

C.O. Dover phoned the blocks where these 2 inmates lock that are due to go to Nassau Court, and informed the block officer to tell these 2 inmates they are due to go to Court right away & to bring their toilet articles & cigarettes with them.

9:55 A.M. The 2 Nassau County Sheriff officers arrive & are waiting at our work area for the 2 inmates they came for. Both sheriff officers have coffee with us in kitchen. They tell us and C.O. Dover about the latest news events regarding the Nassau County Jail, etc.

10:20 A.M. The 2 inmates due to be taken to court arrive with their personal property.

Andy & I, both take one man each, to dress him out in civilian attire. Next, Andy & I, pack their personal property in large shopping type paper bags & mark their names & numbers on each bag.

Said 2 inmates are searched by the Nassau Officers & they are then hand cuffed and they all leave our basement area.

Andy and I both have coffee & do-nuts. C.O. Stevens returns to our area. C.O. Barton still hasn't arrived but he phones from B block, to tell us that he is assigned there till 12 noon, as the sgt's chart room is short officers.

11:05 A.M. Andy and I leave to return to our block (C blk.), to rest and do our personal tasks in our cells. Meanwhile, Benno and Ned are preparing the lunch time meal which will be hot roast beef, mashed potatoes, corn niblets and ice cream (pints from commissary, stored in our refrigerator from commissary buy).

Andy and I both arrive at our C blk. without meeting anyone along the way. Andy goes to his cell and turns on his cassette player and lays on his bed to relax & listen to the music.

I put on water for coffee & gather all my socks and handkerchiefs that need washing. I soak these in 2 separate pails, intending to wash them later on at night.

I prepare to shave & take a hot shower. Having done so—I have my coffee and smoke. I dress up in clean work clothes and lay down to rest, listening to the radio music.

I fall asleep & Andy wakes me up and asks if I'm ready to go back to work? I check time & it's now 12:35 P.M. I tell him in about 15 more minutes. I brush teeth & take measurements of one large glass picture so I can make a large enough card board box to put it in (glass picture) so that when my visitor comes to see me on Saturday, he will be able to carry it easily & safely to his car to take home.

12:55 P.M. Andy and I take one case of canned cola soda with us from Andy's cell to go to our refrigerator at where we work at. We walk through corridor & are stopped by several inmates we know who ask us if we have any black paint—about a quart as they wish to paint their yard weight boxes (box to hold weight lifter's weight iron). We tell them we have and we'll bring the paint out in the yard at 3:30 in the afternoon to their location.

We reach the administration check point gate, get pat frisked and go to our job area in the basement.

Andy puts 15 cans of soda in the re-

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frigerator & the rest in storage locker in kitchen.

1:20 P.M. The men who were called for to be dressed for going home in a few weeks have arrived to our work area.

Andy, Ned and I, take one man each to dress out for measurements. There are 12 men to dress & measure. We are done soon and the escorting C.O. takes all the men out and leaves.

2:15 P.M. Andy & I still haven't had time to eat our meal that Benno and Ned prepared for lunch but all rest have already eaten. Andy & I eat, help to wash up and put away dishes, silver ware, etc. We sweep and mop up entire kitchen floor.

2:45 P.M. Ned prepares coffee pot for morning's coffee tomorrow. I pull out all electrical plugs (toaster, coffee pot, radio and fans). Dump out water pails from kitchen. Andy bags up all trash in plastic bags for the garbage truck collection in the morning. C.O. Stevens and the rest of us all leave as we are done working for the day. We all get pat frisked again at the gate check point & pick up our institutional passes.

The corridors are crowded as most men are returning from their jobs to the yard and cellblocks. We are busy discussing some law and we don't stop to speak to anybody along the way to C block.

2:55 P.M. Andy went out to yard on some errand. I go to wash room and finish washing & hanging up my clothes on line in wash room.

Go back to cell—change clothes and wash up, brush teeth, sit down and relax listening to the music on the tape recorder being played next cell to mine.

3:20 P.M. I make cup of coffee, have do-nut and one apple. Clean table and prepare to continue doing my glass paintings. I am working on this while at the same time I have my earphones on, listening to Spanish music. I just remembered now that we forgot to pick up the gal. of black paint for our friend. We'll have to apologize & obtain it tomorrow.

Danny just came to my cell with a large paper bag containing the clothing items Andy & I, both forgot to pick up for our friend in the mess hall—Terry. I thank Danny—he's a lifesaver!

4:55 P.M. Bell rings—lock in time. Doors close & the 2 block C.O.s check doors & take count. I continue working on glass pictures.

5:25 P.M. The C.O. stops at cell—it's mail delivery time, and he gives me 3 personal letters, 2 catalogues and 4 business letters. I clean up paint brushes. Lay on bed, put on phones to listen to radio news & also, the prison bulletin events broadcast, while I open and read my mail.

6:08 P.M. Doors open and I go out to Benno's cell on gallery back of mine, in my block. I ask Benno what does he want me to bring down relative to food items in the morning to our shop kitchen for tomorrow's lunch meal? He wants more macaroni, cans of sauce and garlic. I discuss some other misc. topics and leave to go back to my cell.

7:25 P.M. A C.O. stops by at my cell to look at my glass pictures. He asks if I sell my pictures and I tell him I don't. I only make them as gifts for my friends.

I make a cup of coffee and have a kielbasa sandwich. Smoke 2 cigarettes and lay on bed to relax. I recall I must reply to 3 letters tonight, so I put away all the glass pictures, clean off table and start letter writing.

8:55 P.M. Feel tired. Make cup of coffee and smoke another cigarette. I am thinking of the family I've become close to via correspondence located at Illinois. Lay down to relax and fall asleep! Wake up and notice it's now 9:45 P.M. I go out to see what program is on the T.V. at the end of the gallery. It happens to be an old war movie, "Back to Bataan," so I stay to watch it and relax.

10:05 P.M. I returned to cell area and got into discussion about the conditions in this prison; how some C.O.s are pressing the inmates into provoking trouble by their aggressive attitude, etc.

10:45 P.M. I returned to my cell and washed up, brushed teeth and got undressed. Put on water for coffee. Checked to see that I have everything ready to take out in the morning with me to work. I put the sauce and macaroni in a bag to take to our kitchen in the basement in morning. Layed down on bed to relax and smoked cigarette.

11:00 P.M. Bell rings for lock in time. The 2 C.O.s pass by check door to see it's closed and count. Started to write my usual very long type of letter to my sweetheart in the Philippines—Liwayway. Completed 20 pages (both sides) and set it aside for tomorrow to complete it to a possible 20 more pages. I always write such long letters to Liwayway, cause she has to wait approximately 10 to 14 days from the time I mail it via "air-mail." The loss in time takes place after it reaches one of the main air ports in the Philippines. Further, inasmuch as she has to wait 14 days for my letter—I feel it is only right that my letter contains much to read, so she can enjoy reading all I say to her and be happy. Such a heavy type letter usually costs me 4 to 6 dollars, depending on the weight. Must bear in mind—I usually include many photos, newspaper clippings, etc.

12:05 A.M. I am tired. I turn off lights & go to sleep.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1976

6:30 A.M. Bell rang—time to get up. Brushed teeth, washed up and got dressed in my work clothes. Made cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette. Put phones on to listen to latest news.

Straightened out cell, swept floor and made up bed.

7:20 A.M. Cell doors open up and I go to see if Andy is up yet? He is just getting out of bed. I tell him—I'll go & check with Terry, at the mess hall—if we have any food items due? I reach mess hall corridor door. Terry is waiting for me. He hands me about 5 pounds of oleo in a paper bag & one 30 pounds of macaroni in a box. I take all this and head for my cell in C blk. I reach my cell without meeting any C.O.s.

I tell Andy what we just received. We obtain a small push cart wagon—load the macaroni, oleo & 2 boxes of canned sodas we previously bought from the commissary. We also find some clean empty boxes (about 7) at the end of our gallery. We also take these boxes as we can use them to pack the personal property of men going home.

We are early arriving at the check point gate of the Administration Building. The steady old time C.O. is on duty there who knows Andy & me—well! We sign the logbook & hand in our passes. We tell the C.O. that we have boxes for packing. He waves us on & doesn't bother to check the boxes—only pat frisks us.

We reach our basement work area okay. I put the box of macaroni away in the storage cabinet & the oleo into

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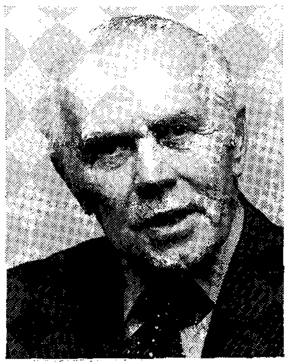

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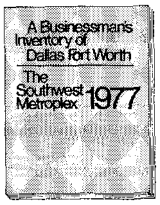

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The Sensible Alternative

the refrigerator. We put all the other empty card board boxes away in the bin for that purpose.

7:40 A.M. The men due to go home this morning (8 men) have arrived to get dressed, as have also, Benno, Ned & Danny, to work. The men are all dressed. Andy & I make certain that they all have their personal property packages to take out with them. They have coffee and sign all the necessary papers for their releases with C.O. Stevens.

7:55 A.M. C.O. Stevens takes the men upstairs who are going home. We say our "good byes" to them. We have the relief officer, Mr. Dover, with us until C.O. Barton arrives which will be about 9:15 A.M. We all have coffee & do-nuts, the radio is playing and we are discussing football games and professional football. I favor the N.Y. Giants but I have to take a lot of teasing as the N.Y. Giants did badly last season. Oh well—we can't always be winners!

8:35 A.M. Ned goes to his own desk at the back of the basement parole clothing dept. and he starts stamping out the "time cards" for the personnel of Green Haven. Andy goes to his sewing machine to do some work on some pants and shirts of his own & several of his friends. Danny starts typing out some forms for inventory and also, the lists of all men due to go out on furloughs. Benno is re-stocking all the shelfs with the various garment items for parole release. C.O. Dover loves the sport of basketball and he is telling Danny about his son's playing on a school team, etc. I go over to the bench area & start to bag up all the prison issued clothing that the men left that went home this morning.

9:05 A.M. Five men come down to our area with their personal property, as they are due to all go home next week. I and Andy pack up their property in individual boxes and mark their numbers & names on each package, plus the date they will go home.

9:35 A.M. C.O. Barton arrives & C.O. Dover leaves. We all stop whatever we're doing and have our coffee and do-nuts. C.O. Barton tells us of a fire that happened during the other night—where 2 children died in the house fire. It was allegedly due to some faulty wiring in the house.

10:15 A.M. We all decide since it's Friday and I expect a visit tomorrow that we won't dress any more inmates during the afternoon today. Instead—we'll sweep and mop up the *entire* basement area & do a general clean up—which we usually do on Saturday morning—as we also work on Saturdays & Sundays if there's work to do and get paid for Saturdays & Sundays even if there isn't. Benno goes into the kitchen to prepare for our lunch meal.

11:35 A.M. Phone rings and C.O. Barton tells us that we have to go to the store house to pick up 6 large crate boxes which contain slacks. Andy & I leave together to go to the store house with a large push wagon.

We reach the store house & load all the boxes on the wagon. A friend of ours meets Andy & me. He asks us if we can use some coffee, sugar and canned milk. We say yes. He works upstairs in the food supply area. He comes down on the freight elevator and loads onto our wagon 50 pounds of sugar, 30 large cans of milk, 30 five pound type bags of grind coffee and 3 large cans of Tuna Fish. We leave. We move fast and stop to speak to no one along the way.

We get all the boxes down to the basement area, open all boxes and take a count of the slacks, etc. All checks out accurately.

1:20 P.M. We eat late—our lunch but there won't be any men to dress this noon so we aren't pressed for time.

2:05 P.M. We clean up the kitchen. Then we all put away the slacks into their proper sizes into the bins set for this purpose.

2:35 P.M. All of us now sweep and mop up entire basement, empty water pails, pull electric plugs out, check doors to be sure all are closed. We all leave as it is now 3:00 P.M. We pass thru the corridor halls and as usual—we stop to speak with several men Andy & I both know. Andy hands the shorts he altered to the person he promised it for.

3:15 P.M. I arrive at my cell room. I feel a very severe type of headache and I go to the block officer and obtain 6 aspirins off him. I take all 6 at one time and I decide to lay down on my bed. I take off my work clothes and get under the blanket. I fall asleep and don't wake up until I notice it's 7:45 o'clock.

7:45 P.M. The headache seems to have gone but for some reason, I still feel sorta dizzy. I wash up—have a cold soda and smoke a cigarette. I lay back down on my bed and relax. I am thinking when will that day arrive when I'll be going home? It seems like I've been born in prison I've spent so many of my years in them.

8:40 P.M. I just noticed 2 letters laying on my cell door. I open them and both are nice long type of letters from 2 male friends of mine.

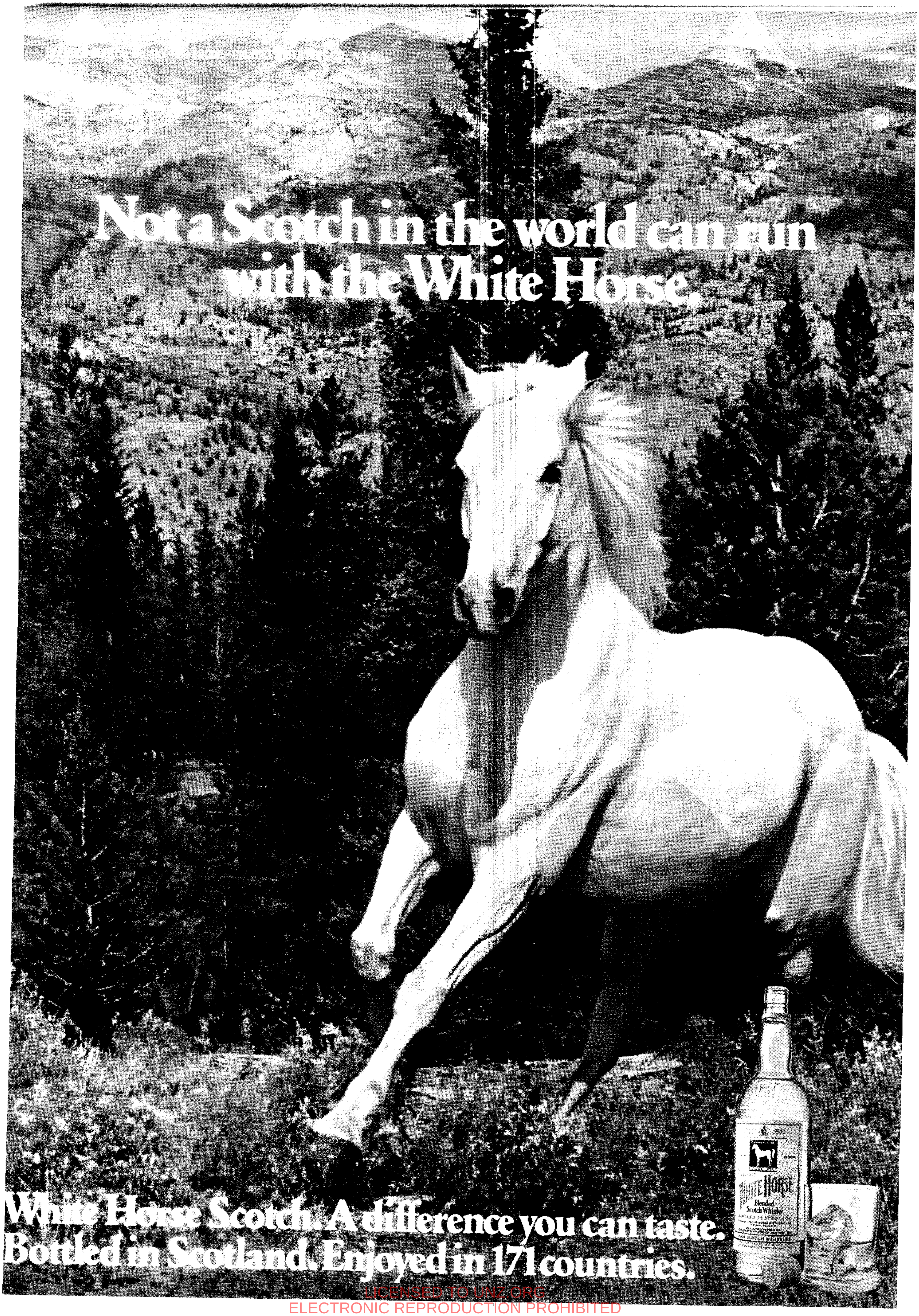
8:55 P.M. I take the 2 glass pictures that I was working on & are finished, and insert them into the 2 frames I had made for them. I place them into a card board box and take them upstairs to the top gallery in C blk. and give them to my friend who I made them for. They are going to his old mother. He thanks me and knows that I won't accept any sort of payment for making them.

9:25 P.M. I go to Andy's cell room and he has about one gallon of strong homemade brew. I feel a bit depressed—so I decide to put "one on" and Andy, his friend Baron and I all start drinking together. We discuss old times on the streets, people we knew, have some good laughs and finish off drinking the entire gallon. I feel quite mellow! Not very drunk—but enough so that I feel just great! I leave and go to my cell room as it's close to the 10 P.M. count. The bell rings—so I stand by my door as the C.O. walks by taking his count.

10:05 P.M. I lay down on my bed—put the phones on—listening to some soft music. I light a cigarette & pull out the last lengthy type letter from Liwayway. I re-read it slowly and start thinking about her. What she's doing—how hard she has to work for a mere few dollars to support herself & her mother as her father passed away. I can't wait to go out free so I can help out Liwayway & her mother financially as one American Dollar equals 7 Philippine pesos. So $100 (U.S. money) would give them $700 in Philippine money.

10:40 P.M. I get up and have a cup of coffee and a piece of peach pie. Still feel good from the brew Andy gave me. I feel rather sentimental and I start thinking about my son—Arthur, what he's doing? How tall has he grown? Does he hate me for not being at home with him during his young years when he needed a father the most? I shake off my thoughts now about Arthur, as I don't want to become depressed tonight!

11:05 P.M. The bell just rang and it's time for all the men in C block to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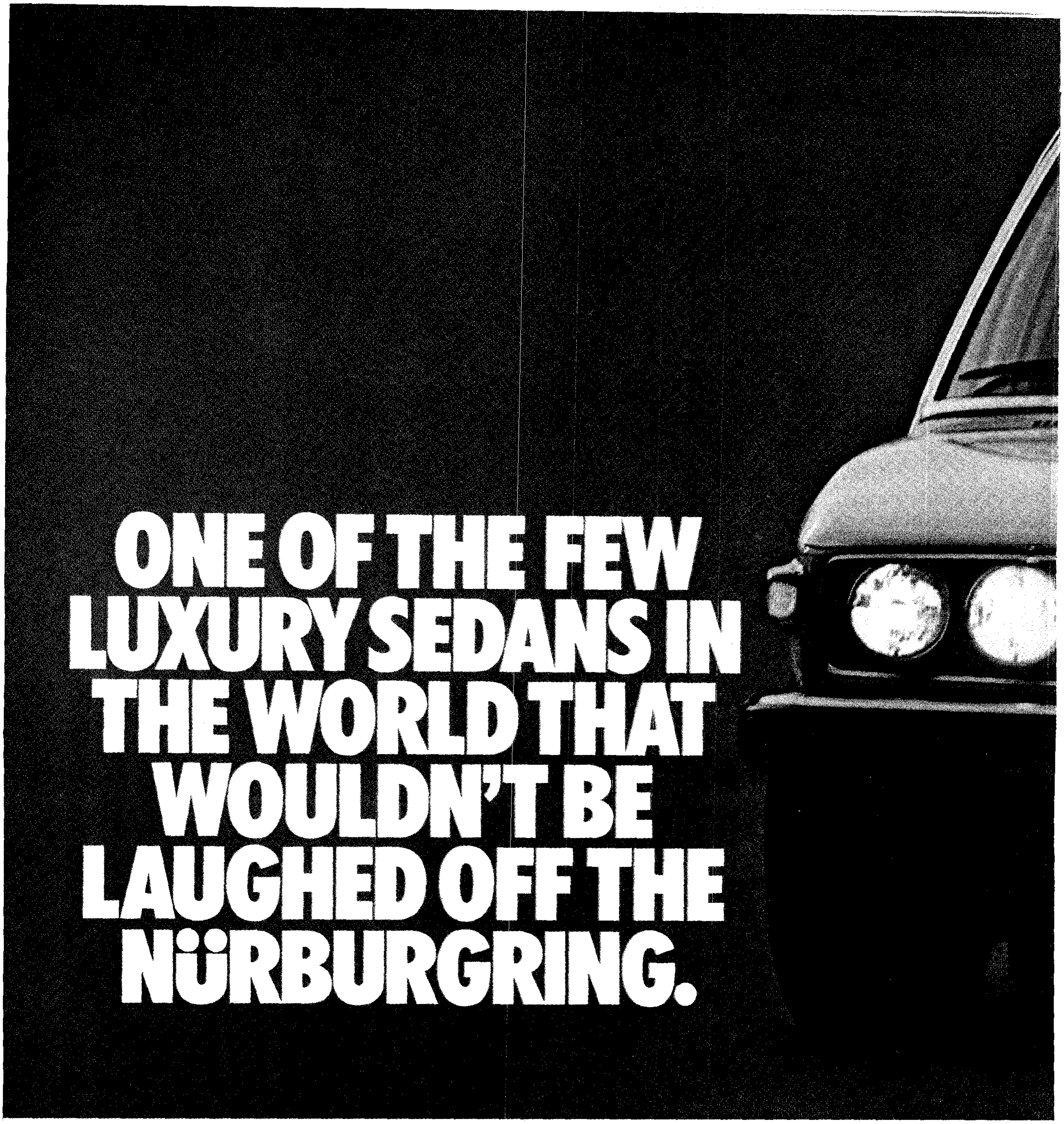
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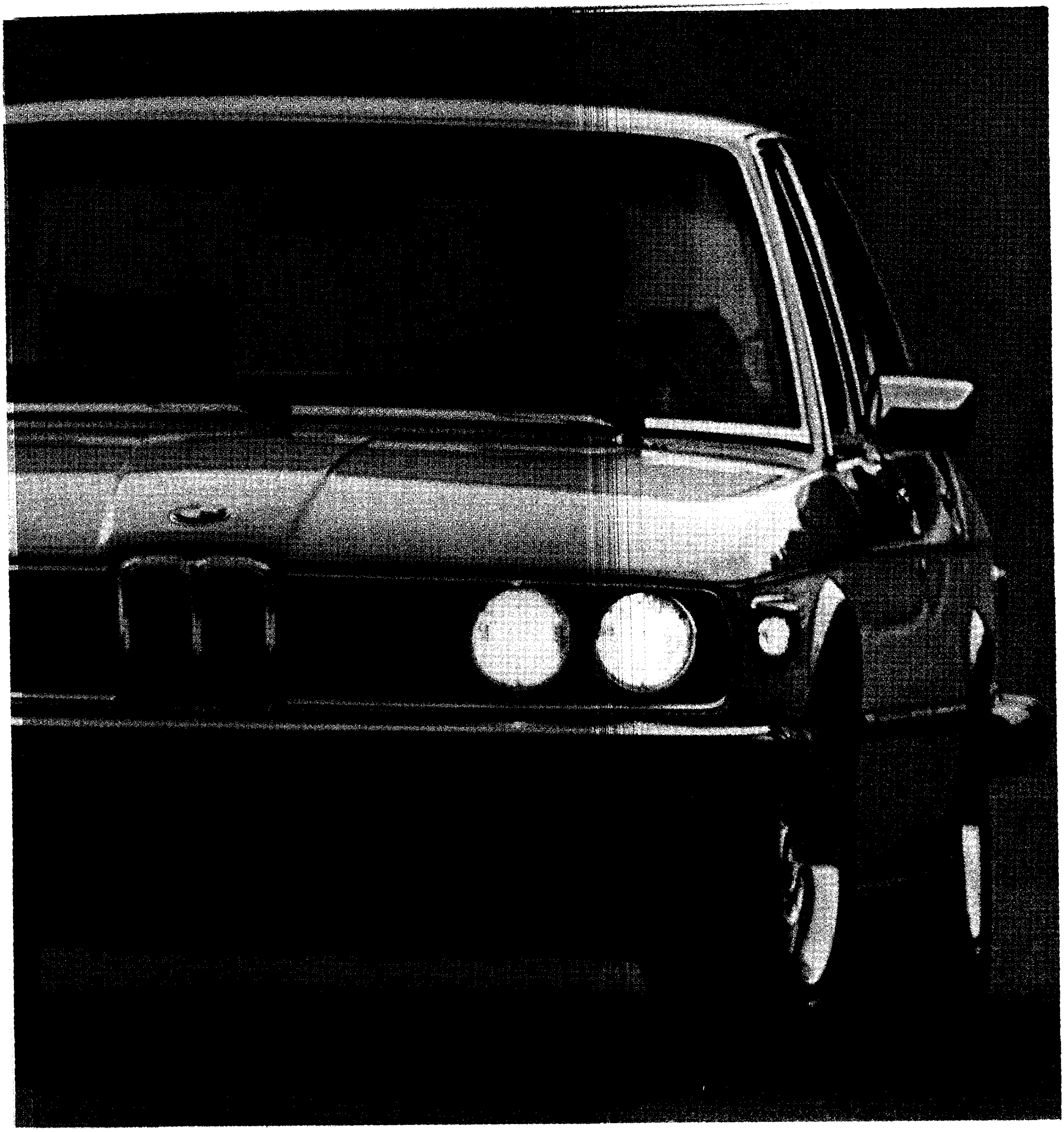

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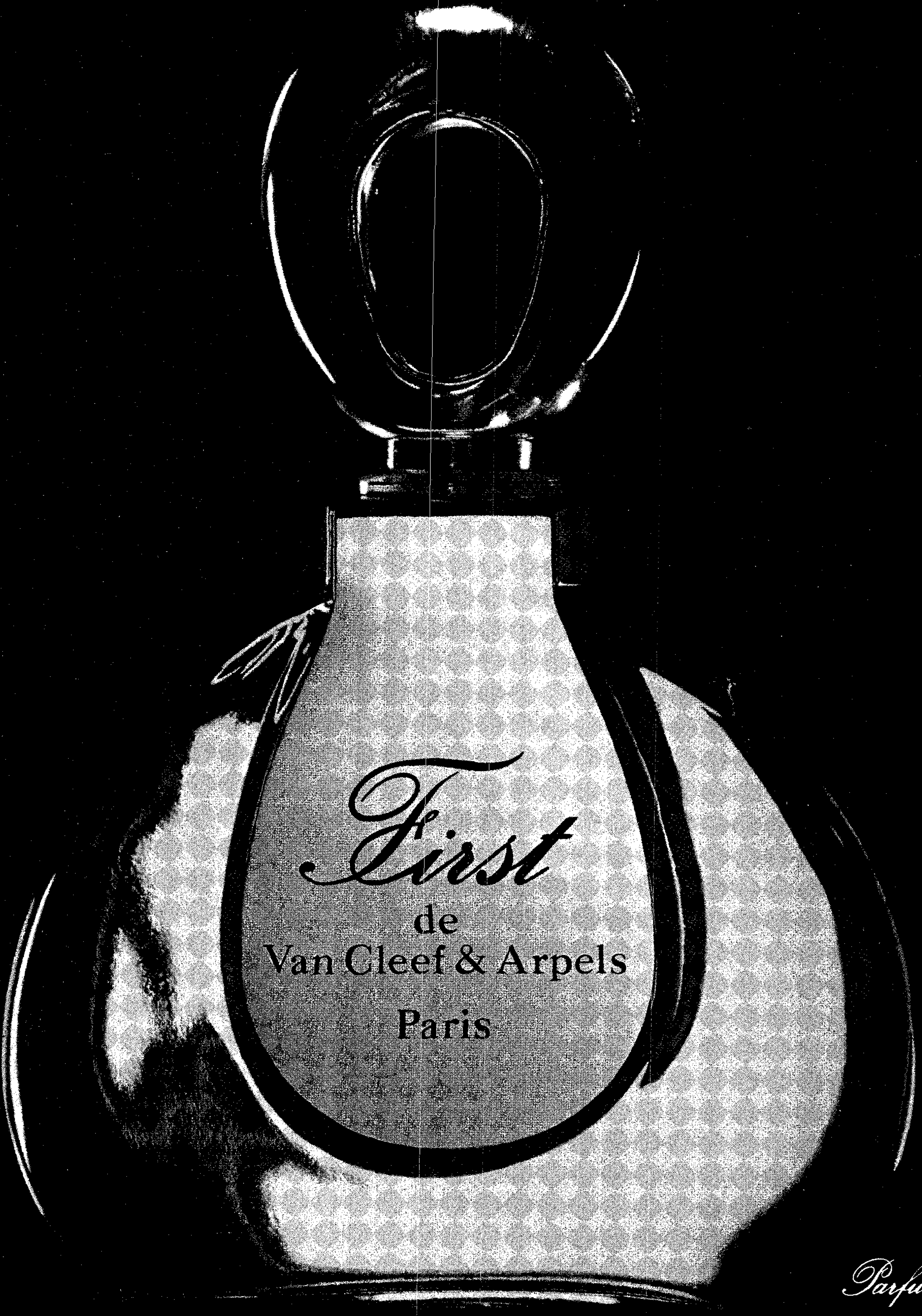
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lock in their cell rooms. Andy rushes over to my cell, before the doors close & hands me a brown paper bag. He laughs & says—"enjoy it!"

He rushes back to his cell. The doors close. I look in the bag & there's a quart more of homemade brew! Boy—Andy is really something! I put it away till after the C.O.s take the count. They walk by now. I put out all the lights in my cell and lay on my bed. I pour a large glass of brew and I sip it slowly! I finish it & pour all the rest into my glass. I finish this off fast & lay back to relax and think. I wonder when it will be when they finally let me go free?

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1976

9:30 A.M. I just woke up and overslept. I expect my visit which will be outside the walls as weekend visits for me are approved for such outside visits, at 10 A.M. today. I shave and take a shower. Surprisingly, I have no hangover headache from my drinking last night.

9:45 A.M. I am all dressed & ready for my visit. I have 2 glass pictures that I will give to my partner—Patrick on my visit.

10:15 A.M. I walk all the long distance by myself to the rear gate exit. It happens to be a very beautiful warm, sunny day today. The large bar gates open up for me. I enter the compound & the C.O. there pat frisks me, hands me my outside pass with my photo & description on it so I in turn can turn it over to the outside area C.O. there. The C.O. also checks out my 2 glass pictures & reads my approval slip for taking out said 2 pictures. The C.O. shouts up to the tower guard "okay—let him out—he checks out okay!" The large solid steel door slides open & I walk outside the walls. It's a funny feeling as I can actually run away if I so desired! But I'm not about to do something that stupid—so I smile to myself. I wait there & the small prison van bus comes to me—and drives me to the back of the prison where the outside visitors' area is. I get off the bus with my pictures, thank the inmate driver—I know & check in with the visiting office C.O. there. I turn my outside visiting pass to him & also give him my approval slip to permit my visitor to take home the 2 glass pictures I brought with me. I walk over to my 2 visitors, Patrick and old Carl Terra, two old time, very dear friends of mine. I show them the glass pictures and they both state how beautiful the pictures look, etc. We discuss many topics—of old times and present general problems on the outside these days.

11:45 A.M. It's near lunch time and Patrick brought up cold cuts, sodas, cake and fruits so we all eat and relax during lunch. We all then go out doors to the yard area and we walk around for about ½ an hour just discussing my chances of coming home, etc. We then go back inside the small building and a friend takes several photos of us all together and singularly. I introduce my friend to Patrick & Carl Terra.

2:05 P.M. We have a soda again and Patrick tells me that he also left me a large food package for when I return to go back. Patrick and Carl both contributed & left me $50. I thank the both of them for all this.

2:30 P.M. It's time for Patrick and Carl to go home as they both want to arrive home early before the heavy traffic takes place going to N.Y. City. I bid them both good bye. I obtain my outside pass back from the C.O. & he gives me the receipt for the $50 left for me. I get on the van bus & ride back to the rear gate. The door opens & I go inside. I hand back my pass & enter a small room in the building there & get a strip frisk. I get my regular institutional pass back & head for the package room to pick up my food package. It is a large card board box and it's quite heavy. It consists of 4 separate large cakes, 5 pound Polish canned ham, 5 rings of Polish kielbasa, 2 jars of Horse Radish (one white, one red), 1 loaf of white bread, 1 rye bread & 1 black bread, 2 packages Swiss Cheese, 2 packages of tomatoes, 2 heads of lettuce, apples, oranges, pears, box of chocolate candy, 2 large jars instant coffee, 2 large jars Coffee Mate Cream, 2 boxes cubed sugar, 4 large cans fruit cocktail, 1 large jar Tang, 1 jar peanut butter, 3 cartons of Pall Malls & 1 box of 50 cigars. I arrive at my cell room at C blk. & put away all the food items.

3:05 P.M. I start to write two separate letters of "thank you," to Carl Terra & Patrick for visiting me, leaving me money & the food package. I immediately put the 2 letters into the mail box so I won't forget to do so later on.

3:40 P.M. I change off into my clean sweat shirt & pants. I make up a small bag with some of the meats, etc., and go to give it to my nephew—William Muller in A block. Billy is happy to receive it. We spent about ½ hour discussing some glass pictures, patterns

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BONWIT TELLER

& frames Billy is to make for me. I leave & return to my cell room.

4:25 P.M. I start to make up sandwiches, coffee and cut into sections 2 of the large cakes. I deliver some of this to Andy and Baron at Andy's cell. We eat, have coffee and talk about my visitors, etc.

4:50 P.M. It is close to lock in time & the count so I return to my cell room. I lay on my bed—put on earphones and get ready to listen to the radio news. The bell rings so it's count time. The cell doors close & the 2 C.O.s take count. I listen to the news and smoke a cigarette. The prison news comes on now & I listen.

5:25 P.M. The C.O. comes around with the mail. I receive 3 personal letters. One from my adopted niece—Jane in Long Island, one from my adopted sister in Illinois & one from a Puerto Rican young lady, from Brooklyn. I read the letters and feel sleepy from the out doors hours spent on my visit. I close my eyes and fall asleep listening to the soft music over the earphones. I wake up and see that the cell door is already opened. I look at the clock and the time is now 7:35 P.M. I have a cup of coffee and smoke a cigarette.

7:50 P.M. I don't feel like doing anything tonight but just relaxing as I have to get up early to attend Mass in the morning. I go to the T.V. set to see what movie may come on. It is a World War II war picture which I am fond of so I sit and watch it. This movie started at 8 P.M. and ended at 10 P.M. I really enjoyed it!

10 P.M. We have to go to our cell doors for the 10 o'clock count. The count is over and I make myself a heavy kielbasa sandwich and have a cup of coffee. I clean up the table, brush my teeth and wash my face. I then lay down to relax & listen to some soft music on phones.

10:25 P.M. I go over to Andy's cell and we talk about a certain court decision that came down recently from the N.Y. Court of Appeals. It has to do with Andy's case and a parole revocation hearing that Andy was supposed to receive but was never granted to him, in his case.

10:55 P.M. It's close to lock in time so I return to my cell room. The bell rings and it's count time & lock in time for C blk.

11:00 P.M. I leave on only the small lamp light & I get into bed. I put on phones to listen to some Western music. It's not the type I like—so I change to listen to Latin music. I don't understand the words but the music is nice & soft so I listen to it. I light up a cigar.

12:35 A.M. The cigar is about finished. I put it out, turn off lights & pull out phone plug & go to sleep.

THERE is, of course, no typical day in the life of an inmate at Green Haven, because there is no typical inmate. There are about eighteen hundred and fifty-five inmates at Green Haven on a given day, and about eighteen hundred and fifty-five ways of doing time. In some respects, Malinow seems unique. He probably writes the longest letters to the most distant country, and he justifies their length with the most idiosyncratic logic. He is more experienced at swagging, more likely to get away with it, and consequently better off than most of the younger men at Green Haven. He was once one of the younger men, and can remember many years when he had to go to the mess hall to eat because he had no friends to visit him and bring or send him packages—years when he was not as well connected as he is now, and had less desirable jobs.

What is interesting about Malinow's special and relatively easy life at Green Haven in 1976 is how much it still has in common with, say, the life of a young black inmate assigned to the optical shop rather than to parole clothing, who spends his free time playing basketball instead of painting on glass, writes no letters, and smokes marijuana whenever he can get it, in addition to drinking homemade booze. To begin with, one thing that almost all of Green Haven's inmates share is a short workday. Because there are more guards and civilians on the 7:20 A.M.-to-3:20 P.M. shift than on any other, the prisoners' workdays are circumscribed by these hours. Three of these eight hours are usually spent eating meals and travelling the prison's long corridors between the cellblocks and the mess halls and the mess halls and the job areas. The workday usually lasts four or five hours: roughly from 8:30 or 9 A.M. to 11 A.M. and from 12 or 12:30 P.M. to 2:30 P.M. In the three workdays Malinow chronicles in his diary, more of the time he put in at parole clothing was spent drinking coffee, chatting, eating, washing dishes, and doing personal chores than dressing inmates, fetching clothes from the storehouse, and taking inventory. Malinow almost never works more than two hours a day, simply because there is almost never more than two hours of work for him to do.

On the three workdays he describes, Malinow was actually on the parole-clothing premises during his so-called working hours. Most other prison activities are also scheduled during the 7:20 A.M.-to-3:20 P.M. shift's hours, however, and inmates are often absent from their work assignments to take care of personal business. Malinow might not have been at parole clothing if he had felt ill and wanted to go to sick call; if he had had a toothache and had managed to get an appointment with a prison dentist; if it had been one of the two days a month that his block was scheduled to go to the commissary; if he had had legal work to do and wanted to look up something in the law library; or if he had wanted to go to the barbershop for a haircut. If he had had weekday visitors, as Benno and Danny often did, he could have spent from 8 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. in one of Green Haven's two inside visiting rooms. If he had been coming up for parole, he might have had an interview with his parole officer or his service-unit counsellor, or made a trip to Green Haven's Pre-Release Center, which tries to help men with their post-prison plans. If he had received a package in the mail, he would have had to go to the package room to fetch it. If he had run out of paint, he might have made a trip to the hobby shop to replenish his supplies. If Malinow had been caught drinking booze or transporting illicit eggs or oleo, he might have had to appear before the Adjustment Committee and he might have been keeplocked—confined to his cell. The work-absenteeism rate at Green Haven is high. In October, 1976, school attendance was fifty-five per cent.

Parole clothing is an oasis at Green Haven. Craig Stevens, the C.O. in charge of parole clothing, chooses the inmates who work for him carefully. He doesn't accept any troublemakers—a category in which he places drug addicts, homosexuals, militants, child molesters, and drunks. The men do willingly whatever work there is to be done; they recognize a good job and an easy boss when they see one. When a member of the Parole Board asks a prisoner, "What have you done for yourself in prison?"—a favorite Parole Board question—the Board doesn't seem pleased to hear that a man has worked in parole clothing. Most of the Board's twelve members seem happier to be told that a man has gone to school. In recent years, school has been considered more rehabilitative

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than a pursuit like industry, which was considered rehabilitative by earlier generations of prison administrators and Parole Board members because industry was supposed to teach good work habits, which would keep a man straight on the outside. If the Parole Board were to visit the prison school, it might wonder whether school was more rehabilitative for the ordinary prisoner than any other activity at Green Haven.

On Thursday morning, May 6, 1976, twelve of the seventeen men who were enrolled in the beginning-reading class were sitting in a well-furnished, well-lighted classroom at Green Haven. Between nine o'clock (when the class was scheduled to begin) and nine-fifteen, the teacher took attendance. The men discussed the five absentees at some length. One had been transferred to Great Meadow—unjustly, they felt. One was upset because another inmate, who had committed a crime that was more serious than his, had received a much shorter sentence, and was brooding about it in his cell. A third was in court, with a case they thought he might win on a technicality. Between nine-fifteen and nine-thirty, a man stumbled through a one-page text called "Buying Groceries." At nine-thirty, another man was asked to read the next page in the book, a text entitled "At the Bank." "Don't feel like reading," he said. The teacher called on another man, who sighed and began to read. As he read, two men filed each other's nails, one combed his hair, one wrote a love letter to his girl, and four or five stared into space (one of them smelled of alcohol, two appeared high). The text read:

> Mary and I keep our money in the bank.
>
> Henry and Elizabeth keep their money in the bank, too.
>
> It is not safe to keep much money in the house.
>
> I know a man who kept his money in the house. One day a burglar got his money. After that he kept his money in the bank, too.
>
> It pays to keep one's money in the bank. Money in the bank is safe.

It took the reader, a young man who had played hooky during his elementary-school years, ten minutes to get that far. There were a few more sentences on the page, but he stopped, wearier from the exertion of reading eight sentences than a long-distance runner might be after going twenty miles. He also looked puzzled. He scratched his head and laughed. "Mr. Kotter," he said. (The teacher's name happens to be Lamarbella, but his students call him Kotter, because Lamarbella is too hard a name for them to remember, and because they think he resembles the actor who plays the schoolteacher in "Welcome Back, Kotter," a television show they like.) "I ain't too sure 'bout dat book," he continued. "Willie here is a bank robber. If'n I put my money in a bank and Willie robs that bank, it don't be so safe." Willie beamed with pleasure.

The nine-forty-five buzzer sounded, signalling the end of class. The men in the beginning-reading group were supposed to attend three forty-five-minute classes a morning. That was their entire workday. The next class on their schedule was beginning arithmetic. One of the nail-filers said he was going to skip arithmetic, because he had more important things to do. He was going to make his way to Fay Field to dig up some money that his woman had brought in on a picnic a while back. Fearing a cell search, he had buried it there for safekeeping. He wanted it that afternoon to buy some grass that had been smuggled in to one of his friends the previous day. "I don't mess with no arithmetic nohow," he said. "Counting money was never no problem for me. On the street, I worked for a dry cleaner. Each piece of clothes had a ticket. Some tickets said 'Clean,' some said 'Press,' and some said 'Clean and press.' My trouble was I couldn't read the tickets, so to be on the safe side I cleaned and pressed everything. When the boss man found out, he fired me. Can't say as I wanted the job. I just had to have some kind of legit job to keep the parole officer off my back. Hell, there's much more money in stealing than in dry-cleaning."

Lamarbella had once taught fourth grade and sixth grade in a small town a few miles from Green Haven. He had been laid off several years earlier, when the town's elementary-school enrollment declined, and had come to Green Haven because it was the only teaching job he could get. He preferred teaching children, because they learned much faster, but he had nothing against inmates. "I'm lucky to get an hour's work out of them a week," he said. "One day, a guy will be feeling bad about a Dear John letter he got from a girl; another will be feeling bad about being hit by the Parole Board. I don't push them. I take what I can get from them. Friends ask me if it's scary working in a maximum-security prison. It isn't. I imagine working here is like working in a dynamite factory. After the first month or two, you don't even think of it. I've never been hit by an inmate, and I don't know of any other teacher who has been. The only thing that really bothers me about this place is the lethargy that hangs over it. When I first came to Green Haven, I brought a book to read during my lunch hour. I soon stopped reading. Now I'm always yawning, just like the inmates, and I sit around at lunchtime doing nothing."

On May 18, 1976, the ten students who showed up at a high-school English class were more attentive than the beginning readers but also more exasperated with the lesson of the day, which happened to be grammar. The students were scheduled to take the high-school-equivalency examination in June, and were reviewing the possessive, objective, and nominative cases. The possessive case was immediately disposed of: everyone understood mine, yours, his, and hers. The class clown said, "Most of us are at Green Haven for taking what wasn't ours." The teacher went on to the nominative case: any pronoun that followed the verb "to be" had to go in the nominative case. "So," he explained, "if you say 'Knock, knock' and someone asks 'Who's there?' and you're alone, the correct answer is 'It is I.' If you're with a friend, the correct answer is 'It is we.' " The students argued that that sounded ridiculous. "If my buddy and me knocked and said 'It's we' instead of 'It's us,' the people wouldn't open the door," one said. "They'd think we was nutty as a fruitcake." "My buddy and *I*, we *were* nutty as a fruitcake," the teacher said automatically. The students all began talking and laughing at once, agreeing that "It's me" was a much better answer than "It's I." When the noise had subsided, the teacher said, "It's perfectly all right to say 'It's me,' but not in English class and not on the high-school-equivalency exam." "Man, you know the high-school-equivalency's a farce," a student said. "College graduates and Ph.D.s can't get jobs. What good's a high-school-equivalency going to do any of us?" The teacher looked down, cleared his throat, and went on to the objective case. Later, the teacher gave an example of the objective case to a colleague. Discussing Green Haven's school, he said, "You can lead a man to water, but you can't make him drink."

Malinow is among those who took the high-school-equivalency test. He passed it without studying for it, and considers it useless. "I'm not interested

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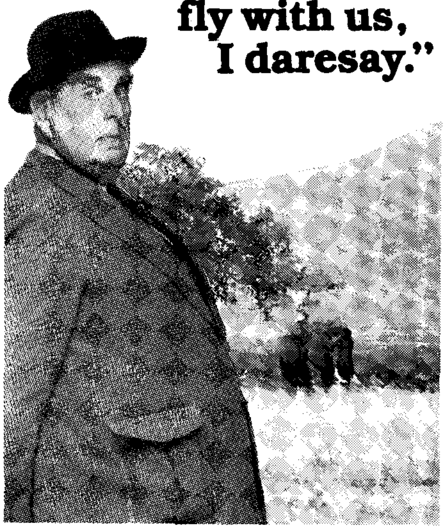

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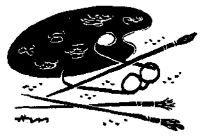
in an education, I'm interested in making money," he says. The classification sergeant—the dominant member of the committee that assigns prisoners to jobs at Green Haven—says it is harder to get inmates at Green Haven to go to school than to be porters. "They just aren't interested," he says. The supervisor of Green Haven's academic school, who has been at the prison for nine years, says that in 1968 the school had eight paid civilian teachers, a number of inmate teachers, and a supplies budget of $3,200. In October, 1976, the prison's educational program had forty-three paid employees, twenty-five volunteers, abundant supplies, and a budget of several hundred thousand dollars. "It's questionable whether we're getting that much more out of the extra salaries and the extra thousands of dollars, but the inmates sure are getting a lot more textbooks to steal," the supervisor says.



One might think there would be greater enthusiasm at Green Haven for learning a vocational skill than for learning reading, arithmetic, or grammar. There is not. In the fall of 1976, Green Haven's vocational school offered eleven trades. On October 12th, enrollment in the vocational school, which had a capacity of a hundred and eighty, was down to a hundred and thirty-eight. A week earlier, the civilian vocational supervisor had made an announcement over the prison earphones for three days in a row, inviting all inmates interested in the vocational area to drop him a note. Only eight inmates had responded. On October 12th, there was no one in the vocational school's auto shop, because it was closed; the civilian auto instructor had had to go to Albany for the week, and no substitutes may be hired for such eventualities. Only four of eleven men who were supposed to be in the sewing-machine-repair shop were there; two were playing basketball in the gym, one was refereeing the game, one was at the prison's Protestant Center, one was at the prison's Sankore mosque, one was keeplocked, and one was at a Reality House meeting. (Three staff members from Reality House, a drug-treatment center on 125th Street in Manhattan, drive up to Green Haven twice a week. They spend about three and a half hours on Monday and about an hour and a half on Tuesday rapping with no more than fifty inmates. The Reality House sessions are Green Haven's only drug program.) Printing, building maintenance, electronics, welding, motorcycle repair, carpentry, and major appliances were also suffering from low attendance on October 12th. The electronics instructor was still saddened by the recent defection of a student who had shown some promise in electronics. He had noticed that the man often came in, stayed for a while, and then left. He asked around, and learned that the man was in the vocational-school bathroom, washing his clothes in the sink. The instructor told him that electronics students were not permitted to spend their time washing clothes. The man wasted no time in transferring to the major-appliance shop, where inmates learn to repair washing machines, refrigerators, dryers, and stoves; washing clothes is one of that shop's fringe benefits.

There were seven men and over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of machines in the machine shop on October 12th. "Years ago, we said our problem was that we had obsolete machines and that we were made to use them just to do prison-maintenance work," the machine-shop instructor said. "Now, thanks to federal grants, I've got a thirty-five-thousand-dollar turret lathe, an eight-thousand-dollar engine lathe, a seven-thousand-dollar engine lathe—everything you need for surface grinding and milling. This is really a better-than-average-equipped job shop, and we're free to train the men just to use the machines. Now it seems our problem is that we can't get the men down here and that the workday is too short to teach the men who do come. We're competing with industry, which pays better."

Welding was popular with the inmates when it was first introduced at Green Haven, in 1970, but it proved to be a passing fancy. Although a man can be employable after six months of studying welding—mastering the machines in the machine shop takes much longer—the inmates found welding dull. "Welding's a repetitive type of skill," the vocational supervisor has explained. "Learning the three basic positions of welding, which you must do, is boring. Most places want heli-arc welders, who can weld stainless steel and aluminum, but most of our men dropped out before they got that far. The others didn't do very well. We had the Department of Transportation come and give a test. Only one inmate was qualified to take the test. He failed. We have three heli-arc machines sitting here. What a waste."

In 1974, Green Haven's vocational supervisor set up a motorcycle-repair shop, since repairing motorcycles was an up-and-coming trade on the outside. The inmates received their initial train-

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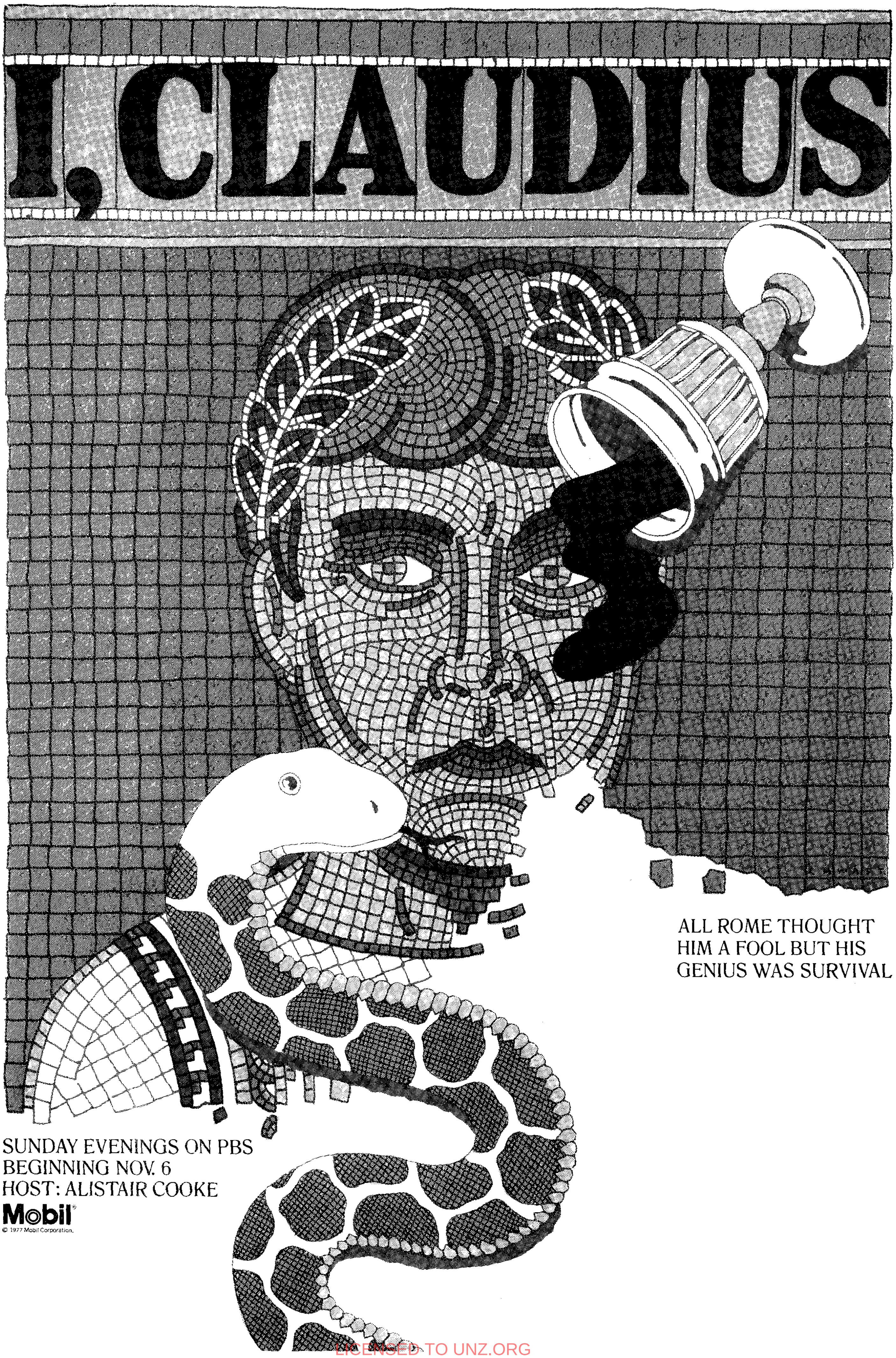

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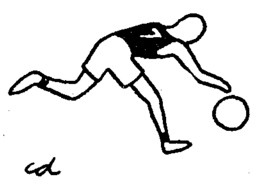
ing on small engines; the idea was that they would progress to motorcycles. Three Hondas had been bought. Two months went by, the men hadn't mastered the small engines, and soon half of them dropped out for lack of motivation or were transferred to other prisons. "They wanted instant gratification," the vocational supervisor said not long ago, with a certain sadness. "They never got to the point where they could work on the Hondas."

Enrollment in the carpentry shop had recently plummeted from twenty to nine after the instructor cracked down on stealing wood. Once the inmates could no longer make jewelry boxes and picture frames to sell to their friends, they lost interest in carpentry.

On January 1, 1976, federal and state money that would enable eighteen inmates to take a ten-month course in drafting became available. The inmates could get a one-year certificate in mechanical drafting from Dutchess Community College. The drafting instructor thought he would easily be able to enroll one per cent of Green Haven's population—eighteen students—simply by announcing the course. He got twelve prospective students. He then went, accompanied by the vocational supervisor, to H block to recruit new arrivals on the reception companies, and got two more. He spent two days helping them fill out the grant forms. By October 12th, a number of the original students had dropped out. Six eventually completed the course.

About the only thing that seems to differentiate Green Haven's four industrial shops from Green Haven's academic and vocational schools is that industry pays better. The idleness is the same. On November 3, 1976, the optical shop wasn't open, because its civilian foreman was ill. In the upholstery shop, men were sitting around doing nothing. The foam rubber and plastic they needed to make and repair chairs for the Department of Correctional Services and other state agencies had failed to arrive. The few men who were in the furniture shop complained that their work was boring. In the knit shop, which makes underwear for men, women, and children in the state's prisons and mental institutions, the foreman said his workers were stealing him blind. "Last Friday, one man must have finished off ten dozen men's long-sleeved T-shirts," he said. "I got half a dozen of them. Nine and a half dozen were stolen. The guards down here used to know the men and tell them to work. Now they pay no attention. Winter's coming. Every state agency wants long-sleeved T-shirts, but the inmates do, too. I can't fill my orders."



The New York State Special Commission on Attica, which studied the riot of September, 1971, noted that, according to the D.O.C.S., the official purpose of prison industry is "to teach inmates occupations and skills and to develop good work habits comparable to and employable in free industry." The commission took cognizance of the fact that during the day work was all too frequently interrupted by call-outs. Attica, in 1971, had a night shift in its metal shop. The commission approved of the metal-shop night shift as "an attempt to make better use of the institution's facilities and offer a more normal working situation to selected inmates," and seemed sorry to report that the night metal shop had been closed down after the riot. In 1976, Green Haven had a night knit shop, whose normal working situation the members of the Attica Commission might have found disheartening.

At seven o'clock on Monday evening, August 16, 1976, thirty men—all of them black and Puerto Rican—were supposedly in the knit shop, assembling T-shirts and acquiring good work habits. About twenty men were actually there. Some of the absentees had been punched in on the knit shop's time clock by their friends; that way, they wouldn't lose their earnings, which averaged twenty-one cents an hour. Two guards stood at one end of the big room, talking. At the other end, the knit shop's night civilian industrial-training foreman sat at his desk, in an office surrounded by a chain-link fence; earlier in the year, he and one of the guards hadn't spoken for several months. When the foreman stood up, he could see what the workers seated between him and the guards were doing at their sewing machines. One man was resting; he had broken his machine "accidentally on purpose." One man was turning an ordinary prison-regulation T-shirt into a T-shirt with a plunging neckline. "It's for his lover," the foreman explained. Another was altering pants. "I look the other way if they do their own work," the foreman said. Half a dozen men were working at a snail's pace. The others were working at a moderate pace. "I expect them to take it easy and to goof off," the foreman said. "I couldn't see working for these wages myself. Until 1974, the men were paid according to how many pieces they produced. When the state replaced the piecework rates, which were relatively high, with low hourly 'work-incentive allowances,' that effectively took away all their incentive. I came here to help the inmates, to instill the Protestant work ethic in them, but I've failed. It's a continuous adversary proceeding, and I've given up." The night knit shop's hours are 3:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., with a short break allowed for sandwiches. (Each inmate gets two sandwiches, one of the night knit shop's fringe benefits.) At eight o'clock, all the sewing machines stopped. The guards, the foreman, and the inmates had made an agreement to work from 3:30 P.M. to 8 P.M. and call it a night. The inmates ate their sandwiches and then either talked or took naps or read magazines. At 9:30 P.M., the phone rang. It was the guard in Tower 6 calling to say that the lieutenant on the 3:20 P.M.-to-11:20 P.M. shift was out making his nightly inspection round and would probably reach the knit shop in a few minutes. "Show time!" the foreman called, and he blew a whistle. The men scurried back to their machines. The lieutenant came into the room, looked around, and left. The men stopped work five minutes later and loafed until quitting time. Each man took two T-shirts when he left—another, unwritten fringe benefit of the night knit shop. One man helped himself to half a dozen, because he needed them to give to a man in the machine shop who had spent the day fixing the knit-shop man's watch and tape player with the machine shop's tools.

The Attica Commission deplored the amount of cell time spent by most inmates. Instead of being locked in at 5 P.M. for the night, men should be out enjoying recreation and other programs, the commission said. Green Haven's evening programs did serve the purpose of getting the men out of their cells, but it was doubtful whether they accomplished anything else. An evening Alcoholics Anonymous meeting at Green Haven is often as ferocious as an Erhard Seminars Training session, and many of those in attendance seem to be drunk. Groups like the Jaycees hold meeting after meeting, but often, because of conflicts among inmates or between inmates and the head of Green Haven's Department of Volunteer Services, the meetings bring no results. Despite the many Jaycee meetings attended by Malinow and others, no high-school students ever came to Green Haven to see the evils of prison. The evening ceramics class often lacked clay in 1976, and its ex-

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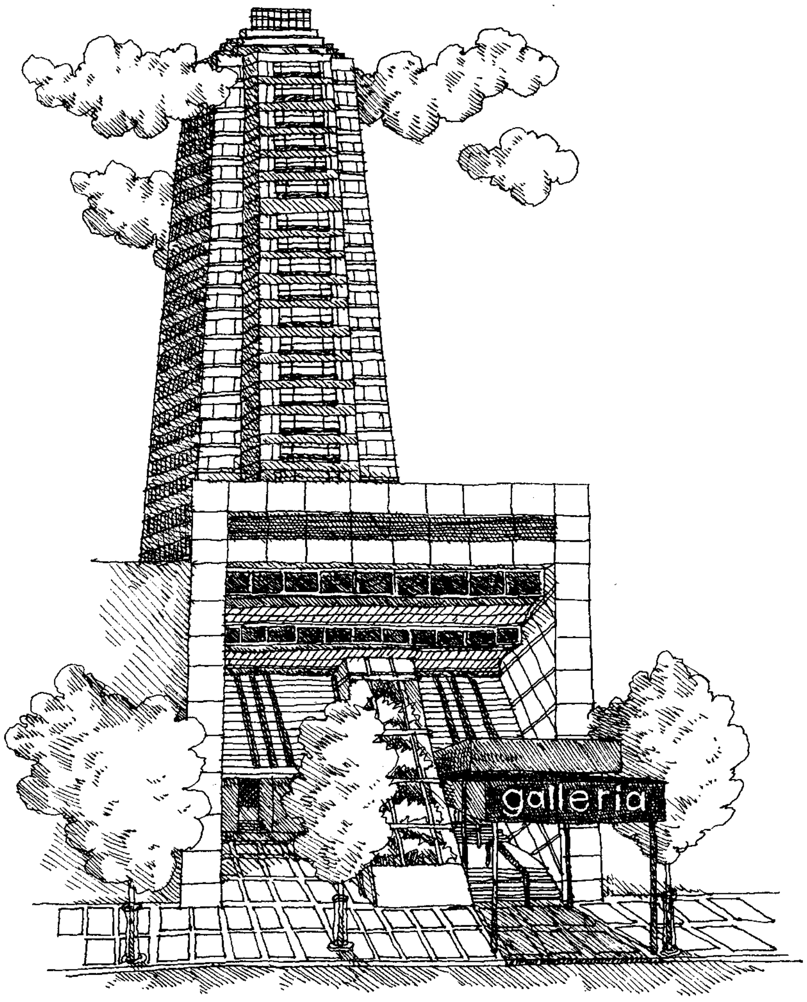

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pensive kilns were rarely functioning. On August 4th, a few of the men in the ceramics class were sitting around talking about an inmate who had recently been released from prison after serving thirteen years. Just before leaving, he had become so upset because he couldn't fire any of the dozens of pots he had made that, in frustration, he smashed them all.

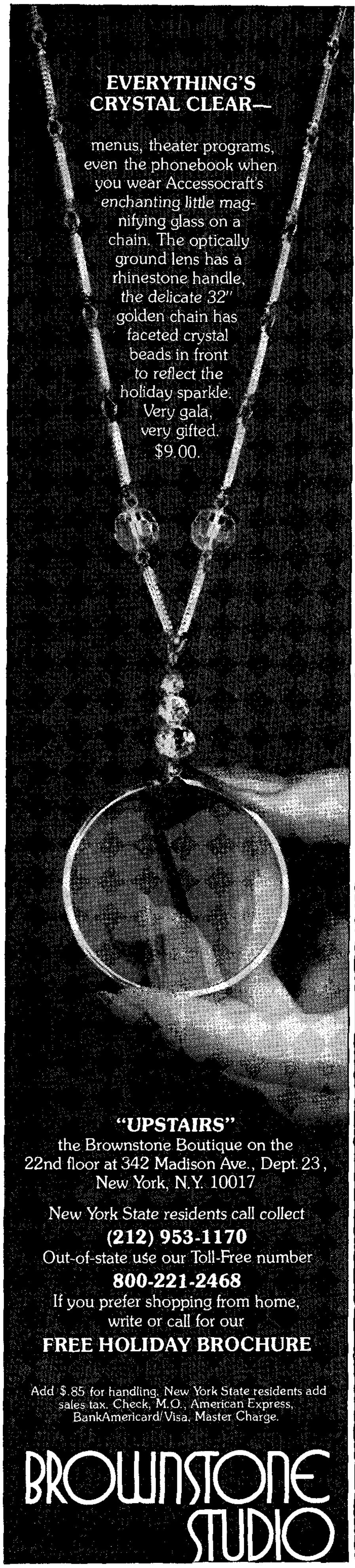
THE conversation of confined men, whether the confinement is that of a mine, a ship, or a prison, tends to be specialized. The men who spend their days or evenings sitting around in Green Haven's parole-clothing department, in its knit shop, and in its ceramics class—or on the blocks, in the yards, or on the farm—tend to talk about crime and punishment. When they discuss their past crimes, they rarely express contrition. They are not sorry that they robbed; they are sorry that they got caught robbing. Not infrequently, they claim that the so-called honest citizens they robbed are no better than they are. "This one store I held up, I took fifty-two dollars from the cash register and the guy claims I took three hundred and twenty," one of Malinow's robber friends says. Sometimes the prisoners plan future crimes and offer instruction to others in their own specialties. Green Haven is a good place to learn about safecracking, obtaining weapons, and fencing stolen merchandise. A number of men meet their future crime partners in prison. Malinow committed the third and fourth crimes for which he was convicted with men he had met at Clinton. Occasionally, a man succeeds in committing a new crime while he is still behind the wall of Green Haven. One man was recently indicted for filing a false income-tax return for 1975, and collecting a rebate from the Internal Revenue Service, though he had been imprisoned the entire year.

Green Haven's prisoners enjoy comparing Green Haven with other prisons where they or their acquaintances have served time, especially when such comparisons are unfavorable to Green Haven. The inmates don't see why they can't have television sets in their cells, as the men at San Quentin can; why they aren't allowed to have cash, as the men at Brusby Mountain State Prison, in Tennessee, are; or why they can't be paid the going rate for the work they do, as some prisoners in Connecticut, Minnesota, and Illinois are.

The inmates sometimes amuse themselves by telling apocryphal tales—the one about the old-timer who caught a sparrow in the yard, painted it yellow, and sold it to a new arrival as a canary—and sometimes by telling true stories that only sound apocryphal; for example, the one about the inmates who got into Green Haven's hobby shop on October 12, 1976, and stole $1,107.75 worth of camel's-hair and red-sable brushes, cerulean-blue and burnt-sienna oil paints, soft charcoal and hard carbon pencils, linseed oil and varnish, and pastel sets and palette knives, none of which were ever recovered. The inmates occasionally take pleasure in passing around copies of Albany's memorandums which they have swiped from their bosses' desks; for instance, the one dated November 15, 1976, according to which the term "Facility Hospital" was to be replaced with the term "Inpatient Component," and the term "Sick Call" was to be replaced with the term "Inmate Health Encounters." At Green Haven, it often seems that 1984 has already arrived.

Among the prisoners' favorite topics of conversation are the sins of their keepers. In 1976, the inmates at Green Haven were still talking about Chester Tompkins, an inmate who had gone into a violent frenzy in April, 1975, and had died in the prison after being teargassed. Then, there were accounts of the half dozen guards and civilians who slugged each other in the prison in 1975 and 1976; most of the fights were not serious, but one resulted in a guard's retiring on a disability pension. The prisoners especially enjoyed talking about the lieutenant who had tried, early in 1976, to use an inmate to set up a service-unit counsellor he suspected of committing homosexual acts with prisoners. The lieutenant had asked the inmate to entice the counsellor into a homosexual act. The plan had backfired when the inmate told other inmates and the service-unit counsellor himself about the proposal. The matter had been brought to the attention of outside civil-liberties organizations by the inmates and the counsellor, and finally came to the attention of Albany. Green Haven's superintendent, deputy superintendents of programs and security, captain, and senior service-unit counsellor had been summoned to Albany and reprimanded. The lieutenant hadn't been reprimanded—the superintendent had longed to catch the service-unit counsellor—but he was one of the men involved in the death of Chester Tompkins, and later that month he had to pay a lawyer whose help he had sought when Albany wouldn't supply him with legal aid in that matter.

The prisoners also like to talk about the numerous officers and supervisors who turn up for work drunk or hung



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over; about the various officers who are up on charges for abusing their sick leave; and about the officers and civilians who have been suspended, fired, or permitted to resign for stealing state property or bringing liquor into Green Haven, or who have been caught smuggling marijuana into the prison. The prisoners also enjoy talking about the various officer cliques—who is "in" and who is "out"—and about the officers' petty resentments. In 1976, an officer who felt that two other officers were given overtime trips they shouldn't have been given went home with high blood pressure and stayed home for over a week. The prisoners also delight in gossiping about the private lives of the prison's officers, supervisors, and officials: about the married sergeant who is having an affair with another sergeant's secretary; about the married guard in his thirties who drives to work every morning with a clerk still in her teens; and about the married supervisor who has made homosexual advances to several inmates and has been seen at a gay bar in Poughkeepsie.

IN his diary, George Malinow writes that prison is "hell," and proceeds to describe a life that many people would judge fairly comfortable for a convicted felon. Malinow insists that a person who hasn't been imprisoned for a considerable length of time cannot understand how hard it is to lose one's freedom in general and how hard it is to endure the daily humiliations of prison life (the constant searches, for example) in particular, but he admits that everything is relative, and that conditions in New York State's maximum-security prisons have improved in the three and a half decades he has spent in them. "O.K., so maybe prison is moving in the direction of purgatory," he says. Had Malinow kept a diary five or ten years ago, it would have been a very different document. He wouldn't have been able to engage in many of the activities he has recently enjoyed most. He couldn't have carried on such a lengthy correspondence with Liwayway, the Philippine woman he writes to; received outside visits from Patrick Halloran and Carl Terra; spent his evenings at Jaycee meetings; or stayed up until one-fifty-five in the morning painting. A few of the changes that made these activities possible were being introduced shortly before the Attica uprising occurred, but there have been more changes at New York State's maximum-security prisons in the last five years than in the preceding thirty. Most of them were made

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(ALL TEN OF THEM)

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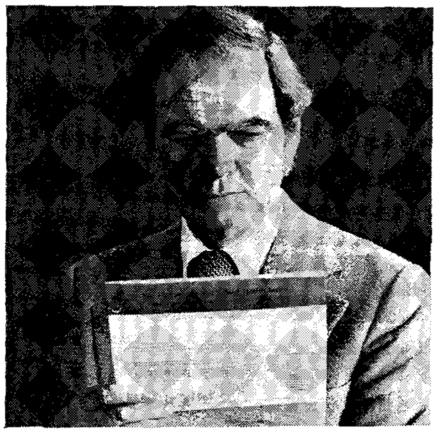

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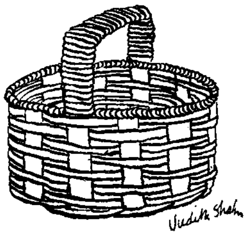
in 1972, a few months after the Attica riot. Just as in Christianity there is B.C. and A.D., in New York State penology there is B.A. and A.A.—Before Attica and After Attica.

Before Attica, prisoners were far more cut off from the outside world than they are today. Visiting a prison, for example, was much more difficult five years ago. Before Attica, members of a prisoner's immediate family—which was defined as his father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife, and children—could visit him once a week. Other relatives and all friends and former convicts had to apply in writing to the warden ten days ahead each time they wanted to visit, and were allowed to visit once a month if they were approved. A wife had to produce a marriage certificate at the time of her first visit; common-law wives were not approved for visits, although about twenty per cent of the black and Puerto Rican inmates had common-law marriages. Until 1972, visitors to Green Haven were fingerprinted at the time of their first visit. Only the old visiting room existed at Green Haven until 1974, when an outside one was opened, and inmates and their visitors sat across from each other at a long M-shaped table separated by a thick mesh screen. The screens came down on June 15, 1972.

Correspondence was also much more limited. Until 1972, incoming and outgoing mail was censored and was also restricted in volume. Inmates could write only four letters a week, each no longer than two pages—the front and back of a standard lined form. An inmate was warned that his letter would be returned if he went beyond any of fourteen regulations printed at the top of the form. Three of them read "It contains Criminal or Prison News," "Begging for packages or money not allowed," "You did not stick to your subject." Malinow, a long-winded man who finds it difficult to write a letter of fewer than six pages even to a casual friend, and who loves to go rambling around subjects, remembers writing to a friend and saying, "Give my regards to my nephew Barry," and getting the letter back with the query "Who is Barry?" Many of his incoming letters had words inked out or snipped out.



Before 1973, prisoners at Green Haven couldn't place phone calls to their family and friends regularly. Until then, they could place a call only in an emergency. Malinow made one phone call during his first thirty-four years in prison—in 1949, to make arrangements to visit his mother during her final illness. Now prisoners can call their families and friends collect twice a month.

Prisoners at Green Haven spent much more time confined to their cells before 1972 and had much less to do there. Almost everyone locked in at 5 P.M. and stayed in until seven-fifteen the next morning. There was no Jaycee chapter and few outside volunteers. One of Green Haven's former wardens was fond of saying, "Prison walls are to keep the public out as well as the prisoners in." In the years before 1972, no talking was allowed after 7:30 P.M., lights went out at 10 P.M., there was nothing to listen to on the earphones after midnight. A man could read in his cell before lights-out, but such magazines as *Playboy* were banned. A prisoner couldn't have a typewriter or a tape player until 1972. The nine hours he spent out of his cell each day were also more strictly regimented. Meals were mandatory—really mandatory—and inmates were marched to the mess hall in pairs; a guard banged on the wall with his stick when he wanted them to stop or go or quiet down. Everyone was locked in for a daily count that was taken at noon. Dress codes were stricter: an inmate could wear his prison uniform and a white shirt but no colored shirts. Haircuts had to be short and neat. No beards were permitted. Life was considerably less comfortable: most men got showers only once a week, in an odoriferous bathhouse, and there was no indoor physical recreation until 1973, when Green Haven's gym was opened. There was more religious freedom for some prisoners than for others: New York State was very slow to recognize the Black Muslims as a bona-fide religious group, because it found them threatening; it took years—and many court cases—for the Muslims to get mosques, permission to wear prayer caps, and facilities for fasting during the holy month of Ramadan. Legal work was harder to do: Green Haven got its law library, as a result of a federal grant, in 1972. If a man had a complaint about prison life, it could take him years of fighting in court to correct the wrong. In January, 1972, Green Haven got an Inmate Liaison Committee, which enabled elected prisoner representatives to meet with the superintendent to discuss policy and procedure. In May, 1972, the Department of Correctional

Services introduced the Inspector General Program, to insure that prisons were operating in compliance with the law and with the correction commissioner's directives. In August, 1975, Green Haven became the first prison in the state to have an Inmate Grievance Program giving inmates "an orderly and expeditious method of presenting grievances." A grievance committee composed of two elected inmates, two staff members (usually a sergeant and an officer), and a non-voting chairman (a civilian, an officer, or an inmate) started dealing with inmate complaints and grievances. A complaint or a grievance is defined as "a specific allegation against a person or persons, or institutional and/or departmental rules, regulations or policies, or the absence of a rule, regulation or policy that the grievant has reason to believe is arbitrary, capricious, coercive, oppressive, discriminatory, or inconsistent with the department's posture on rehabilitation." Grievances that are not settled to an inmate's satisfaction at the prison level may be appealed to Albany. In 1976, grievances filed at Green Haven and at other prisons in the state (which now all have grievance committees) continued to bring change. The Sunni Muslims, for example, claimed that their religion required them to wear beards. Albany at first denied their grievance, then did some research, found out that their claim was true, and allowed the Muslims to wear beards. Once the Muslims were permitted to wear beards, all the other prisoners got to wear them, too. In early 1976, the state was taking ten per cent of all sales inmates made through the hobby shop; it stopped taking the ten per cent after a grievance was filed on the matter. In 1976, an A-block officer on the 3:20 P.M.-to-11:20 P.M. shift said that after five o'clock he would not hand out supplies kept in his cage. A prisoner filed a grievance, and Albany ruled that the officer would distribute supplies after five. The officer then told the prisoner, "I don't give a damn what Albany says. I'm not handing out supplies after five."

PRISONERS like George Malinow weren't the only ones at Green Haven who said in 1976 that prison was hell. To the guards, not only was the prison hell but instead of moving in the direction of purgatory it seemed to be heading toward one of Dante's inner circles of hell. As much as the inmates welcomed the After Attica changes, the guards resented them. The guards longed for the days Before Attica, when, as some of them put it,

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"prisons were prisons, and not country clubs," "the animals were all locked up in their cages at five o'clock," "clubs were trump," "we ran the prison instead of having Albany and the prisoners run it," "there were fewer niggers in prison and no militant niggers, and practically no nigger guards," and "prisoners knew their places."

The men who came to work as guards at Green Haven in the nineteen-fifties and sixties fell into two groups. One group consisted of local residents, who decided that a job as a prison guard was preferable to, say, working for the telephone company or in construction or for a computer firm, because it offered Civil Service security and the promise of a pension after twenty-five years. There were many well-paying jobs in Dutchess County, however, and so there were never enough men in the small unincorporated hamlets and townships near the prison to fill all the jobs as guards. The second group consisted of men from the upstate areas in which New York's other maximum-security prisons are situated. In a place like Dannemora, being a guard at Clinton is by far the best-paying job a high-school graduate can get; the salary has always been a few thousand dollars above the average wage in Clinton County, where the cost of living is relatively low, and a guard and his family can live like royalty. In 1976, a prison guard's pay started at $11,410. All of the state's other maximum-security prisons are older than Green Haven, which opened as a state prison in 1949. Auburn, the first, opened in 1817. Attica, the newest before Green Haven, opened in 1931. By the nineteen-fifties, there were many young men in these upstate towns who were eager to follow in their fathers' footsteps—and, in some cases, in their grandfathers' footsteps—and become prison guards. The jobs, however, were invariably filled—sometimes by these very forebears. If a young man from Auburn wanted to be a prison guard and met the qualifications (he was required to have a high-school diploma, be legally eligible to carry firearms, be between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-seven, and meet certain height, weight, hearing, and vision requirements), and passed the Civil Service exam, he usually had to start out by working at Green Haven, where there were vacancies. The day he arrived, he put his name on the transfer list to go back home. He usually spent two or three years at Green Haven before there was an opening upstate. Once back home, he stayed until he retired. Thus, Green Haven always had fewer permanent, experienced guards than the other maximum-security prisons. In October, 1976, there were only three officers at Green Haven who had come to work in 1949; seven from 1950; one each from 1951, 1952, and 1953; three from 1954; two from 1955; fifteen from 1956; fourteen from 1957; and so on. Indeed, only two hundred of the four hundred and seventy-nine officers at Green Haven in 1976 had come in 1971 or earlier. The two hundred and fifty-five others had come in 1972 or later. At Clinton, a guard with fifteen years on the job is referred to as "a new mick."

The local men who came to work at Green Haven and the few upstaters who married local girls and stayed on in Dutchess County found the prison a pleasant enough place to work in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. There was always some swagging and some booze-making, but it was kept within reasonable bounds. In those years, there were few inmate deaths, few escapes, and few assaults on officers. There were also very few inmate rights. The guards didn't worry about inmate rights. They believed that the convicts were in Green Haven for punishment, and that imprisoned men forfeited most of their rights when they came to prison. Until the nineteen-sixties, when blacks came to constitute the majority of the prison population, the prisoners themselves, like Malinow, accepted the status to which the guards and society in general had relegated them. The racial change in the prison population coincided with the social upheaval and rebellion first of the civil-rights movement and then of the protest against the Vietnam war. Many black convicts became politicized and militant, and saw themselves not as criminals but as political prisoners of a white society that had put them on the path to prison from their childhood by depriving them of the rights and benefits enjoyed by whites. There were volunteer civil-liberties lawyers available to argue their suits for them, and the courts, under the libertarian influence of the Warren Court, were willing to listen. The courts began to hand down decisions that said, in effect, that a convict was to be deprived of the minimum, not the maximum, rights of an ordinary citizen. The social dissidence of the sixties and the hope of an improved status that the courts began holding out exacerbated the natural racial tension of a prison system where a black majority was guarded almost exclusively by rural whites. The result was the Attica riot of September, 1971, and the turning topsy-turvy of the world that the white guards had known. The changes that the courts had begun to mandate flowed from the Department of Correctional Services, in Albany, under Russell G. Oswald, who took over as commissioner at the beginning of 1971 with the intention of reforming the prisons. After Attica, the aim of the D.O.C.S. was to avoid another uprising by liberalizing prison conditions. Above all, the governor, the Legislature, and the commissioner and his senior assistants in the department did not want another riot and its unseemly publicity of state-police sharpshooters and corpses. Attica "hangs over the department like original sin," one observer has noted.

The liberalization proceeded on the rationale that more humane prison conditions would ease tensions and that better-designed rehabilitation programs would truly rehabilitate. Albany's memo of May 17, 1972, announcing the forthcoming change in visiting rules was typical of the directives that started to come down in the After Attica environment:

> Departmental objectives include the resocialization of inmates and assistance in the solution of their personal and legal problems. Accordingly, visits with family members, friends, former business associates, former and prospective employers, governmental officials and counsel may contribute to the good morale and treatment of inmates, and future good adjustment in the facility and community. . . . You are encouraged to maintain contact by visits with your family, friends and others. We want to help you to do so . . . without screened barriers . . . report schedule for removing screen barriers and when accomplished.

The superintendent at Green Haven in 1971 was a man who had always lived in the old prison world. When he learned, toward the end of the year, of the kind of changes that Albany was planning, including the removal of the screens in the visiting room, he told a few friends, "I won't be here when the screens come down," and he wasn't. He retired, took a year off, and later became the director of purchasing and personnel at a small college upstate.

The guards did not like the sight, as Malinow did, of prisoners embracing their loved ones in the visiting room when the screens came down, in June, 1972. The guards did not think that inmates were entitled to such privi-

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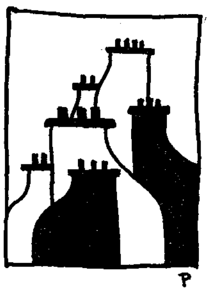
leges. Their unhappiness grew when the prisoners and some of their visitors began to perform more intimate acts and when a number of the visitors were caught passing their husbands and boyfriends marijuana in balloons during kisses. The guards also objected to the prisoners' being allowed to have visitors of all types, rather than just their families and girlfriends.

To the guards, the various people who come to Green Haven in behalf of the prisoners have their sympathies in the wrong place. The guards sympathize with the victims of the prisoners' crimes and *think* that everyone else should, too. They are repelled by female volunteers who come to Green Haven from Bard and other nearby colleges, braless and with "Remember Attica" buttons pinned to their blouses. The guards refer to these young women as "the liberal bitches from Bard." If one of these volunteers falls in love with a prisoner and is seen embracing him in the visiting room, as sometimes happens, the repugnance of the guards is intensified—particularly if the volunteer is white and the prisoner is black. A favorite form of needling practiced by the guards in 1977 was to ask visitors, "What's the name of the man who was executed by firing squad in Utah?" The visitors would almost always answer, "Gary Gilmore." The guards would then ask, "What are the names of the two college students Gilmore killed?" The visitors almost never knew.



The guards also feel a special antagonism toward journalists, who have been given slightly freer rein to visit Green Haven and to interview prisoners there, as a result of a court case in the early seventies, and toward Legal Aid lawyers, who come to help the prisoners get out. The journalists, the guards feel, portray them as sadists and brutes and the prisoners as good guys and victims, and this angers and confuses the guards. They point out that no guard is a convicted rapist, murderer, or robber. The guards mention that while the Legal Aid lawyers seem to thrive, the one society in Manhattan dedicated to assisting the victims of crime almost went bankrupt in 1977. In the guards' lineup room at Green Haven is a bulletin board that is used for routine announcements. The newspaper clippings thumbtacked to the bulletin board show what is on the guards' minds. One of the first newspaper clippings to appear on the board in 1976 was an article about the arrest, in February, of Dennis Belle on charges of kidnapping a thirteen-year-old newsboy and forcibly sodomizing him repeatedly over a period of seven and a half hours. Belle had previously served twenty-seven years in prison for hanging an eight-year-old boy—a crime he committed when he was fourteen years old. The law under which Belle had been sentenced was changed eight months after he went to prison. With the assistance of a Legal Aid lawyer, Belle won his release from Green Haven in January, 1974. The guards felt that the consequences of the lawyer's intervention were paid by the newsboy. There were many similar clippings on the bulletin board in 1976. In April, four men, three of whom had served time at Green Haven, held up and killed two security guards in a Times Square movie theatre; all four were out on parole; one had been paroled in March. In May, a newspaper clipping showed a photograph of Walter Flanigan holding a pistol to a young woman's head. He had kidnapped the woman—whom he had formerly dated—and held her at gunpoint for five hours before surrendering to his parole officer. Flanigan had been paroled from Green Haven in November, 1975, after serving twelve years of a twenty-to-life sentence for killing his father-in-law with a rifle in September, 1963. An August newspaper clipping was about Lester Morton, who had injured five New York City policemen by throwing lye at them, searing their eyes; Morton had been released from Green Haven in December, 1975.

All these men, the guards note, had enjoyed the After Attica changes to more liberal prison conditions and theoretically more rehabilitative rehabilitation programs. The guards believe that it is a mistake to treat convicts as if they were law-abiding citizens—that such courtesies and privileges only make them cocky and cause trouble. A guard never uses the term "Mister" in addressing an inmate, although an inmate is supposed to use the term "Officer" in addressing a guard. The guards call the inmates by their first or last names and resent hearing visitors address them as Mister. The guards do not believe prisoners should be permitted the privacy of incoming and outgoing mail. All mail should be censored, as it was Before Attica, they say.

The After Attica changes meant a

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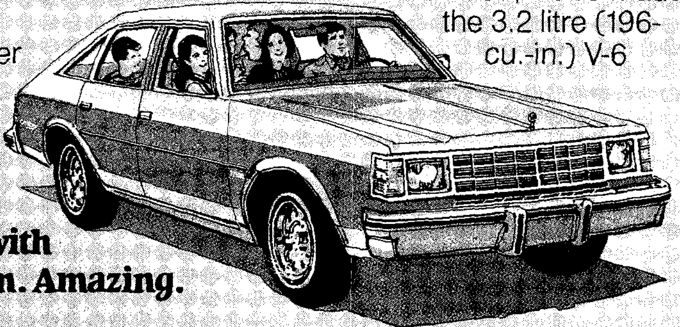

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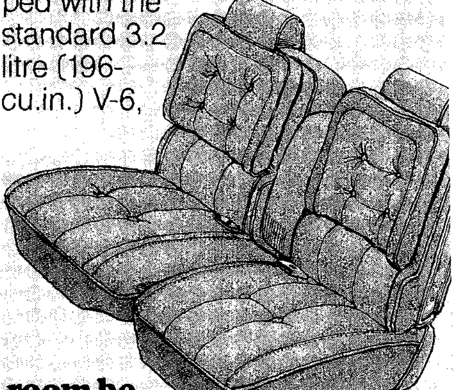

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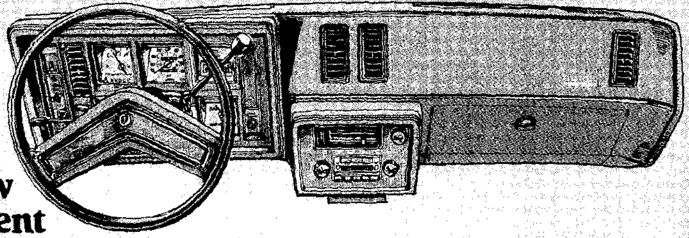

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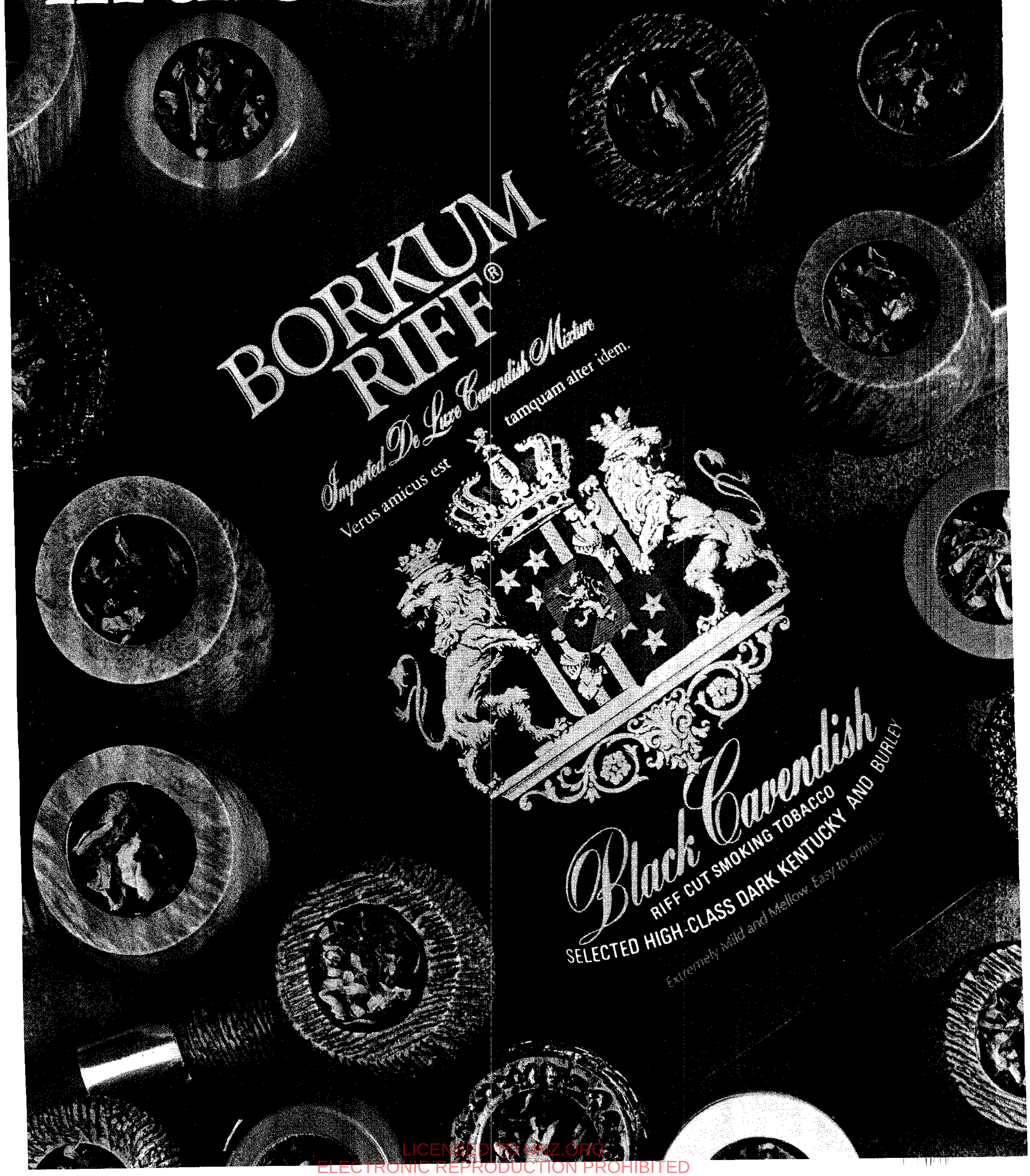
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lot more work for the guards, without a compensatory increase in the guard force. In the old days, the guards did not have to process nearly as many visitors, nor were they cursed, screamed at, and occasionally hit by prisoners' wives or girlfriends. Watching over a visiting room where the visitors are separated from the prisoners is one thing; watching over a visiting room without screens is another. The settled routine, to which the guards were accustomed, became completely unsettled. The guards' self-esteem was lowered when they were deprived of their all-blue police-type uniforms in August, 1972, and made to wear navy blazers and Cambridge-gray slacks, which, they complain, make them look like motel clerks or movie ushers. They had liked looking like police officers. The guards also contend that the After Attica liberalization of prison conditions raised tensions and caused more trouble at Green Haven, instead of reducing problems. As an example, they cite the trouble between Tony Pagano and Scott Besson, which began when a woman visiting Pagano, who is white, went to the ladies' room and found Besson, who is black, engaged in intercourse with a white female visitor. Had visiting been restricted as it formerly was, Besson would not have been able to copulate with a white woman in the ladies' room of the outside visiting room; Pagano's visitor would not have been insulted; Pagano would not have been honor bound to punch Besson; Pagano would not have suffered serious head injuries in a piping; steps would not have had to be taken to avoid a racial clash between whites and blacks. Furthermore, the guards say, they are the ones who are blamed by their superiors or by Albany for the troubles that Albany has brought on with its liberalization of prison conditions. The superintendent at Green Haven is required to report all "unusual incidents," like the Pagano-Besson affair, to the commissioner. The superintendent of Green Haven at the time this incident occurred, on May 30, 1976, reported that it might not have taken place if the two guards in the outside visiting room "had been more alert." The guards defended themselves by saying they were so busy checking packages and processing visitors that they could not possibly have seen Besson enter the ladies' room. The lieutenant who investigated the incident concluded that the guards were right, and that a third guard was needed to watch the outside-visiting-room bathrooms if the inmates were to be prevented from using them for purposes for which they were not intended. "I add that if we are to allow this type of program we must be ready to accept the problems that occur," the lieutenant commented. "Freedom of movement makes way for freedom of action." The loose visiting conditions also make it impossible to prevent sizable amounts of drugs and other contraband from being smuggled into the prison, the guards say. When they did catch a visitor mailing in drugs—seventy-seven marijuana cigarettes—in the spring of 1976 and suspended her visiting rights, Albany undercut their authority by reinstating her as a visitor.

The discontent of the guards in the post-Attica environment led to a drastic change in the amount of experience the guards in actual contact with inmates had. Until 1970, the deputy warden, still colloquially known as the principal keeper, had the authority to assign all officers to their jobs. The disadvantage of this system was that the P.K. played favorites. The advantage of the system was that the P.K. could use his authority to give men who had demonstrated a talent for handling inmates jobs as block officers and those who tended to irritate inmates jobs where they would have little to do with them. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, many of the guards working with the inmate population at Green Haven had considerable seniority. Night duty was something that junior officers had to accept. Tower duty was considered a punishment—a mini-Siberia to which a guard who had bollixed up the count might be exiled. The towers are so boring that on one occasion a guard in one tower straddled the top of the wall and worked his way over to the guard in the neighboring tower to ask him for a match. In 1970, the guards' union, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, negotiated an agreement whereby guards could bid for jobs by seniority. Once a man had bid for and obtained a job, it was his for as long as he wanted it. Most experienced guards lacked the time in service to retire, as Green Haven's superintendent had done in 1972 to avoid seeing the visiting-room screens come down, but they could remove themselves as much as possible from the prisoners, and they began to do so. The towers became desirable posts, filled by senior men. Other senior officers switched to the evening or night shifts, when most or

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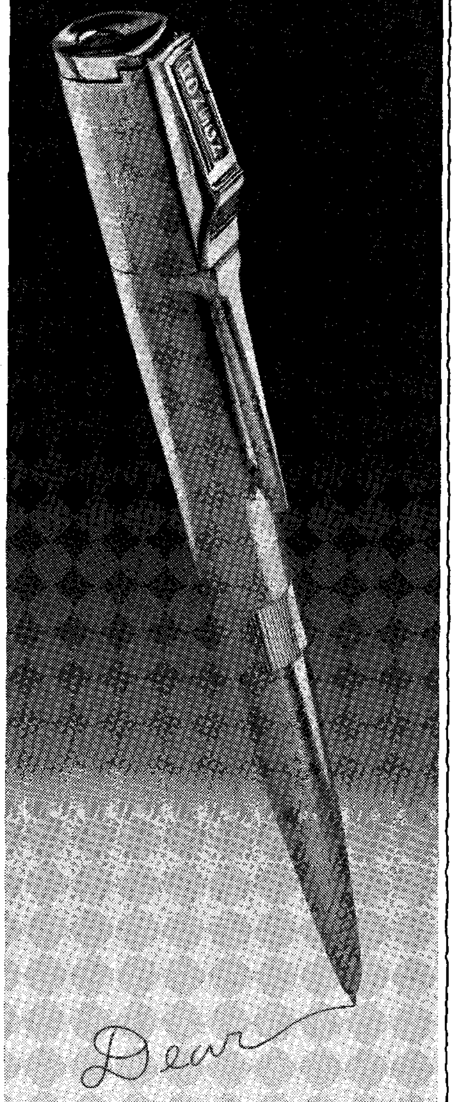

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all of the inmates were locked up. If they wanted to stay on the day shift, they bid for jobs that gave them as little inmate contact as possible, or gave them contact on terms that they considered favorable. They selected positions as construction or transportation officers. Construction officers, like the men in the towers, have no inmate contact. Something at Green Haven is always being built or rebuilt, and the task of the construction officers is simply to escort the civilian construction workers and see that they don't leave tools lying around that can be used as weapons. Transportation officers ride buses transferring inmates to other prisons or from other prisons to Green Haven. The prisoners are always handcuffed and shackled. Transportation duty also has the advantage of paying a great deal of overtime. A busload of prisoners can't stop between Clinton and Green Haven just because an officer's eight-hour shift is up. In 1976, a sergeant assigned to transportation earned about as much as Green Haven's superintendent. Other senior officers took jobs working with a few selected inmates in such places as parole, clothing and the officers' mess. By 1976, only three of Green Haven's seventy most senior officers were still working on the blocks. The prison was handling the inmates with its least qualified newcomers.

Attica and the changes it set in train have also created a cultural and racial confrontation within the guard force itself. The State of New York does not keep the voluminous statistics on its officers that it does on its inmates. By their own account, however, most of the older guards at Green Haven are men from lower-middle-class rural backgrounds, often hard-drinking men, who enjoy hunting, fishing, camping, and golf. One can see their tastes reflected in Green Haven's vacation schedule. A guard with seven years' seniority is entitled to twenty vacation days a year. By properly combining his vacation days and his regular days off, such a guard can manage a two-week vacation in the first eighteen weeks of the year and a second two-week vacation in the next eighteen weeks of the year. By working the state's eleven annual legal holidays—among them Washington's Birthday and Veterans' Day—a guard can take a third two weeks off during the last sixteen weeks of the year. Vacations are bid for according to seniority. Vacation No. 6, in the third period, the two weeks in late November that encompass the deer-hunting season in Dutchess Coun-

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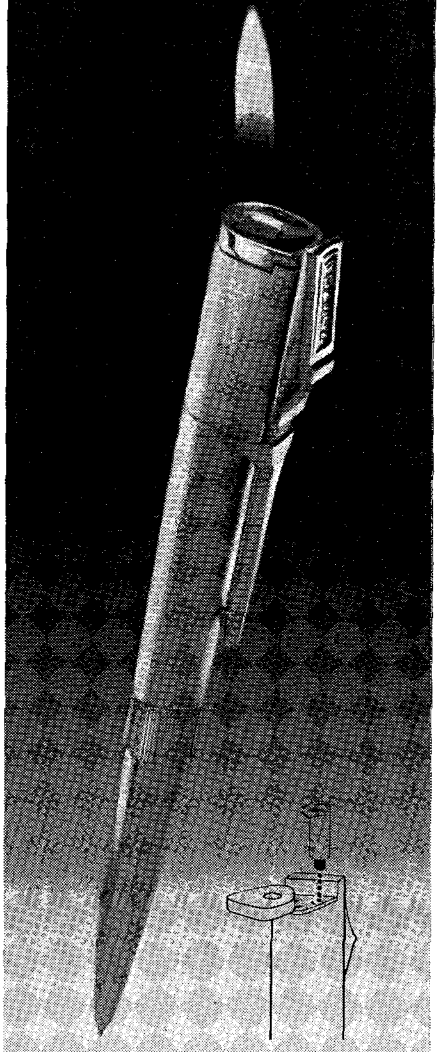

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ty, is always taken before the second most popular vacation time, also in the third period, No. 8, which includes Christmas. These older guards are conservative politically. They usually register Republican, and they voted for Gerald Ford in 1976. They believe in "my country right or wrong," they supported the war in Vietnam, and they think that Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., was made a scapegoat for the My Lai massacre. They admit to being male chauvinists; they were unhappy when Green Haven got its first three female guards, in 1973, and were unhappier still when the total went to eleven female guards by 1977. They don't mind working wives as long as the wives don't become career women. They pride themselves on their masculinity. Statistically, it would seem inevitable that a few of the guards are homosexual, but if they are they stay deep in their closets and profess their dislike for "homos." Most of these men also think that "nigger" is a proper synonym for "black." This racism did not cause a problem in the guard force in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, because there were practically no blacks for it to rasp against. In the nineteen-fifties, there were two black officers at Green Haven. In the nineteen-sixties, there were six. These blacks were accepted because they were residents of the local community and reflected its mores, and because there were so few of them. Green Haven's white supervisors and older white officers are so unself-consciously racist that they pay these few blacks from the Before Attica decades what they regard as the highest compliment: "He thinks just like a white man."

At the time of the riot, in September, 1971, there was not a single black guard at Attica. The Attica Commission took note of the extent to which the racism of rural white guards had grated on the black majority in the prison population and on the growing number of Puerto Ricans, and of how the resulting tension had contributed to the outbreak, and Commissioner Oswald had agreed, during the unsuccessful negotiations to arrange a peaceful settlement of the uprising, to begin a program to recruit "a significant number of black and Spanish-speaking officers." Under the pre-Attica system, anyone who took the Civil Service examination for a guard's position competed on a statewide basis. Blacks and Puerto Ricans had not scored high enough to obtain jobs in meaningful numbers. The program instituted by Albany in 1972 made it easier for

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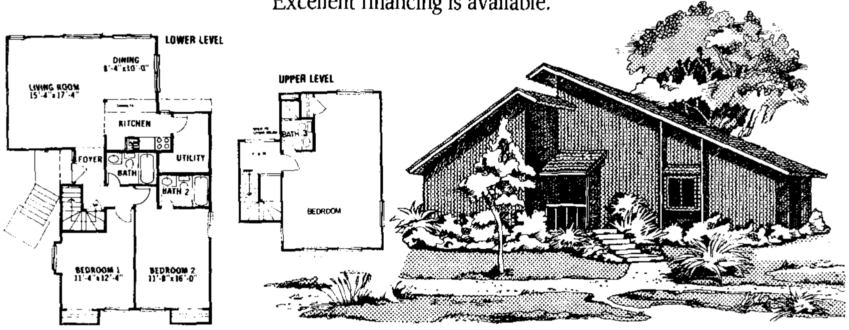

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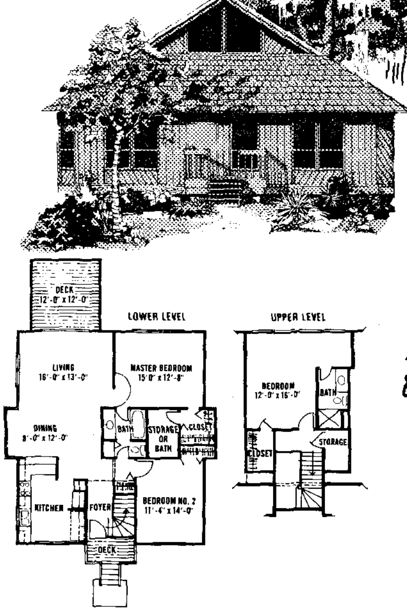

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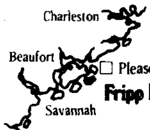

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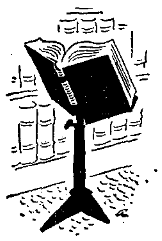
blacks and Puerto Ricans to become guards. Albany divided the state into seven prison regions. Green Haven fell into Region 7, which included New York City. Clinton was placed in Region 4. The new rules specified that a candidate could take the examination only in the region in which he or she resided, and then solely for prisons within that region. A young man at Dannemora might score ninety-five when he took the examination, but if there were no openings at Clinton or any of the smaller prisons in Region 4 he could not become a guard. The time-honored custom of working at Green Haven for several years until a transfer to Clinton came through was ended. And if a black or Puerto Rican resident of New York City scored seventy-five on the examination and there were sufficient vacancies at Green Haven and other prisons within Region 7 to admit candidates with such low scores, he could become a guard. Since there have always been openings at Green Haven and elsewhere in Region 7, blacks began to enter the guard force in considerable numbers for the first time, and Puerto Ricans to a lesser extent. The physical standards were also changed, to permit the shorter Puerto Rican men to pass.

Most of the white guards at Green Haven were hostile to the new black arrivals. There was a cultural as well as a racial antipathy between the two groups. The jivers who liked long sedans and city night clubs had little in common with the deerslayers in their pickup trucks. The blacks did not move up to Dutchess County, because they did not want to leave New York City. Following the pattern of their white predecessors, as soon as they arrived at Green Haven they put their names on transfer lists for the new prisons opening in the city. (Twenty-eight of the seventy-six men who came to work at Green Haven in 1974 have already transferred elsewhere.) The older white guards were repelled by the Afro and corn-row hairdos that some of the black guards wore, and got more upset when a few of them returned the clenched-fist black-power salute of the black inmates and called these inmates "brother." A handful of the new black guards also had relatives or childhood friends serving time at Green Haven. The whites wondered whose side they would be on if there was trouble. A number of the new black officers also tended to be easier on the prisoners. They did not get angry if they were called obscene names. Black prisoners said they preferred having more black guards because it was nice to see black faces among those in authority and on the payroll. Many of the white prisoners, including Malinow, also liked the black guards, for their more relaxed attitude. The white officers continued to keeplock prisoners who cursed them, and felt that the blacks' contrasting leniency made them look unfairly mean. Some of the new black officers did not have good work habits. Their car pools from the city were chronically late or did not show up at all, and a number of the black officers first hired were terminated for being absent without leave too often. Time did not lessen the antagonism. In 1976, the white and black officers at Green Haven practiced self-segregation, just as the inmates did. They usually sat at separate tables in the officers' mess, and they did not socialize after work or on occasions like the annual union picnic. When one white sergeant was asked why the officers' mess was so obviously segregated, he replied, "We don't rap the same."



A dispute over who would get promoted, inevitable once larger numbers of blacks had begun entering the guard force, heightened the racial antagonism. Until 1972, the examination for sergeant had been administered on a statewide basis. Two black officers who failed the October, 1972, test filed suit, charging that the examination was arbitrary and biassed against black and Spanish-speaking officers. A total of 1,264 white officers had taken the test, of whom 30.9 per cent passed; of 119 Spanish-speaking and black officers, 12.5 per cent of the Hispanic and 7.7 per cent of the black officers passed. The passing score was seventy. In April, 1974, a federal district judge found in favor of the two black officers who had failed, ruling that the state Department of Civil Service and the D.O.C.S. had not proved that the test questions related to the content of the job. Since the judge's ruling, there have been no Civil Service examinations for sergeant. Appointments to provisional sergeant were made at the individual prisons. The white officers contended that the appointments were unfair, with blacks being favored because Albany wants more blacks in supervisory positions. The whites also complained that they were being further penalized, because those who took the 1972 sergeant's examination and passed it could, if they had been appointed sergeants, have taken the next lieutenant's examination, and after the mandatory three years in grade, advanced another step in their careers.

In 1976, morale among the white officers at Green Haven, who were still in the majority, was bad. By October, there were seventy-five black and twenty Hispanic officers at Green Haven. There were still only four black and eight Hispanic officers at Clinton. While many officers had found it necessary to take part-time second jobs, because the small annual raises they received during the nineteen-seventies had not kept pace with inflation, they saw all sorts of money being spent on the inmates. They did not believe that it was necessary or desirable to spend a million and a half dollars renovating old cellblocks into new honor blocks for inmates. Prisons should not be made more comfortable, they said. Comfort would only make prisons less unpleasant places for prisoners to return to, and too many were returning already. They didn't see why inmates should be given free college educations at Dutchess Community College, where they themselves had to pay to send their children.

The new honor blocks and a second innovative housing system that permitted inmates relatively free daytime movement within the prison, combined with the After Attica flight of experienced officers to jobs with little or no inmate contact, began to cause a breakdown of control at Green Haven in 1976. The honor blocks disrupted the traditional pattern of movement within the prison. Previously, all men had locked according to the jobs they held. The officers had escorted the men to and from their jobs. It had been relatively easy for an officer to accomplish this when, for example, all the furniture-shop workers were housed on the same block. Once C and D blocks had been renovated and men had been assigned to these blocks as a reward for good behavior, the old system of controlled movement was destroyed. Furniture-shop men, who had always locked on F block, might now be locking on C and D blocks as well. There was no practical way for a guard to round all of them up. In late 1976, the superintendent decided that new arrivals could be housed wherever there were empty cells, regardless of what jobs they were assigned. The result was free movement for most inmates, except when they were locked in their cells for the 5:30 P.M. count, and at night. This brought confusion and occasional chaos. The number of assaults on officers began to rise. In 1976, there

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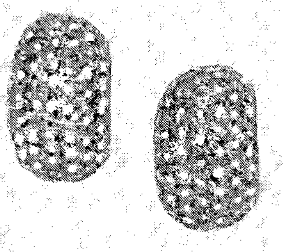

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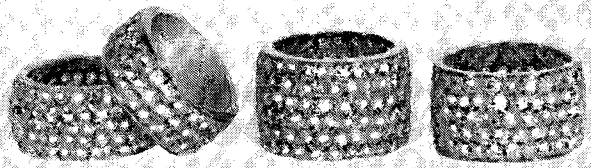

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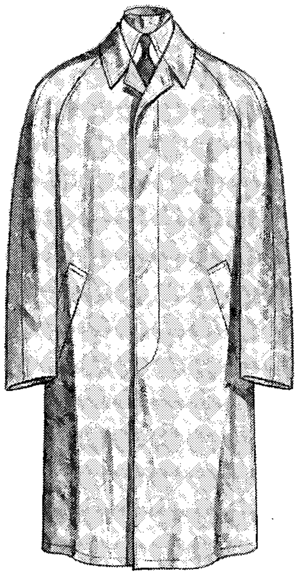

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were thirty-five assaults, with forty-eight officers, supervisors, and civilians injured, including those who had come to the assistance of the first person attacked.

This year, things got worse. At the beginning of January, a thirty-year-old black prisoner named Hector Lopez, who was serving his fifteen-year-to-life sentence for stabbing and shooting a man to death in 1971 in the Bronx with a knife and a shotgun while robbing the victim of twelve hundred dollars, fractured the skulls of two guards by bludgeoning them with a steel ratchet bar used to work a ventilating panel in a cell-block window. Lopez had been boated to Green Haven from Attica in August, 1976, for fighting with inmates there. His record showed nineteen prior incidents of disobeying prison rules, general belligerence, using threatening and abusive language to officers, and brawling. In December, one of the officers on B block, Bennett Krieger, who had a reputation for running a tight ship and was not popular with inmates, had written Lopez up for threatening him. Lopez had received two weeks in keeplock from the Adjustment Committee in December and had sworn revenge on Krieger. On January 4, 1977, at 3:20 P.M., as the guard shifts were changing, a number of inmates who were not authorized to be on B block got there, because of the new free-movement policy. Krieger, his fellow-officer Dale Lambert, and Jasper Kane, one of the officers who were relieving them, rounded these inmates up and ordered them out the block door. In doing this, Krieger spotted Lopez and yelled at him that he was going to be keeplocked again for not returning to the block on time. To leave the block, Krieger and Lambert had to walk through a group of inmates who were loitering in front of the door—some of them the inmates who had earlier been chased off the block. Lambert went out first, and Krieger stayed behind to leave some instructions with Kane. Lambert got about ten feet from the door and saw Lopez in the crowd holding a sixteen-inch steel bar over his head as if he were about to hit someone with it. When Lambert tried to disarm him, Lopez bludgeoned him several times, fracturing his skull and lacerating his head with the sharp edges of the bar. Lambert staggered down the corridor, semiconscious and bleeding severely from a large, gaping wound at the back of his head. Krieger, unaware of what had happened, because none of the inmates had helped Lambert or warned Krieger and Kane, walked out of the block door and into the gathering of prisoners a couple of minutes later. Lopez rushed at him out of the group, shouting, "You want to lock me up, I'll give you something to lock me up for!" Swinging the bar, he knocked Krieger back inside the block door and down, stunned, on one knee. Kane dived forward and tackled Lopez around the waist, but just as he did so Lopez brought the bar down and smashed it into the top of Krieger's head. An officer who had joined Kane on relief grabbed Lopez around the neck, and together they wrestled him down, and held him until he stopped struggling and could be locked in his cell.

Lambert was fortunate enough to encounter a twenty-six-year-old black inmate named Brian Parks in the corridor, who picked him up and rushed him to the prison hospital, despite yelled threats from other prisoners that they would kill him later for "helping a pig." Lambert has credited Parks with saving his life. Parks subsequently had to be put in segregation to protect him from other inmates, but he was later rewarded with a transfer to a medium-security prison. Lambert and Krieger were taken by ambulance to hospitals in Poughkeepsie. Lopez's weapon was not found until the following day, behind a toilet in a prison yard, where inmates had concealed it. Lambert recovered and resigned. Krieger recovered and recently went back to work at Green Haven. Lopez was convicted of assaulting one of the officers, received a fifteen-to-life concurrent sentence, and was transferred to another maximum-security prison.

Benjamin Ward, the first black commissioner of the Department of Correctional Services, visited Green Haven the day after the two officers had been assaulted. The guards expected him to say something sympathetic about what had happened to Lambert and Krieger. Instead, he gave a talk criticizing the guards' performance in general, and made other remarks that the guards interpreted as sympathetic to the inmates. Commissioner Ward had always been regarded as pro-inmate by the older white guards. His talk convinced them that they were right in routinely referring to him as "that goddam nigger commissioner in Albany." After his visit, the guards posted a clipping from the Poughkeepsie *Journal* on the lineup-room bulletin board containing a statement by their union vice-president calling on Governor Carey to fire Ward for "pro-prisoner" attitudes. The union vice-president also accused Ward of lacking any understanding of prison life.

In early January, 1977, a black officer named Justin Phillips was arrested and suspended on charges of smuggling marijuana into the prison, after an investigation that had included the assistance of a black inmate informant. In April, three more black guards were caught bringing in marijuana. They, too, were apprehended with the help of black inmate informants, some of whom were rigged with tape recorders to obtain evidence. At the same time, the assaults on guards—in almost all cases, white guards—continued at a high rate through the winter and spring. There were more assaults than there had been at any time in Green Haven's history except 1972, when a great deal of turmoil accompanied the introduction of the After Attica changes. From the refuge of a tower, one of the old-timers commented with a hyperbole that accurately conveyed his attitude and that of his white colleagues: "It seems that all the black guards are going out in handcuffs and the white guards on stretchers."

SUDDENLY, in the summer of 1977, the State of New York began to officially disavow the ideal of rehabilitating criminals into law-abiding citizens—a goal that it had set for itself more than a century and a half earlier, with the opening, in 1817, of Auburn State Prison. The rise of towns and cities after the Revolution had made it impossible to keep criminals within bounds by the Colonial methods of the stocks, the pillory, the whipping post, the branding iron, banishment from the community, and an occasional hanging. American society developed the armed police force and the state prison. Attitudes toward human nature also underwent a change. In Colonial times, the Calvinist notion that man's nature was flawed by original sin had prevailed. Crime had been viewed as sin to be punished. By the early nineteenth century, the contrary view of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and the other thinkers of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment—that man was a creature of reason, innocent in his natural state and amenable to change—had taken hold in America.

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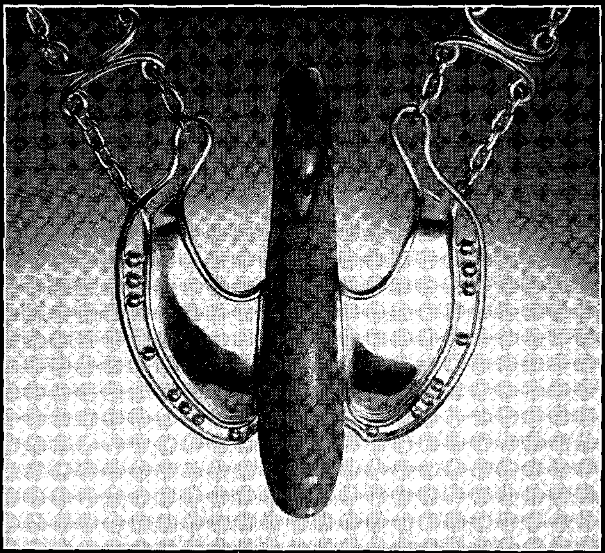

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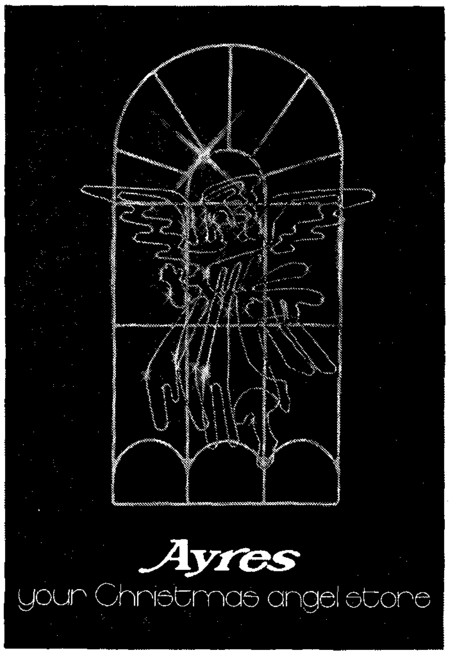

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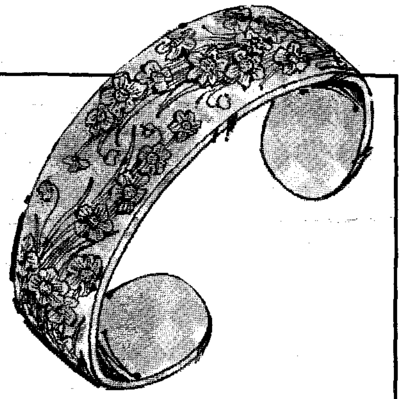

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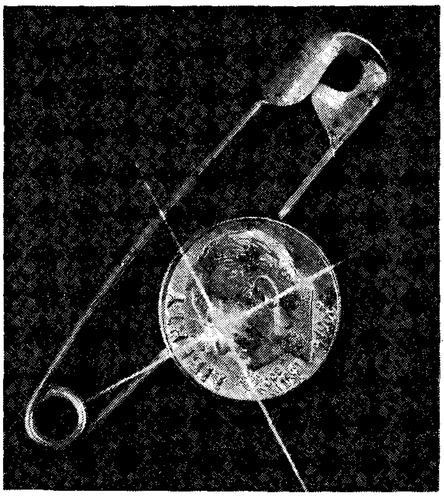
havior and transforming criminals into decent citizens through a proper regimen originated among Quaker reformers in Pennsylvania. It quickly caught on in New York as well. Pennsylvania called its penal institutions penitentiaries, because prison was supposed to be a place where a criminal did penance until he was reformed. The Pennsylvania system was one of complete solitary confinement. The inmate was to be reformed by being isolated from contact with any evil influence. He was led blindfolded into a cell with an exercise area and, after an initial period of solitude to reflect on his crimes, was given a Bible to read and handicraft work to do. From the Bible he would learn charity and faith in God; the handicrafts would teach the virtue of work; and the solitary confinement would inculcate abstemious habits. By the time the prisoner was blindfolded again, at the end of his term, and led back into the outside world, he would be a different man. New York tried the solitary-confinement system at Auburn but quickly abandoned it. Eighty inmates were confined in the experiment. More than half of the deaths at Auburn in 1823 were from among the eighty prisoners in solitary, several others went insane, and the governor pardoned most of the survivors after two years. The New York proponents of solitary confinement were thoroughly discredited when one of the pardoned criminals committed a burglary on the very night of his release and twelve others were eventually reconvicted.

New York instead adopted what became known as the Auburn system of reform through work and silence, and called its penal institutions prisons rather than penitentiaries. If the convicts were put to work rather than confined in isolation, small individual cells would do for them, and they could help pay the costs of their confinement through prison industries. Under the Auburn system, it was possible to build cells at an average cost of ninety-one dollars each, compared to sixteen hundred and fifty dollars each for the much larger cells (including exercise areas) devised by the Pennsylvania reformers. The Auburn system thus commended itself to legislators, who could, perhaps, understand economy more easily than the reformation of convicts. The economy motive led to the subsequent adoption of the Auburn system by most other states. The convicts were dressed in black-and-white striped uniforms to make them look grotesque and to help break their lawless spirits through humilia-



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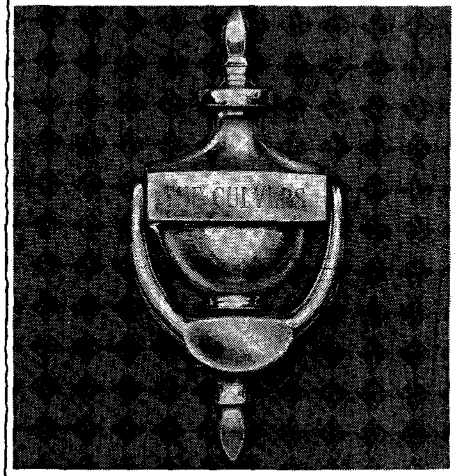

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tion; they were permitted no visitors, no correspondence, no knowledge of events in the outside world, and no reading material other than a Bible and in some cases a prayer book; and they were subjected to a deliberately robotlike daily routine of work in harshly enforced silence to prevent them from communicating with one another. They got up at 5:15 A.M. in summer and at sunrise when the days were shorter, and were marched to and from their cells in an Auburn invention called the lockstep. It was a single file in which each convict placed his right hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him and kept his head turned toward the escorting guards. The guards watched the faces for any movement of the lips or any use of the facial muscles that might be construed as a signal. When not marching, the convicts had to keep their heads lowered and their eyes on the ground.

In the various shops for weaving, tailoring, and the making of shoes, tools, barrels, and furniture, the prisoners labored in silence. They ate in silence, and they were locked in at night to keep silent until they were permitted to go to sleep in their cells. They were forbidden to sit or lie down on their sleeping mats or in their hammocks until the signal was given to take off their striped uniforms, at lights-out. Guards patrolled the galleries in stocking feet to detect the slightest whisper. Sunday was one of the most dreaded days, because the men were locked in their cells after the morning service—at which the chaplain preached—and were not let out until dawn on Monday. They also could not sit or lie down until lights-out on Sunday night, and were forced to stand or to pace back and forth until then. There was not much room for pacing, because the cells measured only three and a half feet wide (approximately half the width of a present-day Green Haven cell), seven feet long, and seven feet high. They could read their Bibles, but the reading had to be done while they were standing or pacing. The illiterates and some of the semiliterates were fortunate. They were taken out of their cells on Sunday morning for schooling before the service and again in the afternoon. Any infraction of this unchanging and remorseless discipline was punished by flogging.

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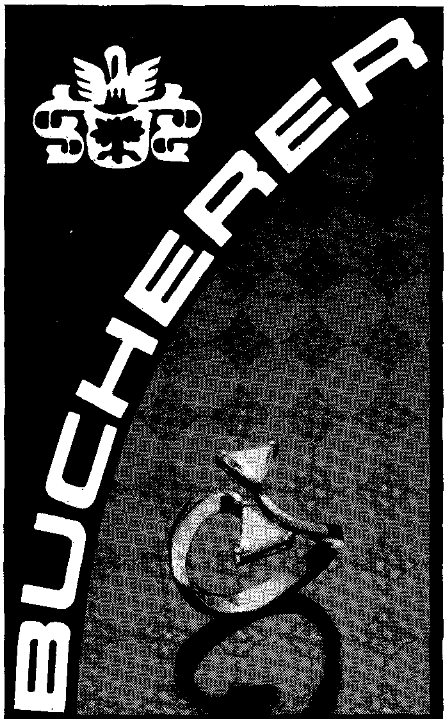

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about to undergo would provide "the most favorable means . . . for repentance and reformation, by forming regular, temperate and industrious habits, learning a useful trade, yielding obedience to laws, subduing evil passions, and by receiving moral and religious instruction." The convict would return to the world at the end of his sentence "with correct views and good resolutions," Powers further assured him, and would "become a blessing to [his] friends and to society, and exemplify the power of deep repentance and thorough reform." Powers died in 1831, before he could be disappointed. The dehumanizing regimentation did not terrify and the evangelism and the schooling did not keep criminals from returning to crime. Crime continued to flourish, and by 1825 the Legislature had authorized the construction of another prison, adjacent to the village of Sing Sing, on the east bank of the Hudson, thirty-three miles north of New York City. The site was chosen because it would be easy to transport convicts, supplies, and the products of prison industries by riverboat, and because of the marble deposits there, which made it possible for the state to use convicts to build their own prison. For the next three years, prisoners from Auburn labored under the lash quarrying the marble and cutting it into blocks, and fabricating the iron doors and bars, to erect Sing Sing's first grim cellblock, for eight hundred convicts, where George Malinow was confined when he was first sent to Sing Sing, in 1938. The prison was initially given the pastoral name of Mount Pleasant. The Legislature enlarged Sing Sing and Auburn in the early eighteen-thirties. Population growth and the beginning waves of immigration brought more crime. In 1844, the Legislature authorized the construction of Clinton. In 1911 came Great Meadow, and in the spring of 1930 Auburn inmates were transported to Attica to labor at constructing a state prison there.

Periods of corruption and abuse within the prisons alternated with periods of reform, when different and supposedly better methods of rehabilitation were attempted. In the eighteen-forties, there was a short-lived attempt at rehabilitation through kindness and an appeal to the better instincts by easing discipline, improving prison living conditions, allowing family visits and limited family correspondence, providing some opportunity for education, and granting the unheard-of indulgence of a ration of chewing tobacco for the convicts at the new Clinton Prison. The attempt to rehabilitate through kindness ended with a return to harshness, but gradually, over the years, the most egregious legal cruelties were abolished. Flogging was forbidden by the Legislature in 1847, and solitary confinement on short rations was substituted as the official punishment. The great frequency with which flogging occurred shows that many convicts refused to be broken by the forced labor and the regimentation. Sing Sing was called a "Cat-ocracy," because of the unremitting use of the cat-o'-nine-tails there. The guards got around the abolition of flogging by dispensing unauthorized beatings and other tortures. The reformers never gave up, however, on their ideal of rehabilitation. In the eighteen-seventies, they succeeded in bringing about another major change. The new concept was proposed at the 1870 founding meeting of the National Prison Association, in Cincinnati. Better rehabilitation programs and more humane prison conditions would make it possible for competent prison administrators to judge when an inmate had been rehabilitated into a law-abiding citizen and could be safely released back into society under some form of supervision, the congress asserted. One of its resolutions read, "With men of ability and experience at the head of our penal establishments, holding their offices during good behavior, we believe that it will be little, if at all, more difficult to judge correctly as to the moral cure of a criminal, than it is of the mental cure of a lunatic." The Legislature was persuaded to adopt the concept, and in the eighteen-seventies and eighties it passed a series of statutes creating the structure of indeterminate sentences, a state Parole Board, and parole officers to supervise convicts after release which still prevails in New York.

The trouble was that neither the cruelties of prison nor these various methods of rehabilitation—from Gershom Powers' humiliation and moral regeneration to indeterminate sentencing and parole—achieved any appreciable reduction in the number of convicts who returned to prison or in the level of crime. Auburn quickly degenerated into a place where society warehoused criminals. So did Sing Sing and every prison built thereafter. Some criminals were undoubtedly rehabilitated by the different methods tried, and some were undoubtedly deterred from future crime by fear of the cruelties, but the behavior of most criminals was unaffected. The worst of the remaining legal cruelties, with the exception of indefinite solitary confinement, were abolished in the early twentieth century. The lockstep was ended in 1900; the striped uniforms were done away with in 1904; and the imposition of silence was finally lifted just before the First World War. The idea of rehabilitation refused to die as easily, however. Another cycle of corruption, abuse, and overcrowding in the nineteen-twenties culminated in prison riots. At Clinton, in July, 1929, sixteen hundred inmates rioted, and three of them were killed during the suppression of the uprising. There was a worse outbreak at Auburn six days later, when a trusty threw acid in a guard's face and grabbed the keys to the arsenal. The convicts passed out the guns, killed the assistant warden, burned six shops, and wrecked most of the rest of the prison before they, too, were put down. By then, Attica, which, at a cost of nine million dollars, was to be the ultimate in prison security, comfortable living conditions, and rehabilitation, was already under way. Shortly before the prison opened, in 1931, the New York *Times* predicted in an article that it would be a "Convicts' Paradise" for the two thousand inmates it was designed to house.

The fact that Attica turned out to be the most grim and fortresslike of New York's warehouses for criminals did not deter Governor Nelson Rockefeller from appointing another commission, in 1965, called the Special Committee on Criminal Offenders, to discover how to transform the state's prisons into genuinely rehabilitative institutions. One of its co-chairmen was Russell Oswald, then chairman of New York State's Board of Parole. After three years of research and study, the committee issued a report urging the state to abandon "the ancient concepts of prison and reformatory, and to start working with a new concept: the correctional institution," and stating, "Only then will we be able to break out of the conceptual bondage that results in what amounts to maximum security for almost all inmates of all ages." The first fruit of the committee's report was the outbreak of renomenclaturing in 1970, under which guards became "correction officers," prisons metamorphosed into "correctional facilities," and other euphemisms banished other unpleasantnesses. The Department of Correction and the Division of Parole were merged, on January 1, 1971, into

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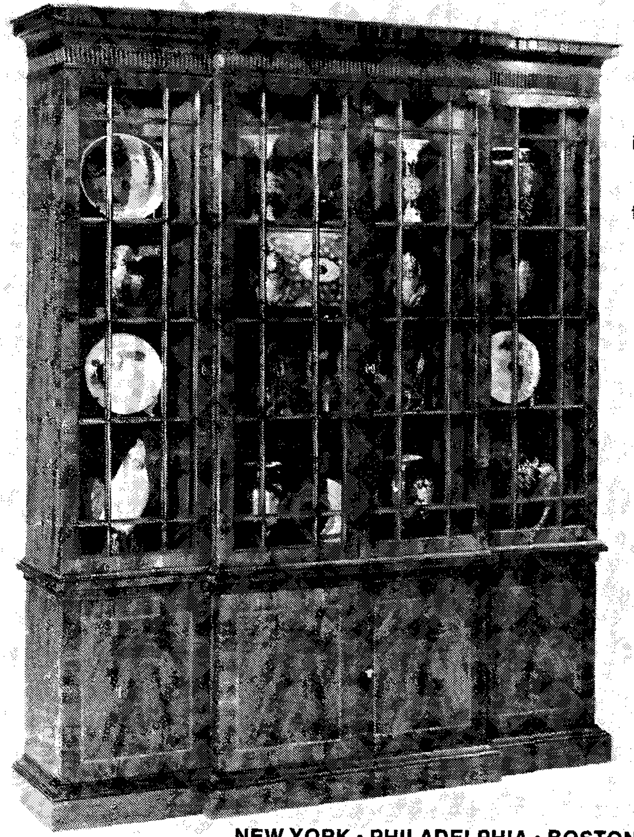

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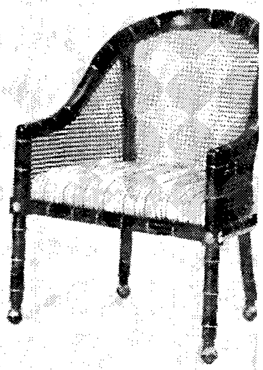

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the new Department of Correctional Services.

Oswald, who had headed the Parole Board for twelve years, was appointed by Governor Rockefeller to be the first Commissioner of Correctional Services. He had just started his program to transform the prisons when the Attica riot in September and its forty-three deaths permitted him to push forward full-scale, with the federal government providing a great deal of the money. After Oswald left, Peter Preiser and then Benjamin Ward carried on. The modest school and vocational activities, the pint-size Dale Carnegie courses, and the Gamblers Anonymous meetings of the nineteen-fifties and sixties gave way to the enormously expanded school program, motorcycle repair, the machine shop, the drafting course, photography, black studies, Italian culture, ceramics, Bard College volunteers, Jaycees, the gymnasium, and all the new privileges, like picnics and the relaxation of former discipline. What information was available indicated that the programs were again failing to achieve any measurable reduction in the number of criminals returning to prison or in the level of crime. "Prisons are so rehabilitative that sixty per cent of us here at Green Haven have already had the benefit of the rehabilitative experience several times," Malinow says.

The penologists currently in fashion agree with Malinow and think that Calvin had a point about human nature. They have been saying for quite a few years now that virtually every study reaches the same conclusion: prisons cannot rehabilitate enough of the criminals in them to make any difference; no matter what methods of rehabilitation are attempted, they do not work. Human nature is too complicated and too intractable to be amenable to the degree of change necessary to rehabilitate the criminal personality. These penologists say the best that society can hope to do is to protect itself as much as possible within the limits of justice and humanity. It can put criminals in humane prisons for periods of time commensurate with the crimes committed. Some of these penologists want to abandon rehabilitation except for programs that are small and entirely voluntary on the part of the prisoner. They wish to abolish the entire structure of indeterminate sentencing and parole that New York State and the rest of the country adopted in the years following the meeting of the National Prison Association in 1870, precisely because the concept assumes that criminals can be rehabilitated and released

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under supervision. In its place, the penologists would establish a legal code that would require the judge to impose a definite sentence. The code would prescribe minimum and maximum sentences for each crime, to give the judge some freedom to adjust the length of the sentence to the circumstances of the crime and the previous record of the convicted defendant. The minimum and maximum limits would be sufficiently close, however, to deprive a judge of the great latitude he now has in sentencing. One recent study on the subject argues that the system would also be fairer, because it would eliminate the current wide disparity in sentencing and make the judge focus on the crime committed, rather than let him base his sentence on his opinion of the character and social worth of the individual, or the extent to which he thinks that the individual might be rehabilitated. In 1976, California became the first state in the country to adopt a penal code of rigorous definite sentences which largely eliminates the discretion of the judge to set particular prison terms. Governor Jerry Brown praised it as the greatest reform of criminal justice in the state in half a century.

Whatever the opinion of the penologists and Governor Brown, the Department of Correctional Services in Albany could not seem to bring itself to concede that rehabilitation did not work. As recently as May, 1976, the lead story in the D.O.C.S. monthly newspaper was devoted to a defense of the rehabilitative worth of stamping out license plates at Auburn. The headline read, "Inmates Acquire Marketable Skills in Stigmatized License Plate Shop." The article did acknowledge that an inmate would be unable to find a job in a license-plate shop in New York after his release, since the only one that exists is at Auburn prison. Nevertheless, there once more were those "marketable skills" that "can be used in private industry." A hundred and fifty years later, the ghost of Gershom Powers was speaking from the license-plate shop. Once embodied in a bureaucracy and in public buildings of stone and metal, an idea acquires a kind of immunity against reality.

When the immunity finally does start to wear off, great change does not occur rapidly. The bureaucracy, the buildings, and the ingrained attitudes are all still there to impede it. The announcement that change is beginning can come suddenly, however, and that is what happened in the summer of 1977. Commissioner Ward had given a hint six months earlier, in a talk to

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a group of editors and reporters over lunch at the *Times*. He said he favored the abolition of indeterminate sentencing and its replacement by the new code being advocated by penologists. "We should have a system . . . in which a person knows that if you commit this crime, this is what you will get," he said. He did not, however, want to see the parole system entirely abolished. Rather, he said, participation by the former inmate should be made voluntary. The parole officer should exist to try to help the ex-convict adjust to society, instead of attempting to control him. The change would ease the case load of the state's three hundred and twenty-five field parole officers, who, he noted, are theoretically supervising fourteen thousand parolees.

On June 16, 1977, Ward sent an odd-sounding memorandum to all prison superintendents in the state. The D.O.C.S. budget for fiscal 1977-78 was two hundred and forty million dollars, and Ward said that it was his "firm intention to reduce the cost of correction in the 1978-79 fiscal year." He instructed the superintendents to consider for elimination all full-time academic and vocational schooling, and all volunteer programs, which "have, in many cases, become very expensive because of necessary security coverage, limited inmate involvement, and 'call-outs' from other programs." The superintendents should instead concentrate on expanding "industrial programs" to help support the prison system and further reduce costs, he said. Then came an interesting sentence: "The alleged rehabilitative worth of such industrial programs should not be a prime consideration unless there is clear, documentable evidence of its nature." As Ward must have known when he wrote the memorandum, there was no danger that such evidence would appear, because it had never existed.

Four days later, on June 20, 1977, in a speech before a meeting of the National Institute on Crime and Delinquency in Salt Lake City, Mark D. Corrigan, the D.O.C.S. deputy commissioner for administrative services, said that state penal administrations across the country should "declare a moratorium on the seemingly endless consideration of correctional rehabilitation," and went on, "All we have discovered about rehabilitation is that we are not doing it. . . . Let us begin to focus on cost." Four days after that, Lewis L. Douglass, executive deputy commissioner of the D.O.C.S., discussed the department's altered philosophy in a newspaper interview in Albany. "It is time to take a look at some areas previously viewed as sacred cows in running a liberal prison system," he said. Along with slaughtering the sacred cow of rehabilitation, there was going to be a new "get tough" policy on prison discipline. The trend toward ever-increasing liberalization begun by Commissioner Oswald and carried forward by his successors was being halted.

On June 26, 1977, two days after Douglass's press conference, the superintendent of Green Haven shut the prison down. All inmates were locked in their cells and were put through what became known as the Great Reshuffle. Fourteen hundred of the eighteen hundred men in the prison packed up their belongings and were moved to different cells. The prison returned to the pre-1976 system of having all inmates lock on a specific company and cellblock according to their jobs. The innovation of relatively free movement during the daytime, brought about by the new honor blocks and by the superintendent's decision in early 1977 to let an inmate lock in any empty cell regardless of his job, was rescinded. The honor-block system itself was abolished, since granting an inmate the privilege of locking on an honor block as a reward for good behavior interfered with controlled movement by jobs. C, D, and J blocks, with their cell-and-a-half "houses" and tiny rooms and coveted television sets, were given back to the inmates who worked in the kitchen, at the farm and on other outside jobs, and in the Administration Building. The blocks were no longer called honor blocks. They were referred to as "privileged blocks," but the privileges were curtailed. The privileged were allowed to watch television or otherwise relax outside their cells until 8:30 P.M.—not until 11 P.M., as before. On the other, ordinary blocks, the prisoners continued to lock in at 5 P.M., as usual, unless they were participating in some authorized evening activity. The noon meal became really mandatory, even if some of the inmates simply sat in the mess halls and did not eat; and the men were moved to and from the mess halls by companies. In the most retrogressive step of all, the prison went back to the pre-1972 system of having the inmates lock in for a noon count. The guards were happy about this retrogression and hoped it would endure, because it permitted them to sit down in the offi-

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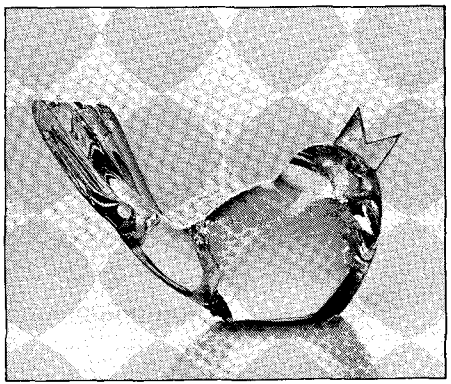

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cers' mess for a slightly more leisurely lunch.

The Great Reshuffle sent the morale of the guards soaring. They felt that they had better control of the prison, and the overtime during the first five days were marvellous. It ran to more than forty-five thousand dollars and was useful for summer vacations. At the end of June, Commissioner Ward requested and received the resignation of the superintendent he had appointed in September, 1976. The deputy superintendent of security at Great Meadow was offered the post. He spent four days at Green Haven and then returned to Great Meadow, saying he did not want the job. Green Haven's deputy of security was appointed the new superintendent—the seventh in seven years. A new deputy of security was brought down from Albany. The prisoners were upset by the changes, but neither they nor the guards believed that the tightening up meant a return to the strict discipline of the past. Too much had been given to the prisoners by the era of liberalization that Commissioner Oswald and Attica had initiated, and by the various decisions of the courts on prisoners' rights, to be taken away now. The atmosphere was more one of uncertainty and disarray. The department did not seem to know quite where it was going or precisely what it wanted to do. The classification sergeant, who had functioned as Green Haven's one-man C.I.A., went into a holding pattern by transferring to the kitchen. With the prison administration in such confusion, it was unclear whether he would be backed up if one of his intelligence capers went awry. He decided to suspend them until some recognizable line of authority emerged. Whatever additional changes came after the Great Reshuffle of 1977, he was certain of only one thing, as he had been after the Great Frisk of 1976. No amount of tinkering would alter the predilections of criminals or solve the problems of running places to house them. "It's all like taking aspirin for cancer," the classification sergeant said. "It just lessens the pain for a few minutes. It doesn't do anything to the disease."

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

Someone who should have danced more was Alexander Agadzhanov, new this season (from Russia), who filled the part of the jester with brilliance and pancake. He's acrobatic and athletic.
—*Greensburg (Pa.) Tribune-Review.*

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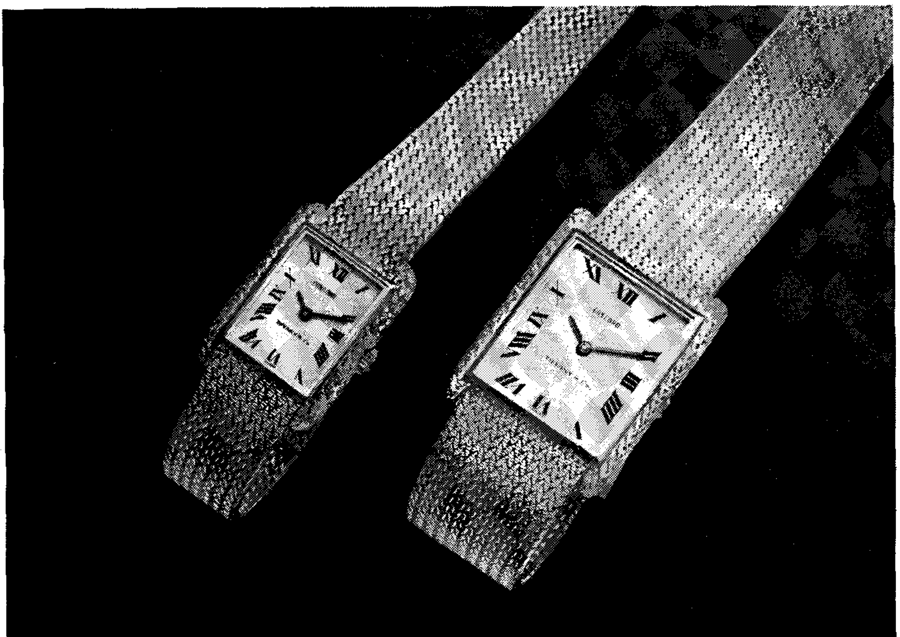

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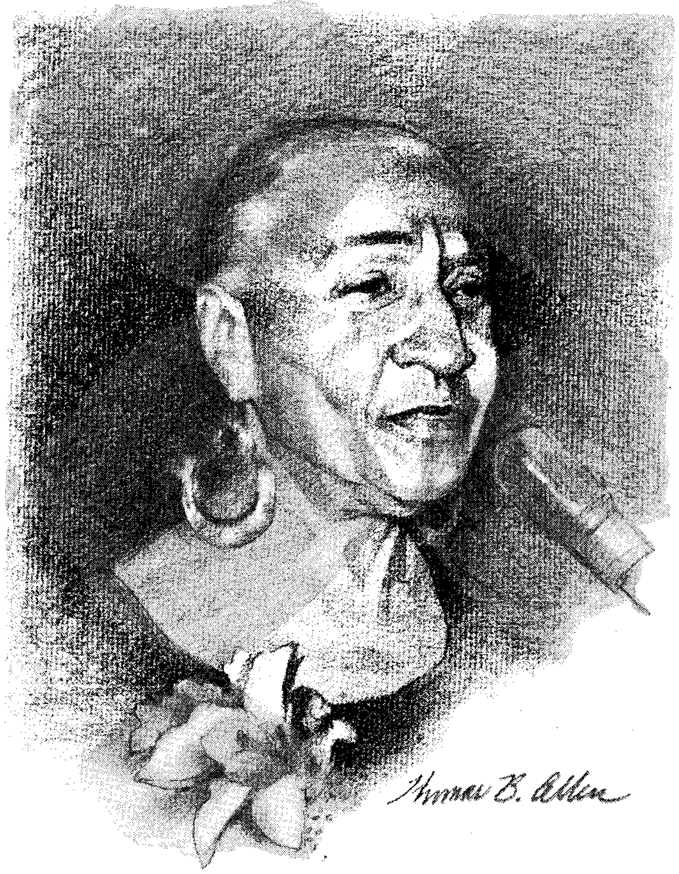

Alberta Hunter

IT is a loose, raining afternoon, and the singer Alberta Hunter, now eighty-two, is sitting at a table in the Cookery in front of a pile of sheet music, waiting to rehearse with her accompanist, Jimmy Rowles. A contemporary of such singers as Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters, and an immediate descendant of Ma Rainey and Sophie Tucker, she is resuming a career she forsook for practical nursing after her mother's death in the mid-fifties. She has the time to sing again because she was retired last spring by the Goldwater Memorial Hospital, on Roosevelt Island, where she had worked for twenty years. But her return is largely accidental, and she explains it this way: "Last summer, Bobby Short had a party at his house for Mabel Mercer, before she went to sing in England, and he invited me—Lord, I've known Mabel nearly fifty years. Mr. Charles Bourgeois was there, and I saw him sizing me up, and pretty soon he asked me to sing something, which I did, real soft. He told me, 'You should be out working again, with that voice and all your experience,' and right away the next morning Mr. Barney Josephson called and asked was I interested in singing for him, and I was so nervous I dropped the phone. I never appeared at the Café Societys, but I always knew his reputation. I came down here a few days later and sang, and he said, 'I want you to go to work in October.' "

Head on, Alberta Hunter is egg-shaped, and sideways she is Egyptian. Her face is lean and tight and handsome, and her gray-black hair is swept back into finger-size braids. Her brown eyes are clear, and she talks in a staccato, near-stuttering fashion, often tapping a listener's hand for emphasis with a sharp, woodpecker finger. She is wearing a fitted dark-khaki dress with military pockets, and she declares that she loves to dress casually. Chris Albertson, the author of a biography of Bessie Smith, arrives, and is followed by Rowles. Rowles comes up to the table, and she smiles and asks him how he is. Sleepy and emery-voiced, he says, "Fine, baby doll."

"I was just saying how I hate to dress up, how I love to be casual. When I was entertaining, I spent a lot of money on clothes, but after my mother passed I gave them away, all those pretty gowns and slippers. I could die, because they're back in fashion. But how was I to know I'd start singing again and need them? I'll just get myself a smart cocktail dress, and I'll be all right."

Rowles riffles through the sheet music, and Alberta Hunter says, "I'm going to sing songs in six languages—Italian, French, Danish, Yiddish, and German. And English. I've got the music here for the Yiddish song and the French song, but I want to start today with a blues—my 'Downhearted Blues.' I want to make it a *real* slow blues so there's plenty of time to get the story out."

"I used to work for an arranger on the Coast named Marty Paich," Rowles says, "and he'd always tell me he wanted me to play real 'fonky.' "

Alberta Hunter picks up her music and puts it on the piano. She stands in the crook, next to a microphone, which she doesn't touch. A pre-microphone singer, she is still wary of such gadgets. Rowles puts on some Tacky-Finger, a non-slipping ointment, and Alberta Hunter folds her hands in front of her, raises her head, and scans the room as if she were about to address a packed house. "Ladies and gentlemen," she says in an even contralto, "I'm going to sing a song I wrote in 1922, when most of you children weren't born. I recorded it on the Paramount label, and Bessie Smith used it for her very first Columbia recording, which sold a million copies. It's called 'Downhearted Blues.' "

Jimmy Rowles plays a four-bar introduction, and Alberta Hunter begins the famous lyrics: "Got the world in a jug, stopper right here in my hand. Got the world in a jug, stopper right here in my hand. The next man I get, he's got to come under my command." Her voice is steady and rich, and her vibrato betrays none of the quaveriness that often besets older singers. Her phrasing is legato, and once in a while she uses a high, almost falsetto cluster of notes which startlingly recalls Mildred Bailey, who must have heard Alberta Hunter records when she was coming up in the twenties. There is a burnished, accreted assurance and depth and color in Alberta Hunter's singing. At first, she stands nearly motionless. She moves one knee on the beat, and occasionally she raises her right arm and smooths the air with her hand. Then she goes into a fast "When You're Smiling." She begins rocking from side to side, and slaps one thigh on the afterbeat. She bounces up and down, her slightly bowed legs moving like springs, her long arms walking at her sides. She is suddenly, in the old vaudeville sense of the word, performing. A slow "He's Funny That Way" is next, and is followed by another blues, "Handy Man," whose double-entendre lyrics are irresistibly innocent. They start, "That man of mine has a scheme. That man of mine has a scheme. It's amazing the way he handles my machine." Rowles is brilliant.

He parallels her melodic lines, echoes them, cushions them. He gives her rhythmic nudges when her time falters, and he plays rich and dense chords behind her. But he uses this complexity sparingly, and it sets off the purity and simpleness of her voice—a jungle framing a smooth clearing. Rowles suggests a break after a swinging "My Blue Heaven," and they sit down at her table. He orders a Coke and asks Alberta Hunter when she first came to New York.

"Why, it was in 1923," she answers, hooking a cardigan sweater around her shoulders. "I had got to thinking that I should look for higher ground, that I'd gone as far as I could in Chicago. So I left there on a Saturday, and by the following Wednesday I'd replaced Bessie Smith in New York in a show called 'How Come?' I'd never been on a stage, but I was young and I just walked out there and had no fear. After, I wasn't sure whether or not I had cut a hog—messed up—but I knew I was all right when that audience yelled and stomped and Sophie Tucker and all them who were out there gave me a standing ovation. I was in 'How Come?' about a year, and then went into a show called 'Change Your Luck,' at the George M. Cohan. I went back to Chicago for a while and worked at the Royal Garden and the Phoenix and the Sunset Café with Earl Hines. I also worked in Cincinnati, at Michaelson's, and I met a waiter there named Willard Saxbe Townsend. He was handsome. He had beautiful eyes. He'd been in the Army, and I don't think he owned anything but that uniform. I married Willard and we went back to Chicago. I had a little apartment and my mother was staying with me. I was too embarrassed to sleep with my husband with my mother there, so I slept with my mother. Willard wanted to be a waiter where I was working, but I didn't want any part of that, so I took a vacation and went to Monte Carlo, where I found a job in the Knickerbocker Café. I never got back with Willard, and eventually it made a man of him. He got a degree, and when he died he was head of the redcaps' union in Chicago and the only Negro on the executive board of the C.I.O. I've never given getting married again a thought. I stayed abroad four years, and there wasn't any place I didn't go. Noble Sissle helped me get into England, and I lived in London in the same house as Marian Anderson, at 17 Regent's Park Road. She was there getting her middle register straightened out

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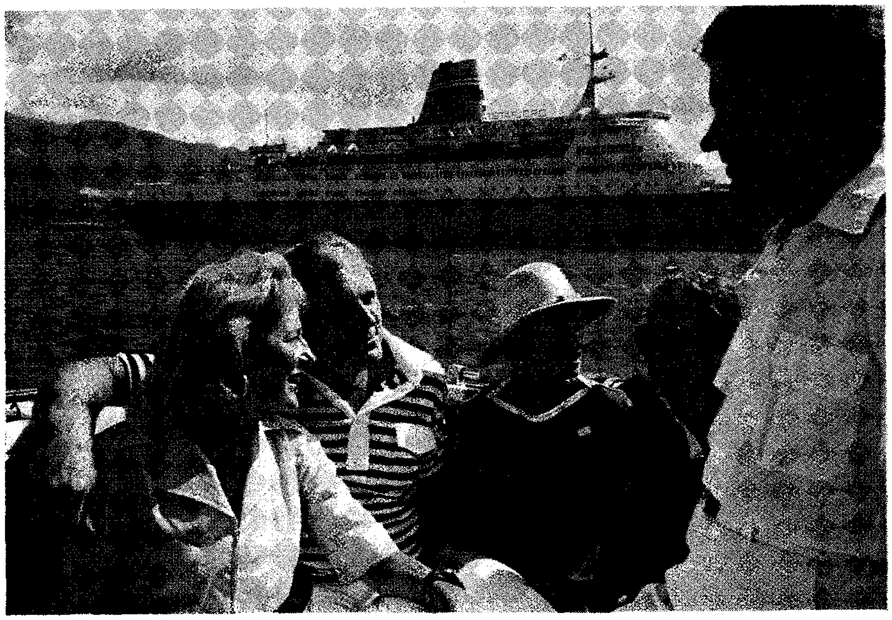

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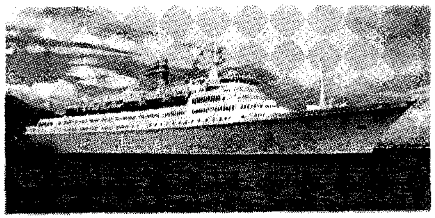

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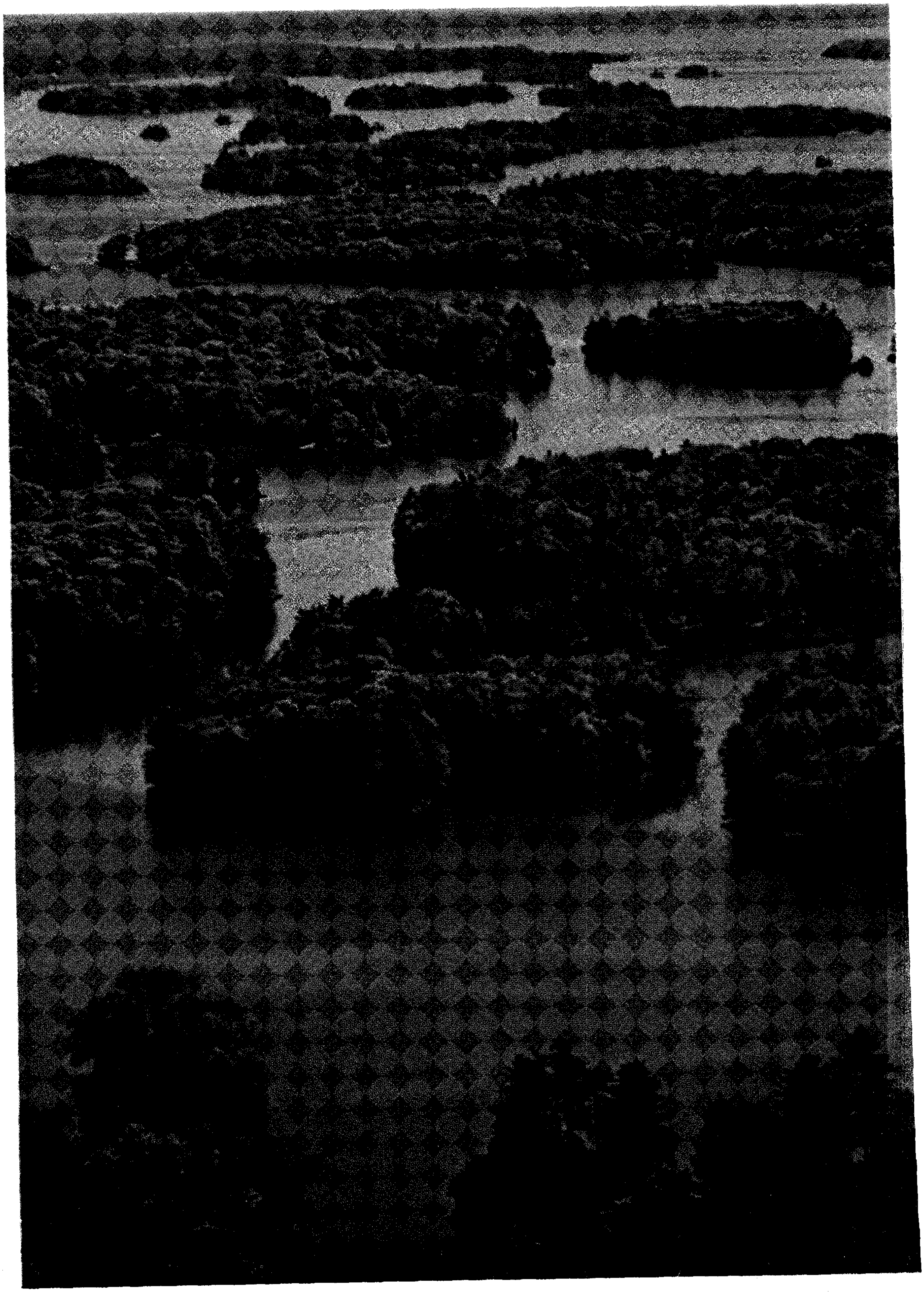

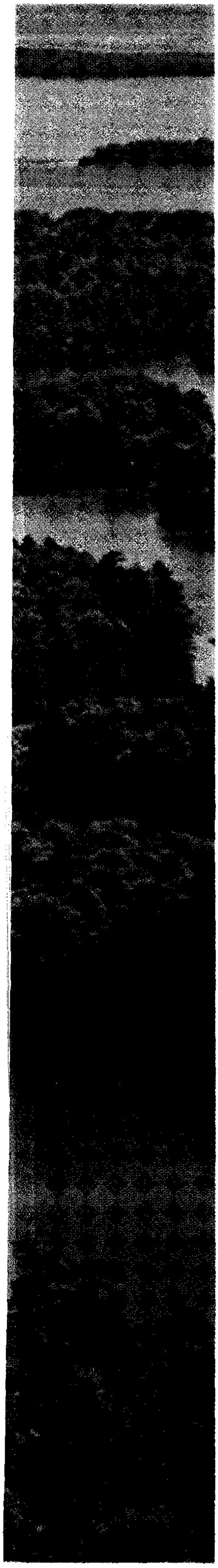

There's a free case of C.C. waiting for you on one of the Thousand Islands.

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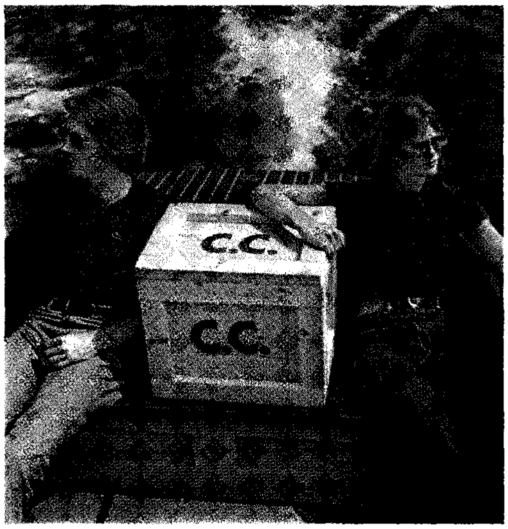

Scattered along the St. Lawrence River, the Thousand Islands form a speckled boundary between Ontario and New York State. Since the early 1900's they've been a paradise for millionaires and a playground for sportsmen. And on one of them we buried a case of Canadian Club.

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Steer to the starboard side of the island that looks like it's got a big arrowhead sticking straight up from it. A couple of dozen islands later, you'll pass an anchor that looks like something hauled up from the *Sir Robert Peel*, a steamer that mysteriously went down in the St. Lawrence. As you round a bend, you'll sight a water tower looming in the distance. Head straight for it. If you spot some latter-day Huck Finns swinging far out on a rope cannonballing into the water...you've gone too far!

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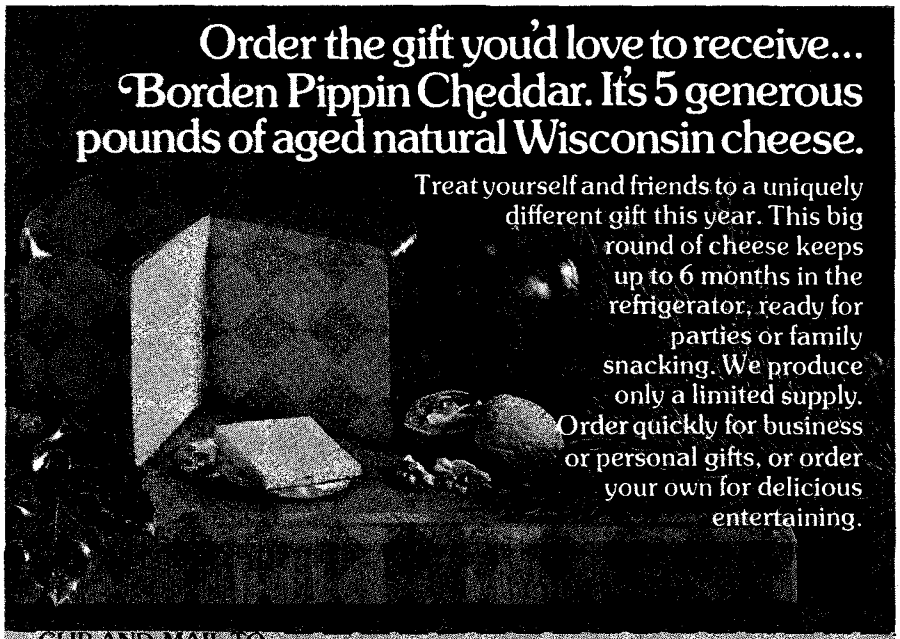

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While the whole red-waxed cheese is very cold from the refrigerator, remove ½ inch slice from the top with an electric knife. Then, hollow out the interior leaving a cheese shell about ⅓ inch thick. Fill the bowl with cheddar cubes cut from the center sections. Cubes are easier for guests to pick up if speared on food picks with chunks of apple, tiny gherkins or cocktail onions added to some of the cubes for variety.

Best of all, there's no bowl to wash. Simply return the cheese bowl to the refrigerator after the party for later snacking. Or melt it into a smooth cheese dip or sauce after removing the red wax.

If you give or receive a Borden Pippin, write for other Pippin Cheddar recipes to Borden, Pippin Recipes, 180 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

with Miss Amanda Aldridge. Marian was always a mama's girl, but she was completely unspoiled—and talk about a lady! We always got along, and she used to say God made me and threw the pattern away. But she didn't have any soul then, and we used to say things purposely to hurt her so that she'd feel things and get some soul, and she did. I auditioned for the English company of 'Show Boat,' and got the part over a white woman named Maisie Ayling. I played Queenie. Edith Day was the star and Sir Cedric Hardwicke was Cap'n Andy and Paul Robeson was Joe. My old friend Mabel Mercer was in the chorus. Paul was unassuming, like people used to be to each other in the South. When he sang 'Ol' Man River,' his voice was like a bell in the distance, and people would scream. The night King George and Queen Mary came to see us, Paul got off pitch, and he never got himself back on, and afterward he cried like a child. I stayed with 'Show Boat' eleven months, and then I went to the Grande Carte in Paris. I learned French at Berlitz and got a part in a show called 'Vive Paris!' There was a scene with a huge birdcage filled with women dressed like birds, and I sang 'Les Oiseaux.' Then I went on the road—to the Natural Scholar in Copenhagen, the Excelsior in Alexandria, the Continental in Cairo, and the Femina in Athens. I worked Les Jardins des Petits Champs in Istanbul and the place in Vienna where Hitler used to drink beer. I came back to England in 1935, and I used to sing 'Time on My Hands' for the Prince of Wales at the Dorchester. I also did some broadcasts from London to New York, and when I came home I was on WEAF and WJZ and on the 'Lower Basin Street' show, before Dinah Shore took over. I was in a lot of vaudeville in the thirties, with people like Seymour and Jeanette, and Ada Brown, who was like a chubby baby. I worked at the Hot Feet Club down here, and in 1939 I took a part in 'Mamba's Daughters' at the Empire, at Fortieth and Broadway. It was Ethel Waters' show, and since she's gone and can't speak for herself I shouldn't say a word, but she sure gave me a hard time. I guess I outsang her, because she put everything but the kitchen stove on me. But I forgave her a long time ago, and a year before she died she sent me a message: 'Tell old Flossie'—which is what she called me—'hello and take care of herself.' I joined the U.S.O. in 1944, and was with them off and on until the day my mother died. I took the first Negro unit overseas during the war, and when Marshal Zhukov gave General Eisenhower a medal Eisenhower sent for me to come and sing. I worked the E.T.O. and the South Pacific and the C.B.I. and Korea. The last club I was in in New York was the Bon Soir, when I was studying nursing."

ALBERTA HUNTER stands up and smooths her dress. "Come on, Jimmy. It's time to work again." Rowles applies more Tacky-Finger and sits at the piano, and they go into a rousing "Sunny Side of the Street." Alberta Hunter's springs go up and down, her arms walk, and every eight bars or so she snaps her head. Another Hunter blues, "Working Man," follows. "My man is old and very thin. But there is plenty of good tunes left in an old violin." A slow "Pennies from Heaven" comes next, then an even slower "A Hundred Years from Today," and she finishes the rehearsal with a rocking "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Rowles jumps up and shakes her hand and laughs.

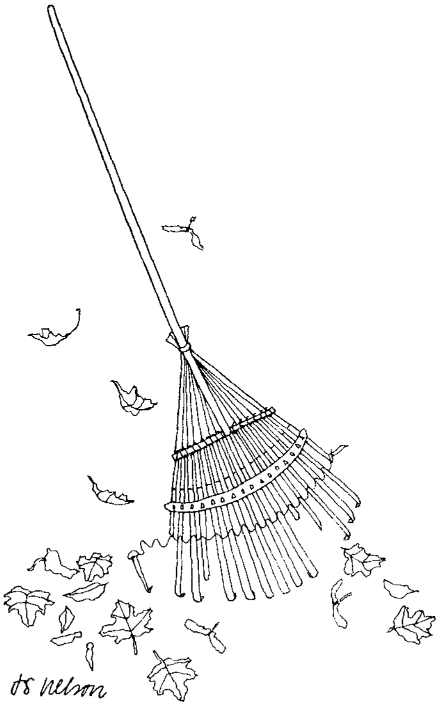
"We got to pick some of those tempos up, Jimmy," she says. "They drag."

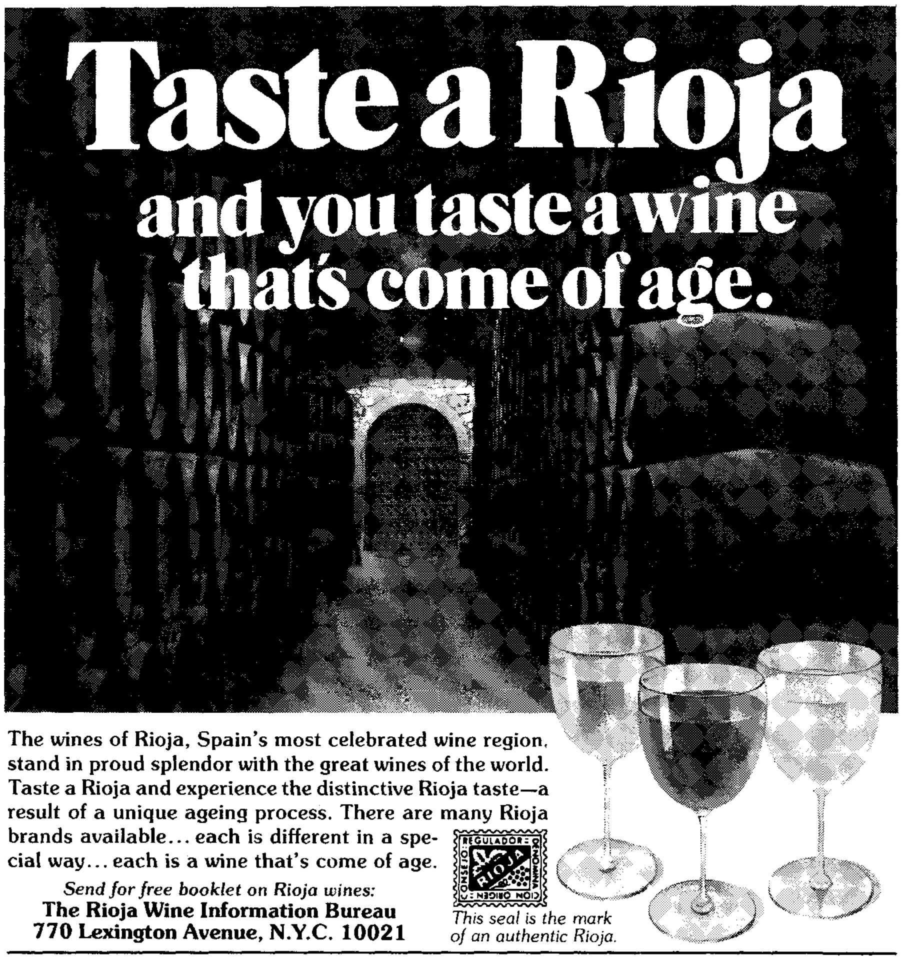
"You pick 'em up, I'll be right there."

"An old lady shouldn't drag her tempos," she says.

"Old lady!" Rowles shouts. "You know what you are, Alberta? You're a *sprinter!*"

She laughs and slaps him on the chest, and Rowles puts on his jacket and tells her he'll call her in a day or two. She sits down, and Barney Josephson joins her. She looks at





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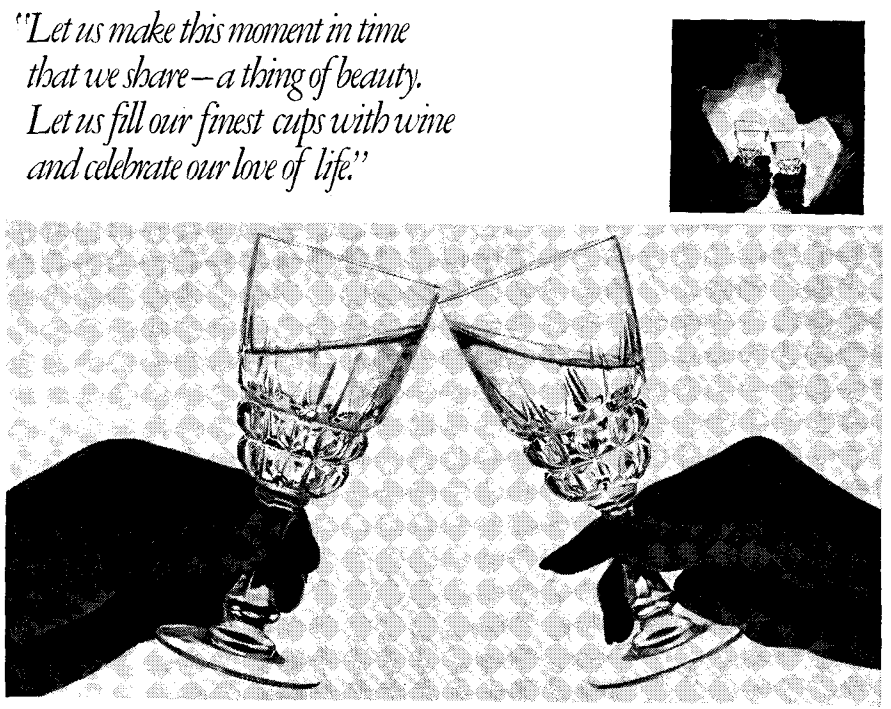

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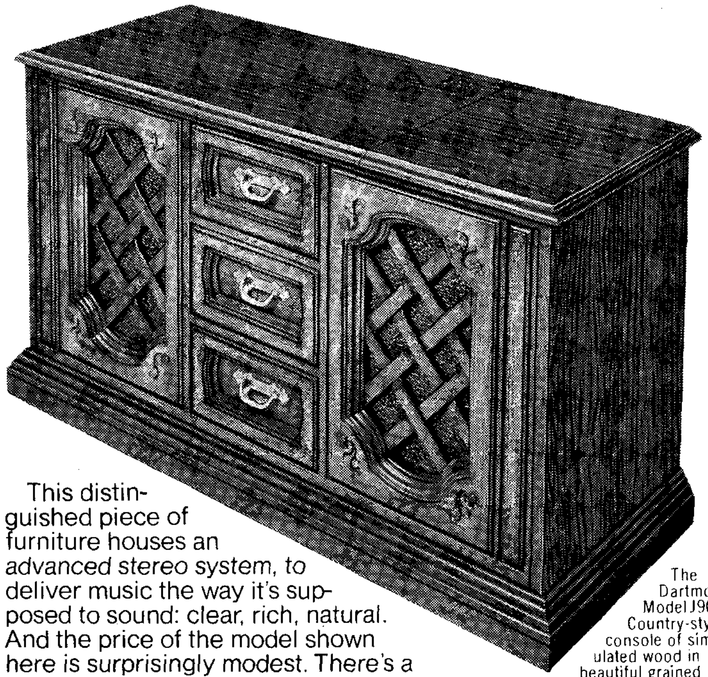

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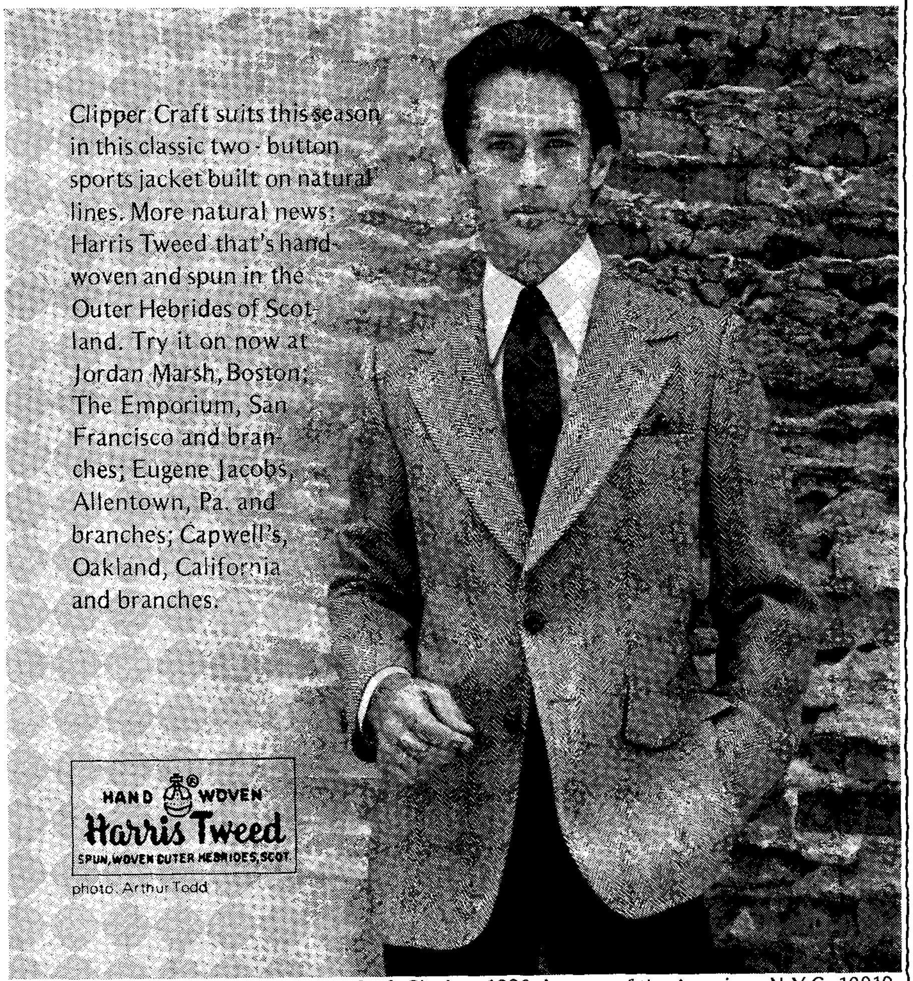

Clipper Craft suits this season in this classic two-button sports jacket built on natural lines. More natural news: Harris Tweed that's hand-woven and spun in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. Try it on now at Jordan Marsh, Boston; The Emporium, San Francisco and branches; Eugene Jacobs, Allentown, Pa. and branches; Capwell's, Oakland, California and branches.

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him. "Do you know when I started singing? I started singing when I was about twelve years old. But I had to be born first, and that was in Memphis, around 1895. I had two sisters. One was older and called La Tosca, and one was younger and a half sister, and her name was Josephine Beatty. I used her name when I recorded in 1924 with Louis Armstrong for Gennett, because I was still under contract to Paramount—Josephine Beatty, accompanied by the Red Onion Jazz Babies. My mother was born in Knoxville. She was tall and slender and very strict, but she did everything she could for her girls. She used to carry me around on a pillow when I was little, because I was so sickly. She was a very tidy person, and she scrubbed the paint off when she cleaned. 'Get away from me, you're filthy dirty,' she'd say to me when I came in off the street. Which is where I got my nickname—Pig. My mother worked as a chambermaid for Miss Myrtle and Miss Emma in a sporting house on Gayoso Street. My father, Charles Hunter, was a Pullman porter, but he died before I ever knew him. We girls stayed most of the time with my grandmother Nancy Peterson, who also looked after all my cousins. She was a dainty little lady, who wore a shirtwaist with a velvet front. Her rent was five dollars a month, and when they threatened to raise it a quarter she said she would move, and they backed down. She used to tell me over and over, 'Keep busy, be a lady, keep your clothes clean even if they're raggedy, stay away from whiskey, and never put a cigarette in your mouth. And do your work the best you can.'

"I went to Chicago when I was eleven, thereabouts. My mother had sent me to the store with a dime and a nickel to buy bread. I ran into my teacher, Miss Florida Cummings, and she said she was going to Chicago, had a pass for the train, and would I like to go, just like that. Well, I used to sing in little school concerts, and my music teacher had told me I could sing. I had heard you could make ten dollars a week in Chicago singing, and I had been building that up in me. So I thought I better go to Chicago and get some of that ten. I told her wait and I'll ask my mother. I ran and hid a little and came back and said yes. I knew my mother would think I was over at my friend Irma's house when she missed me, because I stayed there a lot. In Chicago, I knew enough to find the daughter of a friend of my mother's named Helen Winston. She

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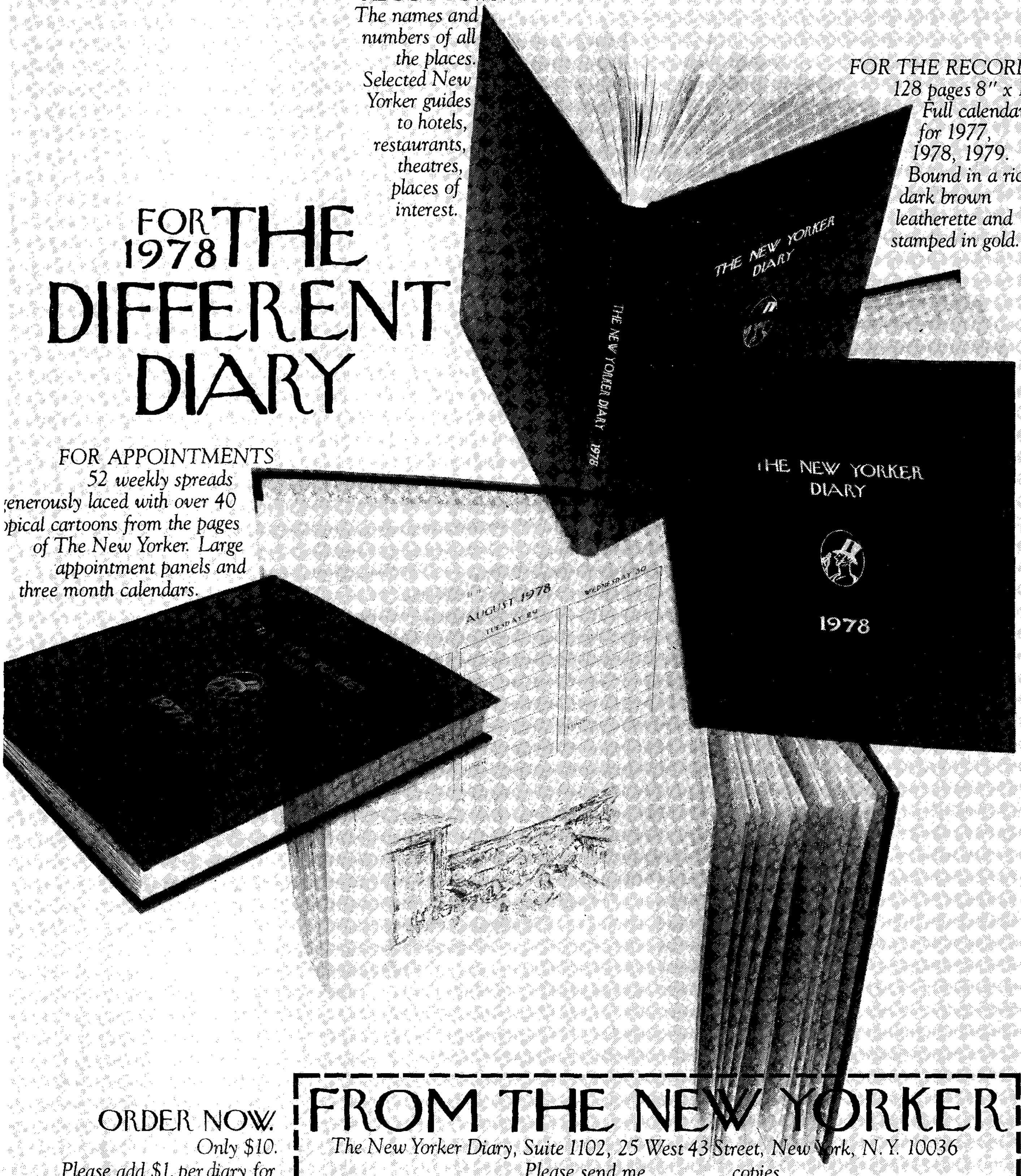
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was so surprised when she saw me. 'Sit down, Pig,' she said. 'What in the world are you doing here? You hungry? Miss Florida should have known better than to bring you up here like this'—and on and on like that. When she quieted down, she took me out to Hyde Park, where she worked, and got me a job as second cook for six dollars a week, room and board. She took the braids out of my hair and put me in dresses to make me look older. Right away, I sent my mother two dollars so she'd know where I was. I hadn't been there very long when I started sneaking out to a place called Dago Frank's, at Archer and State. It was a sporting bar, and when I tried to sing they told me to get out. But they finally gave me a chance, and I worked there a year and ten months. The hours were eight to twelve, for five dollars a week. I learned songs from the piano player like 'Melancholy,' which became known as 'Melancholy Baby,' and I also sang 'All Night Long' and 'Where the River Shannon Flows.' The next place I sang was Hugh Hoskins'. The dangerous element, like Give-a-Damn Jones, hung out there, but so did the pickpocket women, and they did everything in their power to show me how to live a clean life. Tack Annie was considered the cleverest pickpocket anywhere. She was a master. She had some sort of hook concealed in a front tooth, and by leaning over near a gentleman she could pull a diamond stickpin right out of his tie. But she was an ugly girl. Fact, she looked like a mule with a summer hat on. When I wrote 'Reap What You Sow,' I was thinking of some of those rough types.

"Hugh Hoskins' was a small place, which was enlarged because so many people came to hear me sing the blues. Then I was offered twelve dollars a week at the Panama Café, at Thirty-sixth and State. It was owned by Izzy Levine and Mr. Shaw. It was a long place, and there was an upstairs and a downstairs. There were five girls upstairs with a piano player and five girls downstairs with a piano player. Nettie Compton, Bricktop, Florence Mills, Cora Green, and Mattie Hite were downstairs, and Glover Compton, who was marvellous, was their piano player. Each one did her own thing, and the downstairs was swank, dicty. Upstairs, we had Nellie Carr, Goldie Crosby, Twinkle Davis, Mamie Carter, and me, and George Hall was the piano player. Nellie Carr did the splits, and Mamie Carter had a cute little dance. Twinkle Davis had legs like Marlene Dietrich, and Goldie Crosby had her

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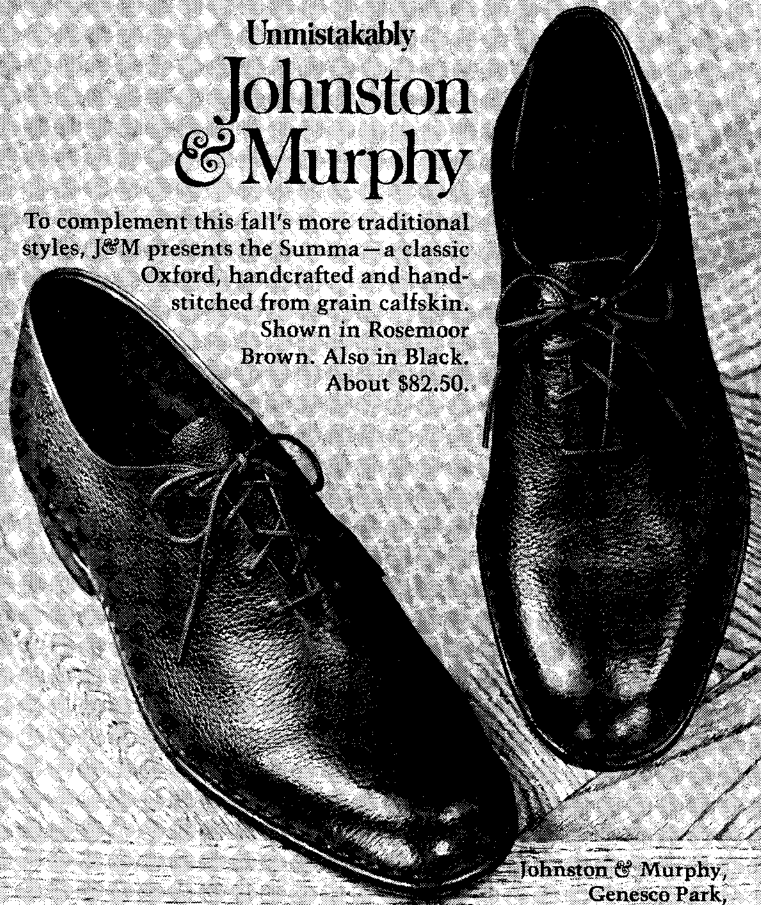

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jazzy little way. And I sang the blues. The people would pass on by Bricktop and them to come up and hear us. I worked next door at the De Luxe Café, too. Freddie Keppard played trumpet there. He was something—a big fellow. He had an old derby, and he put it over the bell of that trumpet and he'd make the hair stand up on your head. He could play loud and he could play so soft you couldn't barely hear him. Then I went across the street to the Dreamland Café, which was owned by Bill Bottoms, who later became Joe Louis's dietitian. He paid me seventeen dollars and fifty cents a week. Joe Oliver had just come up from New Orleans—this was around the First World War—and he had Sidney Bechet and Lil Hardin and Minor Hall. Oliver was big and dark, and I don't think he had any sight in his left eye. Leastwise, he sometimes wore a patch over it. But he was a lovely fellow. Later, after he brought Louis Armstrong up from New Orleans, I recall them playing 'Jerusalem' in harmony with their mutes and without any rhythm section—just the two of them floating along—and it was unbelievable. I think a little chill grew up between them when Louis began to be recognized. The Dreamland was a big square place, and the musicians played on a balcony. I'd sing down on the dance floor, and when I'd finish a song I'd throw up my hands so the musicians would know. All I'd have to do was hum a new song for them to get it. The dance floor was large, and the center was made of glass and had a light under it. There

was no segregation, and every sort of person came in—the pickpockets and society Negroes and politicians and gamblers. The gamblers were kings, and they were allowed to raise a fog, which is letting people go as far as they like. Al Jolson came to hear me do 'St. Louis Blues' and 'Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose.' Sophie Tucker came to hear me do 'Someday Sweetheart' and 'A Good Man Is Hard to Find.' Later, she'd send her maid Belle for me to come to her dressing room and teach her the songs, but I never would go, so her piano player would come over and listen and get everything down. But I was crazy about her as a singer, and she influenced me. I was at the Dreamland about five years, and while I was there I started recording for Paramount, through Mr. Ink Williams. Fletcher Henderson accompanied me, and so did Eubie Blake and Armstrong and the Original Memphis Five, with Phil Napoleon and Miff Mole. I remember the thick brown wax discs they recorded on and the wax shavings falling on the floor as I sang. The Memphis Five was white, and they could *go!* I was the first black singer to record with a white band. I recorded my 'Downhearted Blues' about a year before Bessie. I never so much as said good morning to her, but I heard her sing. That voice carried from here to midtown. She was crude, raucous, and her clothes were a little clowny, a little extravagant. She just stood there, and when she started 'Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out' you could feel her big heart going. When Bessie opened her mouth, it was the end of a perfect day. Of course, Florence Mills became just as big a star as Bessie, but she was the opposite. She was a hummingbird, and dainty and lovely. Her little voice was as sweet as Bessie's was rough, and it was like a cello."

Alberta Hunter buttons her sweater and looks around. Her expression is serene and bemused. "I better think about getting along, go home and finish the song I'm working on. It's a blues, which means to me what milk does to a baby. Blues is what the spirit is to a minister. We sing the blues because our hearts have been hurt, our souls have been disturbed. But when you sing the blues, let it be classy. Singing a ballad, the meaning of the words runs in my mind all the time. In 'Sunny Side of the Street,' I *see* that sunshine and I'm really as rich as Rockefeller. I'm always trying to tell a story, and I want my words to be understood. I've been writing blues and songs all my

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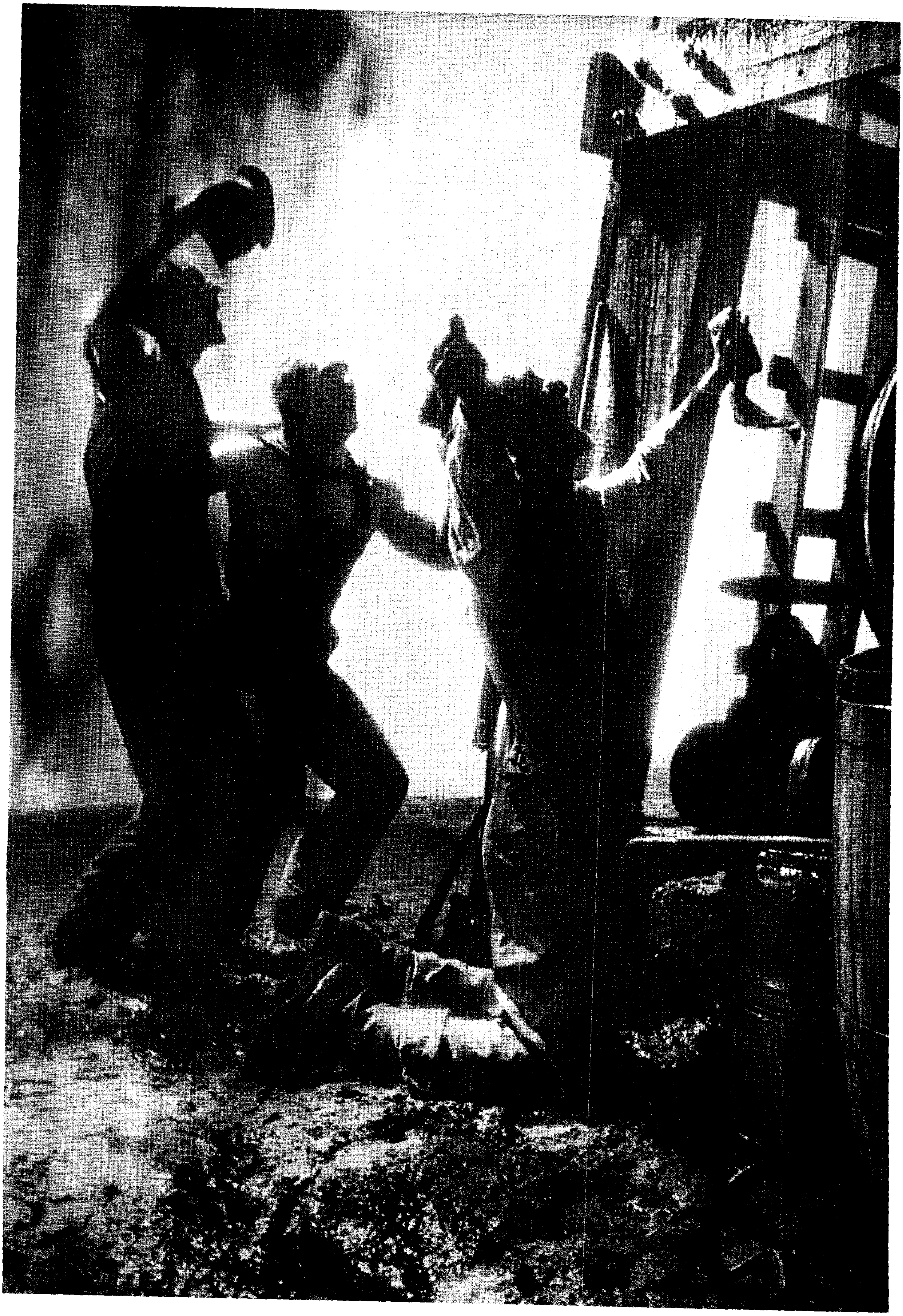

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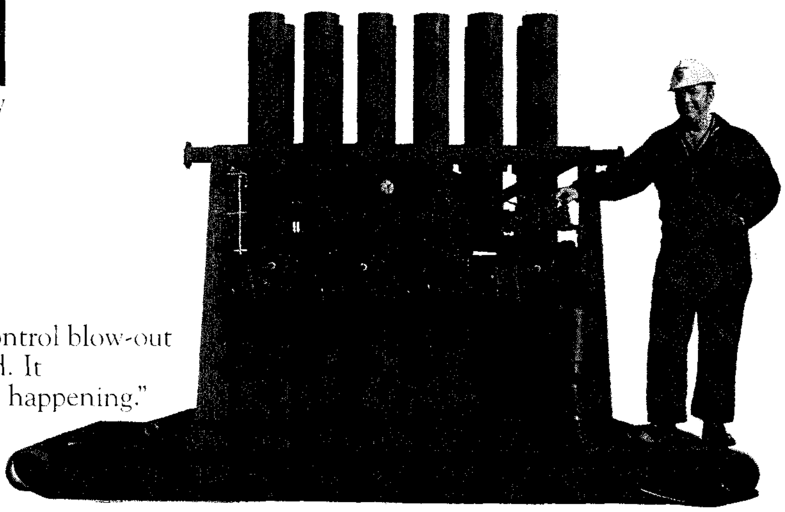

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life. A new song will often come to me at three or four in the morning. I'll hold it in my head and later that day dash downtown and get somebody to set it down on paper, because I don't know a note of music. Eddy Arnold sang my 'I Want to Thank You, Lord.' Dinah Washington did 'What's the Matter, Baby,' and Ella Fitzgerald did 'Downhearted Blues' and so did Mildred Bailey, who made a crackerjack record of it. My new song is called 'I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man.' " She sings, "I want a man who won't let his children play with neither dog nor cat but will bring in a skunk or a lion and say, 'Here, kids, play with that.'

"I just got the melody to it this morning." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

●

THE LITTLE ONES

When fog
Stands weed-high
And sky
Is the color
Of old bedsheets,
Molina and I
Squat under an oak
On a bench of roots,
Burning paper
And leaves
To keep warm.
We blow into
Our hands
And the white
That comes out
Drifts upward
Where heat
Does not reach.
Our eyes glow
Before the fire,
And Molina says
The sparrows
In this tree,
The little ones,
Find their heaven
Where the sky
Meets the earth.
For days
They will point
Far into coldness
Until that cold
Becomes the dark
Blowing across
Their eyes.
They will know
The south
When a bundle
Of smoke moves
Against the wind
And fields
Lift the rains
Of a thousand years.

—GARY SOTO

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THE THEATRE

OUT OF DUBLIN

“DRACULA” is charming—what other word could I possibly apply to a play that fills the Martin Beck Theatre with the sound of dogs howling in terror in the summer night; with a huge blue-black bat swooping in and out of an open French window in a great English country house that has been turned into a sanitarium for mental cases; with brave men who, baffled by the gibberings of one of the patients (he appears to have struck a particularly unsavory Faustian bargain with diabolic forces), are then confronted by no less a person than the king of the vampires, who has survived for five hundred years as a villainous, unkillable “undead” man, and who sucks life-giving blood from the delicate white throats of English virgins? The charm flows continuously from the very first scene, in which we are given strong hints of sensual corruption on the part of the vampire's latest victim, to the second-to-last scene, in which the vampire is momentarily held at bay by gleaming silver crucifixes and a Holy Communion wafer. In the last scene, something remarkable happens: the charm yields to a sensation of authentic dread. If at the outset we are tempted to smile at the drollery of so persistently gothic an evocation of evil (a bed canopy is festooned with bat wings), the climax of the play causes us to change our mood. In a splendidly high-vaulted and dusty crypt, the king of the vampires is revealed asleep in his earth-filled coffin, and a gallant young Englishman prepares to drive a stake into his heart; as we watch, shivers of unease run up and down our spines. For in the presence of death we are all more or less Old Believers—maybe, we think, there really *are* men and women who drink human blood and who contrive, century after century, never to die. . . . In our theatre seats, we shrink from our neighbors on either side; who knows when we, too, may find a stake and hammer handy?

Even to be setting down these words makes me nervous, but I think the world ought to be aware that certain eerie chronological coincidences are embodied in the present production. It comes to us exactly fifty years after the first production of the play, exactly eighty years after the first publication of the novel on which the play is based, and exactly one hundred and thirty years after the birth of Bram Stoker, the author of the novel. Perhaps these coincidences have provided an inspiration to the figures chiefly responsible for the grisly festivities at the Martin Beck. The first among them to deserve mention is surely Edward Gorey, who designed the sets and costumes and whose relish for the macabre is equalled only by that of Charles Addams, Edgar Allan Poe, and Bluebeard. In most of Mr. Gorey's enchanting little books, which he both composes and illustrates, something unspeakable—and therefore, it turns out, unprintable—is just about to happen; one's flesh creeps in the uncounted-on absence of horror. In “Dracula” a great deal happens, but the Gorey sets retain their equanimity, and the visiting bat evidently feels very much at home in them. After Mr. Gorey, I praise the director, Dennis Rosa, who has had the wit to keep his production as little campy as possible, and then Frank Langella, who, formidably handsome in a long black cape, plays with suave menace the role of the vampire, Transylvania's own favorite son, Count Dracula. A man—or, rather, a vampire—can learn a lot about seducing virgins and outwitting adversaries in the course of five hundred years, and Mr. Langella convinces us that only that fantastically brave and learned doctor Abraham Van Helsing could ever have got the better of him. Van Helsing is played with appropriate hard-breathing bravura by Jerome Dempsey, and the gallant Englishman who drives in the spike is admirably enacted by Alan Coates. The gibbering patient (Baxter Harris), the doctor who runs the sanitarium (Dillon Evans), the girl whom Count Dracula is making a nourishing nightcap of (Ann Sachs), the girl's maid (Gretchen Oehler), and an inept sanitarium attendant (Richard Kavanaugh) all have my thanks for making me laugh before shuddering.

Mr. Gorey's scenery was supervised by Lynn Pecktal, and his costumes by John David Ridge. The spooky lighting is by Roger Morgan, and the plausible bat is credited to Kim Herbert. The text is by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston. Stoker's marvellous first name, by the way, is a jumbled contraction of his baptismal name, Abraham. It's amusing to note that he gave his name, which was also his father's, to the heroic Van Helsing. Stoker was born in Dublin and spent most of his early life there. One wonders what was going on in Dublin in the late nineteenth century that prompted Stoker, Wilde, Russell, and Yeats, among others, to take such an interest in the supernatural. Was it simply the *Zeitgeist*, or was there also a Dublin *Geist*, hovering uneasily over Merrion Square?

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Actor Variations

LIKE his funny, haunting dramatic poem “Duck Variations,” David Mamet's funny, haunting “A Life in the Theatre,” at the de Lys, is entirely a matter of conversations between two actors—a young one, John (Peter Evans), and an older one, Robert (Ellis Rabb). They meet when they are rehearsing together for a show, and over the course of the evening we follow the growth of their friendship. Collaterally, we also follow the progress of their professional careers, because, thanks to an ingenious setting by John Lee Beatty, we see (from backstage, as it were) the two men performing for a series of audiences occupying a theatre that is a mirror image of the one we are sitting in. (Actually, what we see are fingernail parodies of various hack scenes from every conceivable kind of hack play the two actors have appeared in.) At the beginning, when the two men are barely acquaintances, Robert congratulates John on a scene he has just done, and John, neophyte that he is, replies with a brief “Thank you” and then—politely, and little realizing what he is in for—praises one of Robert's scenes and expresses a mild reservation about another. By the time the ensuing conversation is over, the men have moved a step into friendship, with Robert as instructor and keeper of tradition and John as his initiate. It is Robert's life that is in the theatre—and entirely so. In the dressing room the two men share, he turns much of what they do into a ritual,

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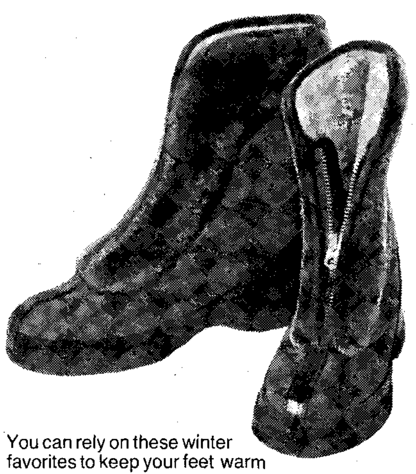

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and even transforms the contents of their makeup tables into a kind of litany—"powder, cold cream, greasepaint." John has quite a lot going on outside the theatre, as we gather from a couple of phone calls he makes and his tapping Robert for twenty dollars. It is only when the play is almost over that we realize how deep Robert's attachment to John has become, although he has given us no overt indication of it. After one opening night, they read the notices together—favorable to John and unfavorable to Robert—and Robert, though he assumes a generous detachment, cannot refrain from drenching the reviewers in verbal acid. Mr. Mamet has exposed the character of Robert—a sympathetic exposure, to be sure—and under all the pomposities and nonsense we see the nervous, touchy, tentative, and very lonely older man who must rely on the conventions and the lore of "the boards" to give him some inner dignity and confidence. During the action, every conceivable onstage mishap is at least touched upon: the missed entrance cue, the prop that comes apart, the lapse of memory and the subsequent panic, and—best of all—an especially funny scene in which Mr. Rabb strikes one ludicrous pose after another as he tries to conceal a broken zipper from the imaginary audience and at the same time act a tense excerpt from a British melodrama.

As Robert, Mr. Rabb is often funny, and he never misses a point, comic or pathetic, but his portrayal of this shrewdly observed hokey actor is *too* hokey and flamboyant. At any rate, I never entirely believed in him, being unable to lose him in the character or to separate his own stylistic flourishes from the dramatist's. As John, Mr. Evans does far more than just respond; bit by bit, he builds a credible and solid characterization of an interesting, confident young actor who is on his way. The director, Gerald Gutierrez, has done his work so nimbly that he can be considered the playwright's accomplice. As for the play itself, Mr. Mamet has written—in gentle ridicule; in jokes, broad and tiny; and in comedy, high and low—a love letter to the theatre. It is quite a feat, and he has pulled it off.

WHEN I saw Elaine Jackson's "Toe Jam" Off Off Broadway a couple of years ago, I felt that it and she were pretty hopeless. I was wrong about her. Her "Cockfight," which will run at American Place through October 30th, shows much progress and promise. It tells a story about New

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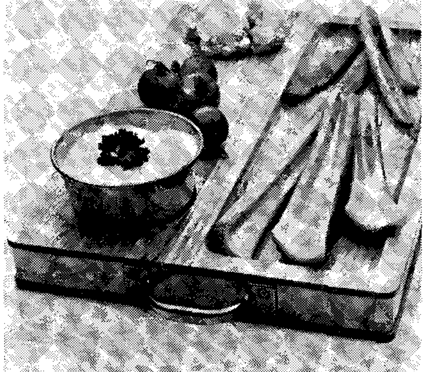

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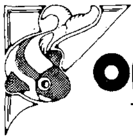

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York blacks who have become displaced persons in California, and specifically about the disintegration of a marriage. The action takes place in the converted farmhouse near San Francisco of a black couple, Reba and Jesse. Reba is a teacher; Jesse switches from writing a book on philosophy to playing and singing in a country-and-Western trio, to making jewelry with his old buddy Carl—an insidious fake and freeloader who lives with them—to bullying his sexually deprived wife into submission. The script turns out to be a feminist tract (tract, hell; grudge fight is more like it), a fact that eluded me for quite a while because I was so caught up in the incidental action that takes place in the interstices of the plot, and in the incidental dialogue—California dialogue, that is, dotted with "sexual energy" and "relationships" and "commitment" and "reality" and other lumps of half-digested psych. and phil. Miss Jackson has quite a satiric ear and the makings of a humorist, and she may, indeed, be headed in that direction. "Cockfight" is not a funny play, although there is humor in it; the heroine is, and feels herself to be, too much a victim for that, while the character of Carl is almost deformed by the dramatist's contempt for him. That of Jesse doesn't fare very well, either.

The performance, under the direction of Woodie King, Jr., is so lively that it may make the play seem even better than it is. Mary Alice acts Reba with an awareness of every shift in mood; Gylan Kain and Charles Brown do very well as aimless Jesse and wicked Carl; Cynthia McPherson is entertaining and believable as a desperate, spunky young woman at loose ends without a man of her own; and Morgan Freeman is wonderful as the leader of the country-and-Western trio—an older man oblivious of the emotional storms around him, and much given to reminiscence and tall stories. C. Richard Mills designed the exceptionally eloquent setting.

THE Roundabout's chipper production of "You Never Can Tell," which will also run through October 30th, puts a welcome end to the local Shaw drought of the past few years. This "Pleasant" play is one of Shaw's earliest and funniest, and one in which he himself is the butt of the joke that lies at its core. A mother has raised her three children—twins (boy and girl) now in their late teens and a daughter in her early twenties—entirely in accord with such Shavian principles as respect for the rights of women, free-

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dom from parental authority and family obligation, and the avoidance of sentimentality (which they confuse with sentiment). They have been living on Madeira, and now they return to England—there to meet, head on, a husband and father of whom the children know nothing, a man overwhelmed by feeling, most of it bad. More than that, the older daughter, her mother's most ardent disciple, is swept away by the love of an impecunious dentist. That they all end up wiser and with poise unshaken is the result of the offices of a pair of *dei ex machina*—an infinitely tactful waiter and his son, an infinitely bossy barrister.

To maintain—as Shaw does from beginning to end—a light touch with the pressure of truthfulness and emotion beneath it is an achievement. What Desmond MacCarthy, who reviewed Shaw better than anybody, once called his "glorious intellectual high spirits" are everywhere evident in this delightful play. My only acquaintance with it up to now was in print, yet it came as no surprise to me to find every moment of it theatrical and every part playable. It has been well cast—no brilliance or star acting but everything in keeping—and the performance, under Tony Tanner's direction, trips merrily along, never impeding the script or muffing any of its points. All the actors are capable, among them Rachel Gurney, properly handsome and remote as the mother, and Richard Niles, who appears to have been put on earth to play Shaw, as a twin. One quibble: the title of a book that someone is reading has been changed from "Schopenhauer" to "The Subjection of Women." Damned impudence!

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The Society's year which comes to its close with this meeting has not been marked by any major event, but to be able to look back on a year of active and harmonious furtherance of the Society's aims is, in the context of the tumultuous modern world, in itself a matter for congratulation.—*From the President's address, Journal of the Royal Numismatic Society.*

Hang in there! A sherry party is coming up soon.

•

MOST FASCINATING REMINDER OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Asheville* (N.C.) *Citizen*]

On July 21, 1946, Bolivian President Gualberto Villarroel was assassinated on Feb. 24, 1945.

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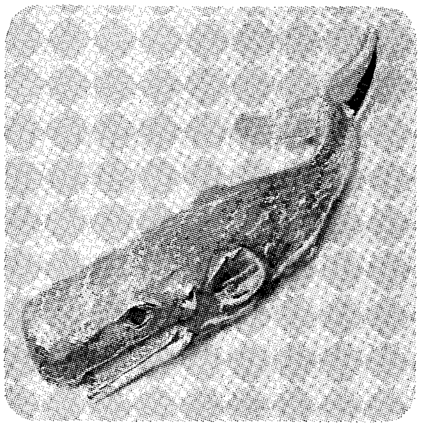

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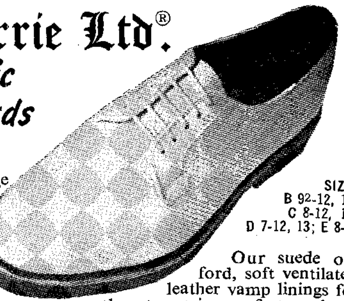

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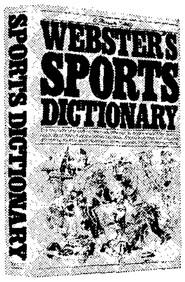

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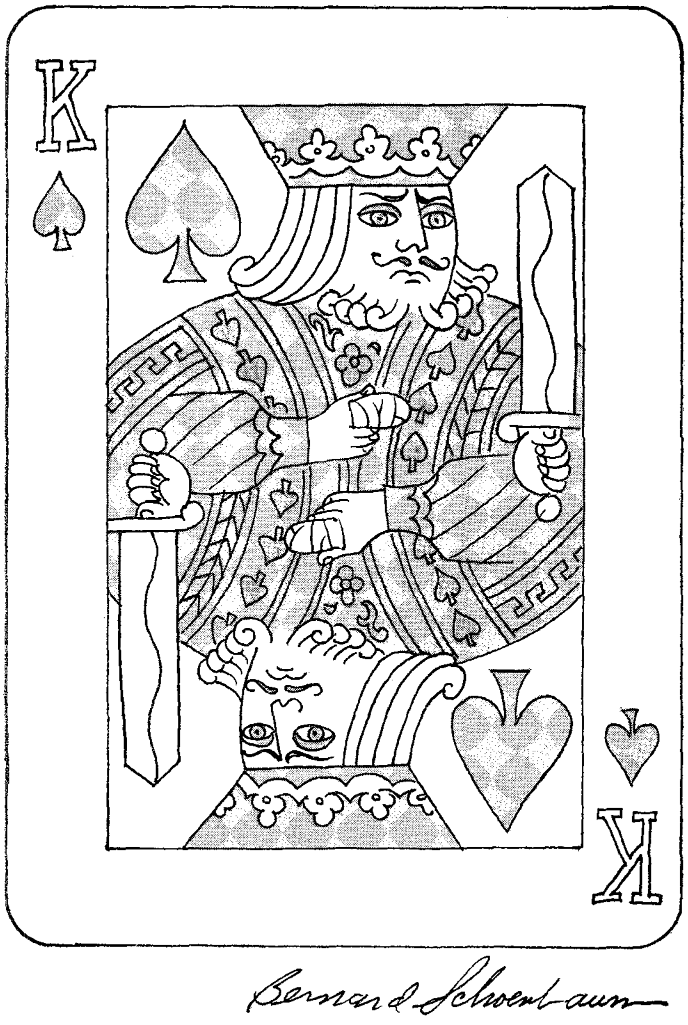
THE AIR

"The News"

A BIG story broke a few weeks ago that was made to order for television news. At 2:30 A.M., long after most of the nation's morning papers had gone to press, Israel's Foreign Minister, Moshe Dayan, and President Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, at the end of hours of talks between the President and Dayan, held a press conference at the United Nations Plaza Hotel in New York and announced to the world, or to anyone who was listening, that the United States and Israel had just reached a sudden, and perhaps surprising, agreement to reconvene the Middle East peace talks in Geneva later in the year. Some hours after the event, newspapers were being delivered that carried no information about what had happened; the *Times* and the Washington *Post*, for example, had to wait one full day before they could get the story of the U.S.-Israel accord before their readers—such being the exigencies of press runs and of publication schedules. But television—purveyor of electronic journalism and the fabled techniques of fast-flow information—had clear sailing; in fact, the network news departments had a scoop on their desks about an important story that no one in print could touch until, at best, the nation's surviving afternoon papers reached the newsstands halfway through the day.

And what did they do with it? They did just about nothing. This isn't to say that the U.S.-Israel agreement went entirely unreported on the "Today" show or "Good Morning America" or the "CBS Morning News;" in a way, nothing of a factual nature and of a certain level of bureaucratic significance ever goes entirely unreported on television. But so little was made of the story on morning television that as news it scarcely existed, and as a scoop—exciting news—it existed not at all. The "Today" show ran the bare bones of the announcement, amid early-morning chitchat by the program's announcers, and then produced NBC's "State Department correspondent," Richard Valeriani, for the equivalent of a slight, hundred-word commentary that was done mostly in the new give-and-take sports-announcer style with Floyd Kalber, the "Today" show's chief news reader. Thus, Kalber asked Valeriani what the "chances of success" were for a Middle East peace conference, and Valeriani replied, "I think the chances now are about sixty-forty," shortly after which Kalber thanked Valeriani "for getting up so early and coming in and talking to us—we appreciate it." While the skeletons of deceased city editors twitched frantically in their graves, doubtless remembering the number of times they had forgotten to thank reporters for getting up early and coming in to talk to them, matters were not proceeding much more satisfactorily on ABC's "Good Morning America," where the same brief news clips of the announcement were shown, followed by the most perfunctory of commentaries, this time by ABC's "diplomatic correspondent," Barrie Dunsmore, who said that "a major rift between the U.S. and Israel has been healed."

In any case, the point to be made is not about the literacy level, high or low, of ABC's and NBC's handling of the peace-talk story but that, first, at no time did these electronic purveyors of fast-flow journalism indicate that a story of major proportions had fallen into their hands, and, second, no television news editor's voice appeared to have been raised, or raised loud enough, to rescue the story from the preponderant entertainment flow and give it significant news space of its own. As is their custom, ABC and NBC repeated the original announcement a couple of times in the course of each two-hour program, along with other noteworthy news items of the morning, such as the previous day's reduction of the prison sentences of H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and John Mitchell, the previous day's events in Miami's "TV trial," and the previous day's Pentagon release about a new Soviet "killer satellite." But, practically speaking, on both these widely popular once news-conscious and now "informational" shows the bizarre and dramatic early-morning U.S.-Israel rapprochement simply disappeared into the treacle jar of already scheduled programming. Thus, "Today" devoted its news-feature space to an account—already scheduled—of the natural-gas legislation, and also provided stories about a whistling contest, paperback-book advertising, and truck-driving accidents. ABC's "Good Morning America" stayed with its interview of Billy Graham; also with Howard Cosell, a report on "New York's troubled diamond business," Rona Barrett discussing contraceptive advertising, and a sweet film about lions in Africa. On the whole, the "CBS Morning News" appeared to do best with the U.S.-Israel story (though actually it did little better than its competitors, also failing to really press the story, and providing similarly warmed-over commentary by Ed Bradley)—for the simple, if negative, reason that the "CBS Morning News" is still a news program, not yet having surrendered to the growing vogue for "soft" news or for informational entertainment. Thus, its not very enterprising account was at



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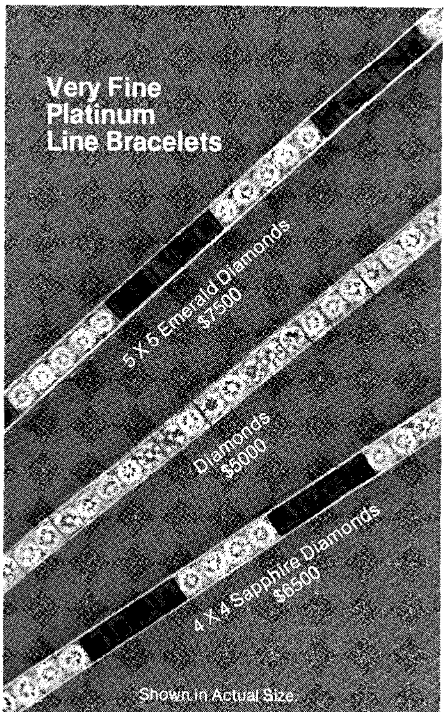
least able to make a modest place for itself as news, and not be instantly swallowed up or merged with Howard Cosell or whistlers or those sweet lions.

IT is not yet a question on everyone's lips, but still it is a question that has more currency than some might imagine: What is one to make of the news these days, especially of the news on television? To begin with, what a strangely modern question this is, for what is now usually meant is not *the news*—the problems that news reports refer to, such as might have led a concerned citizen of a generation or more ago to say he or she was "worried about the news"—but the form and shape of these reports: "the news." The concerned citizen of today rarely seems to furrow his or her brow much at the multitude of crises and events that parade with a certain stately, rhythmic step across the TV screen or the pages of the newspapers and news magazines, despite the fact that these events and crises are just as heavily fraught with threats of war or economic decline or personal catastrophe as they ever were. It has been said that the sheer size of the parade creates its own inattention—a numbing of response which is produced by living in an era characterized by Lack of Ignorance, as a writer has put it. In the modern fashion, news stories on television are increasingly designed or organized so that they have the semblance of tactility but are usually without the real rough surfaces or hooks that will make our fingers stick to them for more than a few seconds. For instance, a correspondent on camera intones that the Supreme Court decision on the Bakke case will "affect us all," and doubtless he is right, but who believes him? How many citizen viewers turn to their mates and say, "Honey, we better start preparing for some changes"? Who worries over the natural-gas crisis except people in the natural-gas business or those few businessmen who are actually about to run out of gas? Who worries over the Middle East crisis except people who live in the Middle East or those few here who feel themselves thickly involved? If Hitler's troops were reoccupying the Rhineland now, I imagine that we would be hearing a good deal more about it than people did in 1936, and worrying about it less. This is not to say that there aren't some perfectly real matters that people might worry about—for instance, contingency plans that do or don't exist in Washington and Moscow safes; missile-targeting



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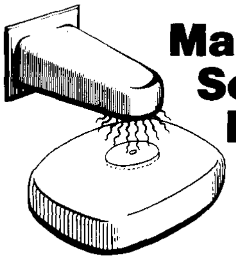

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priorities; secret agreements that may or may not be in force—but these are things that exist far beneath the sea, out of sight, out of hearing, out of conjecture. Such truly worrisome subjects are not, as yet, amenable to ordinary news treatment, or even to ordinary thinking, and only a minority of the minority of concerned citizens attempts to dive deep enough to catch a glimpse of them. By far the larger portion of the minority—a group that now must number many millions—appears to worry less about what's happening in the world than about the way the world's events are presented to it.

Thus, the modern citizen earnestly concerns himself with whether the news is slanted or unslanted, élitist or nonélitist. Not just the news executive but the newspaper or magazine reader is conversant with the debate, or dialogue, about "soft" and "hard" news. Books are written about the processes of the "news industry" or "news establishment." Magazine articles appear not only about news personalities but about "news trends": new developments in "news formats" and "news styling." On television, panel shows discuss the "role of media": the "role of media" in national, state, or local elections—were "issues" given prominence, or only "images"? Lectures about "the news" are increasingly popular, before both women's clubs and business organizations; also at universities, where courses are given in news methodology.

The majority of the nation's people, of course, appears to have little interest in this new topic; thus, television news managers have been able to point to the contentedly viewing, or dozing, mass public as signalling approval of the news fare that is being given it, and so to continue about their business, which currently seems to amount to nothing much more mature or ambitious than an old-fashioned circulation war. That this contentedly viewing mass public is more or less the same public that in the past contentedly read stock-market reports and then lost its shirt in the market, or contentedly "followed the news" in the papers and then lost its life or its legs, or the lives or legs of its children, in distant wars, should probably give somebody pause by now, but it doesn't seem to. The public seems bent on doing things its own way, even if the farm burns down in the process. But that's not really true, either. For what's marvellous about the mass *as mass* is its instinct for self-preservation. That is, the mass public talks a big game about not giving a damn, and almost believes its own

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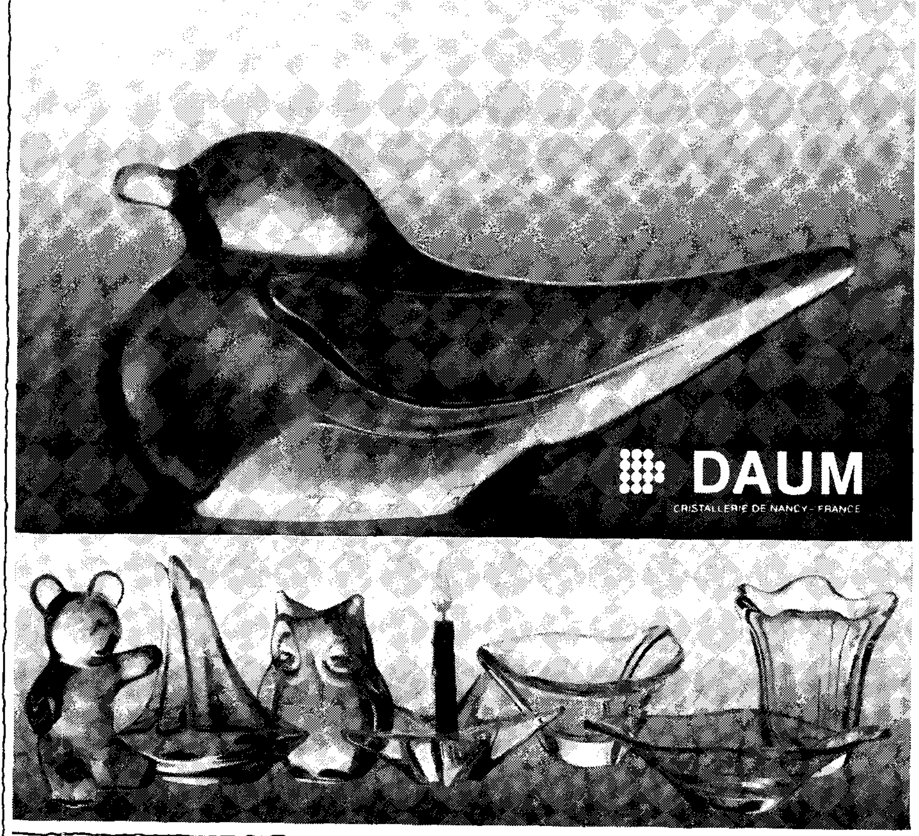

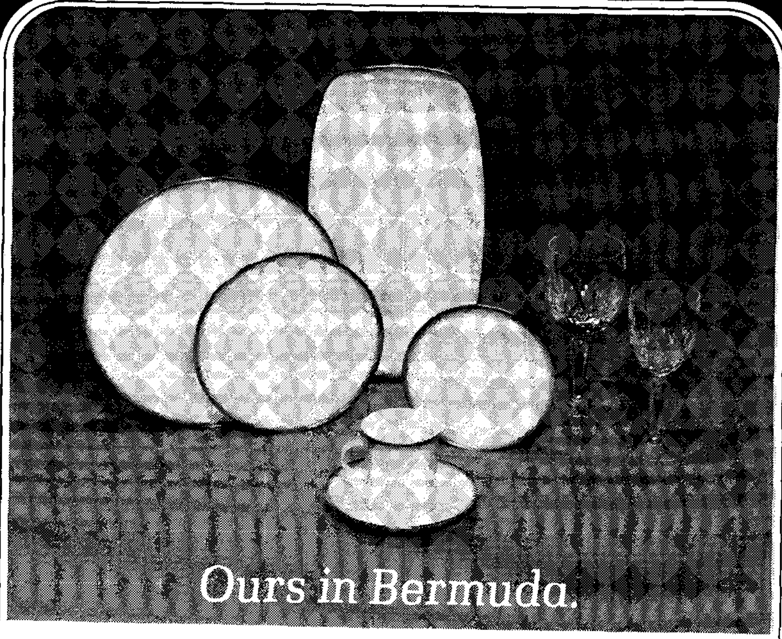

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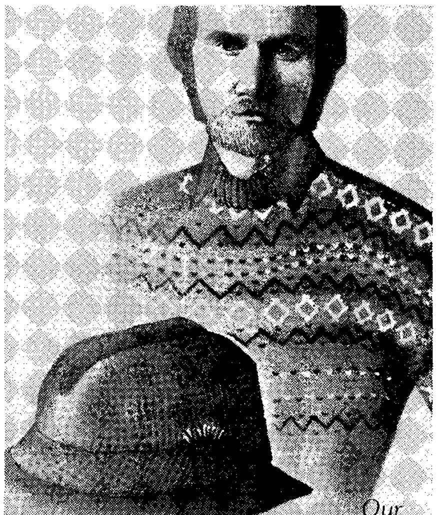

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rhetoric, but what it actually does is very much like what the uneducated, self-made farmer does who has scraped enough money together to send his lazy, good-for-nothing son to college so that, just conceivably, the fellow may pick up enough education to electrify the farm, and conceivably enough wisdom to, so to speak, represent the old man in the future at a "higher" level. In other words, the mass public, while appearing not to care, cares enough to dispatch its own outriders into the future: the oddly chosen minority of the supposedly educated who are required to march ahead in their fine clothes, complaining and being complained about, ridiculing and being ridiculed, and theoretically lighting the way. The public never thanks its outriders at the time for boring it to death about the need for social legislation in the nineteen-thirties, or about the danger of Hitler in the nineteen-thirties, or about the moral hazards of Vietnam in the nineteen-sixties, but in the end, and sometimes just in the nick of time, the new messages are accepted and the farm stays solvent for another generation, and that is usually thanks enough.

Now it seems that the outriders of our society are sending back a new set of messages about "the news," and into an equally solid wall of initial public uninterest. But clearly something is up. Clearly, the complaints and murmurs about the *processes* of news are keyed to something solid that will have to be reckoned with later. The outriders have found the shape of the problem—call it the form of the news. But what is the problem itself? On the surface, it appears to be defined by the debate about soft news and hard news. Thus, where once television was criticized for "trivializing" news, in recent times both newspapers and news magazines as well as television stations have been outscrambling one another to make news more entertaining. Last summer, the *Times* seemed to run less about international politics than features about interior decoration. *Time* has lately restyled itself so as to emphasize news features—i.e., soft news—at the expense of its traditional columns of hard (or semi-hard) news. Throughout nearly every news organization, it's as if a palace revolution had taken place, with the old king of the old-fashioned, hard-news story having been toppled from his granite throne, and with the chamberlains running about the city proclaiming now one leader and then another—but basically with everyone appearing to be delighted at not being

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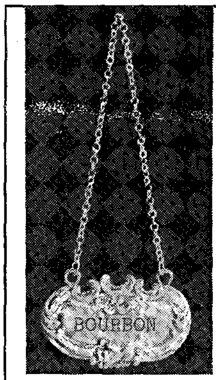

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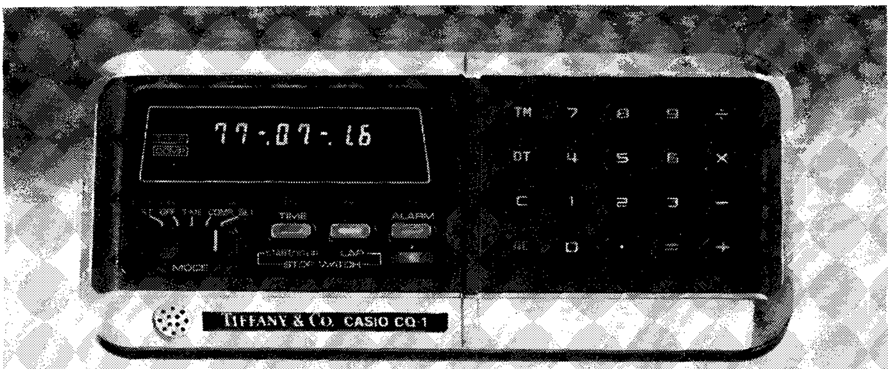
governed at all. "Everything is news!" a television executive announced not long ago, explaining why his evening news show had devoted an appreciable amount of time to an interview with a baseball coach, and who is to say him nay? On a rival channel a few nights later, there was a longish story about some swans in Maryland that were eating too much underwater grass.

These were network programs, too, and not local news, which has been for some time the chief repository of the soft, or the softheaded, or (to put the best face on it) the human-interest, story on television. For one of the things that seem to be happening in television news is that the big boys at the networks have taken to copying the smaller fry at the local stations, and not the other way around. As of now, network news still seems relatively straight and solemn—relatively hard—when compared with local news; but this is a hardness that is being eroded rapidly. Thus, Barbara Walters was brought from the "Today" show to co-anchor ABC's evening news with Harry Reasoner. Then NBC, not to be outdone in on-camera personability, brought up David Brinkley from Washington to co-anchor with John Chancellor—presumably so as to offset Chancellor's straight-faced, no-nonsense approach to news with his own straight-faced, no-nonsense approach to humor. Only the estimable Walter Cronkite at CBS remains a solitary anchorperson on the evening news, and though there is not necessarily any special virtue in having one on-camera newsman rather than two or several, by reason of his own personification of traditional news authority as well as by reason of the lax standards elsewhere in most broadcasting news operations Cronkite increasingly has about him the unlikely look of a venerable anachronism. Sooner or later, you rather expect to see him wearing galluses and a green eyeshade and being played by Hal Holbrook.

As for the content of network news stories, by and large, given the time limitations, this still comes across much as it always has; but increasingly it, too, has started to slide off into the surrounding waffle. Thus, last week, in the course of nightly news broadcasts, each of which ran (not counting commercials) for no more than twenty-four minutes, the three networks devoted sizable chunks of their time to such subjects as an international conference for "iceberg utilization;" the social aspects of an art show in New York; a feature on the expense-account



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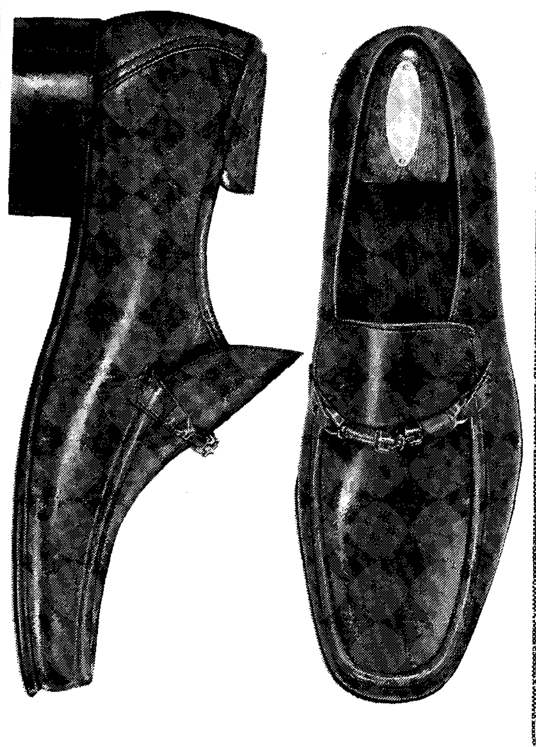

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lunch; a feature on an inventor who had received a patent twenty-five years after making his invention; a feature on the dangers of liquefied-natural-gas fires, which mainly showed fine glimpses of previous fires; a feature on the space shuttle, which mainly showed fine glimpses of the space shuttle in flight; a humorous story about a sculptor in Hartford who had left a lot of boulders on the courthouse lawn; a feature on Amtrak, which mainly showed fine glimpses of trains; and those swans that had been eating too much grass.

The reasons for the new movement toward this soft news are fairly well known: first, the popularity, at least among certain television-station managers, of "news consultants" such as Phil McHugh and Frank Magid, who have raised the ratings of a number of news programs by "personalizing" the newsroom and by emphasizing entertainment features; and, second, the success of CBS News' "60 Minutes," with its appealing combination of dramatic, prosecutorial interviewing and well-made, *Life*-type features. On the whole, ABC, which was the tardiest of the three networks to build up a competent news organization, seems to be the most eager to follow the new vogue. No sooner was Barbara Walters ensconced on the co-anchor throne with Reasoner than she was off doing "at-home" interviews with Barbra Streisand and Rosalynn Carter. Howard Cosell spins dizzily from network sports programs to network news programs. "Good Morning America" seems to be anchored by an intelligent man, David Hartman, but he isn't a newsman and doesn't pretend to be—he's an amateur trying to look right, and do the right thing, and not get caught. NBC, on the other hand, is a bit like the old lady in tennis sneakers tripping over herself trying to learn the new dance steps. In the past, NBC News never quite matched the spirit of CBS News, but it frequently employed fine correspondents and produced solid television news shows—at one point backing up the anchor team of Huntley and Brinkley with Frank McGee, Edwin Newman, Sander Vanocur, and John Chancellor, which was as good a team of working TV correspondents as then existed. But that was a while ago, and now Huntley and McGee are dead, Vanocur is at ABC as an executive, Newman is a media star in his own right, and Chancellor works up front, using his face muscles more than his leg muscles. The "NBC Nightly News" isn't a bad program, as network news programs

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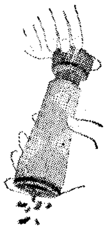

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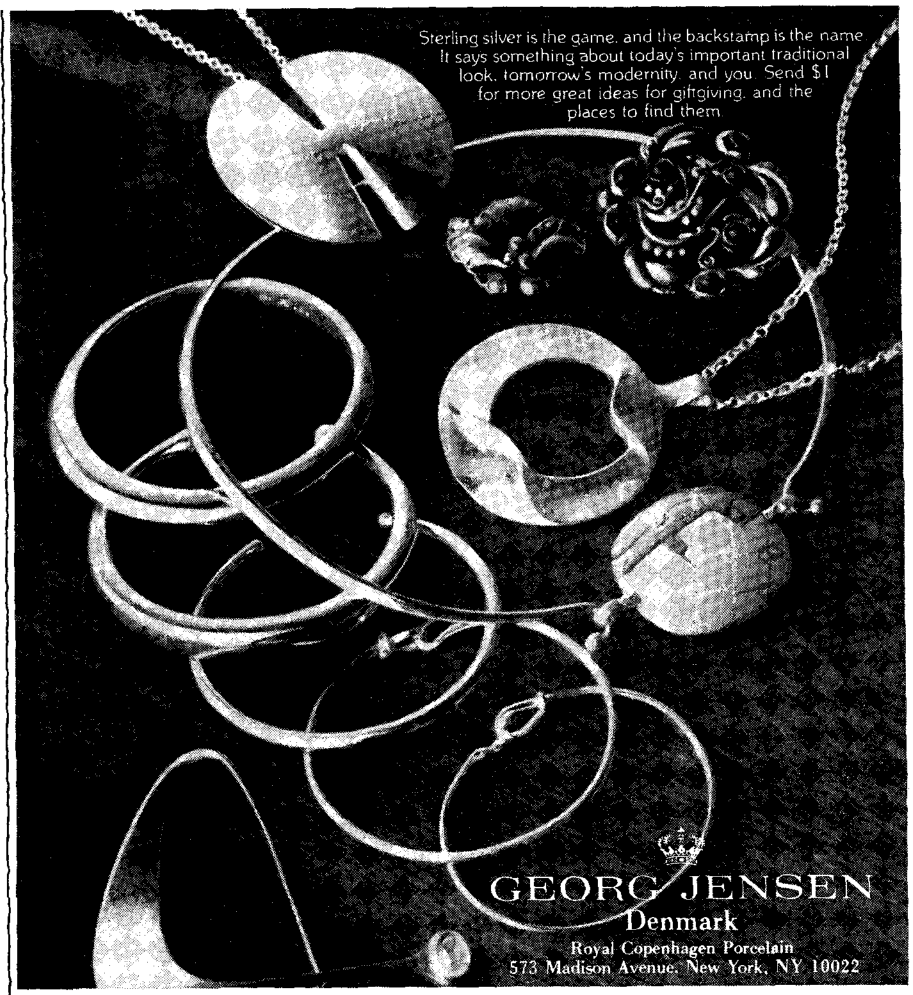
go. It covers pretty much the same news that the others do, and its share of effective correspondents is still fairly high. But it seems to know less about what it's doing—or what it should be doing—than its rivals. One moment, it tries the traditional, straight-arrow two-minute network news thing, but without much drive. The next moment, it's trying to show off and be modish, like ABC, with soft little stories or else with the new "60 Minutes" type of feature that it has jammed into the evening news—"Segment 3"—which, like so much else in news these days, is mostly packaging: a documentary-type feature but without documentary work or preparation; in other words, an ordinary evening news story stretched out longer.

CBS News remains the best of the network news organizations, but one can sense that its news standards, which were still being ironed out at the end of the Vietnam war and the beginning of Watergate, are coming under fire from a new direction—from inside the company. Spokesmen for CBS are forever remarking nowadays that the "CBS Evening News" is one thing and "CBS Reports" is another thing and "60 Minutes" is yet another thing, and never the three shall meet—or, at least, inflict themselves on one another. But even the casual viewer can detect that "CBS Reports" has pulled in its horns considerably—in fact, is scarcely visible—while the popular "60 Minutes" goes sailing ahead; and that the effect of "60 Minutes" on news programming in general, even on the saintly "CBS Evening News," is substantial in all sorts of ways, including the emphasis on personality and on features, and also including the intrusion of an "investigative" (i.e., prosecutorial) manner of interviewing where often none is called for.

OBVIOUSLY, there should be room for all sorts of programs: for "60 Minutes" as well as "CBS Reports;" for hard-news stories and documentaries as well as soft-news features and interviews. But that is not the way television seems to work. There are trends. The trends point toward dollars. The executive rabbits follow the trends. Traditionalist newsmen as well as traditionalist viewers profess concern at the new wave sweeping over what is, thus far, still the beginnings of broadcast journalism, but at the same time they are painfully aware that youth must be served and that while it is bad enough to be old, it is usually worse to be old and to be caught clinging to old con-



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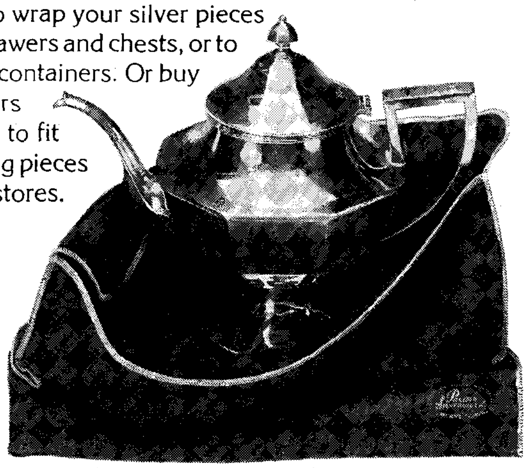

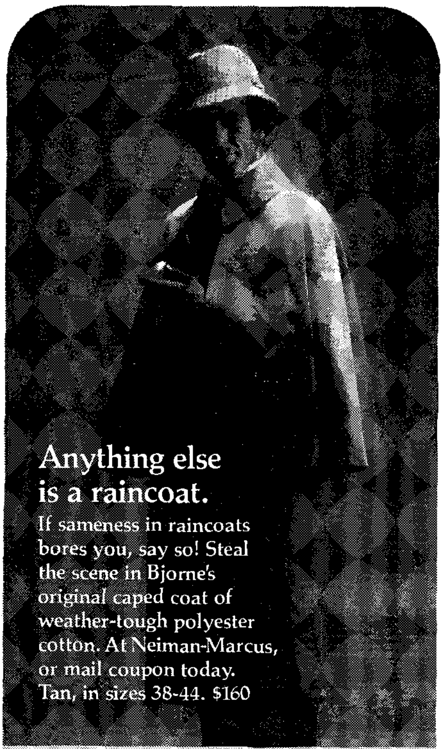
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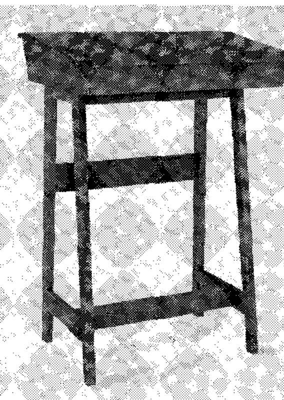
cepts. Maybe "everything" is news, after all? Does it matter, in the end, if one reports on the king or on the kingdom or on the king's valet? The mass public seems to nod its assent to the idea of not-mattering, though the outriders keep making fools of themselves by wringing their hands and muttering into their beards. "Something's *screwy* with the news," they seem to say. The mass public belches. The minions of the great communications proprietors point happily to the mass public and then fall upon the outriders and rush them out the door.

But what have the outriders seen? Surely it can be nothing so simple or reactionary as the dangers of progress? For, beneath all the flurry about what "the news" is doing or not doing, a shift in the logic of television journalism is certainly taking place. In other words, television's special strengths, which have tended all along toward portraiture, anecdote, and intimacy—and which for many years have been resisted by television news organizations while they were largely composed of traditional print, or print-oriented, journalists—are simply being employed with greater force now by television management in order to ensnare a wider and more profitable audience. Aside from the logic of commerce, there is thus a logic of form or of technique which supports this shift: why should not television do what *it* does best, and let print journalism do what *it* does best? Is that all there is to it then—the march of progress?

In some ways, probably yes. The old ways are hard to give up, the new ways hard to stomach. And consider some of these old ways—hard news, for example. Hard news hasn't been such a treat all the time. Hard news gave us the surface of the Cold War. Hard news gave us the buildup in Vietnam. Hard news gave us the body counts. Hard news has often been authoritarian and bureaucratic—difficult to connect with or to accept emotionally. Hard news didn't help us much—either in the mass or as minorities—to stumble through the past decades, and so now we are trying soft news. There is much to recommend it—at least, on the surface. It seems so natural to television, and even to other media. How fascinating those glimpses of personality! Those faces! Those personal, offhand moments! The parade of individuals and of individuality throughout the news seems such a pleasant change from, or antidote to, all those official statements (that group picture of the Congress of Vienna!)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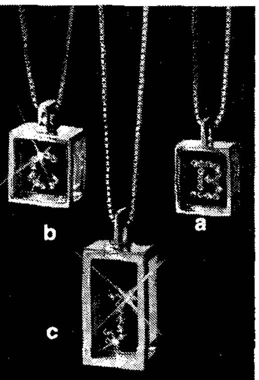

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that the old king gave us. But there is a further thought, a further possibility. I wonder if the extrusion of soft news into a form as rigid and all-knowing as that once occupied by hard news doesn't result in a public perspective that is in fact regressive, almost "pastoral," and intrinsically confusing. In other words, to say that the new, casual type of news is unauthoritarian begs the question; it is only that the locus of the authority has changed—from the dream of bureaucratic power to the dream of individual power. Thus, old-fashioned hard news tried to tell us (through its world view) that the official acts of statesmen, bureaucrats, governments, world bodies were the only permissibly effective acts in the world, which, of course, was false—impossible to relate to, when our eyes and ears increasingly told us how the actions of individuals, of unofficial groups, of informal bodies were altering the march of great events. But now soft news threatens to turn us backward, into some garden, an arcadia where individuals now count for *everything*—individuals smiling, talking, expressing their opinions—and that is perhaps, for the modern world, just as false. In short, it may well be that we can't, or won't, resolve the great dilemmas before us (of which those of geopolitics and energy are only two visible forms) either as faceless proles or through the impersonal grunts and heavings of giant bureaucracies; but are we likely to resolve them any better, or any sooner, or at all, through the dream or world view of the single, candid, personally expressive individual face? I suspect that it is this image that the outriders have found, not knowing what they have found, and so, for the present, they mutter nervously about "the news" as they watch the closeups proliferating on the screen, as they observe the soft gauze of personability descending on great events, as they become aware, perhaps, even of a soft-news President who leads us. It wouldn't be the first occasion, after all, when it wasn't so much the times that were out of joint as the way we looked at them.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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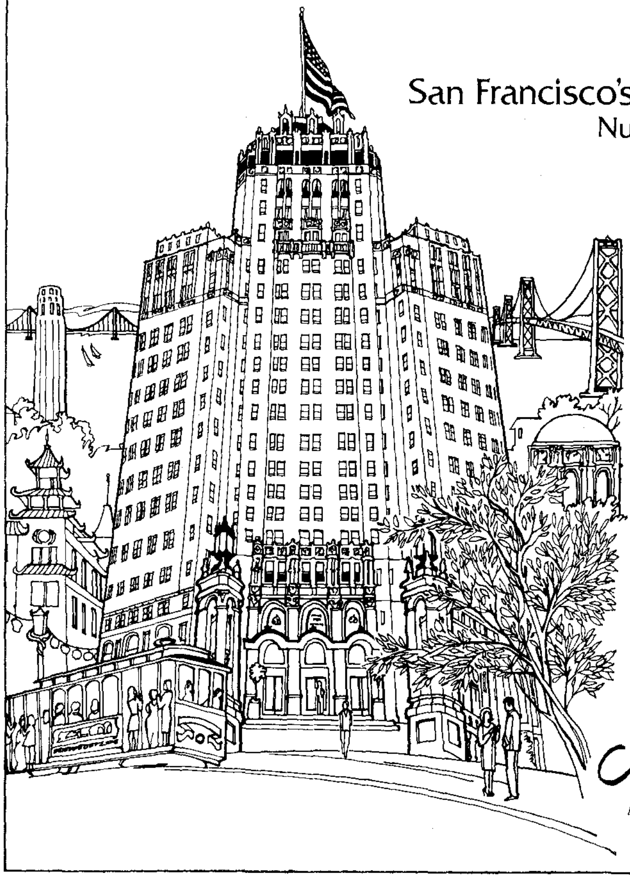

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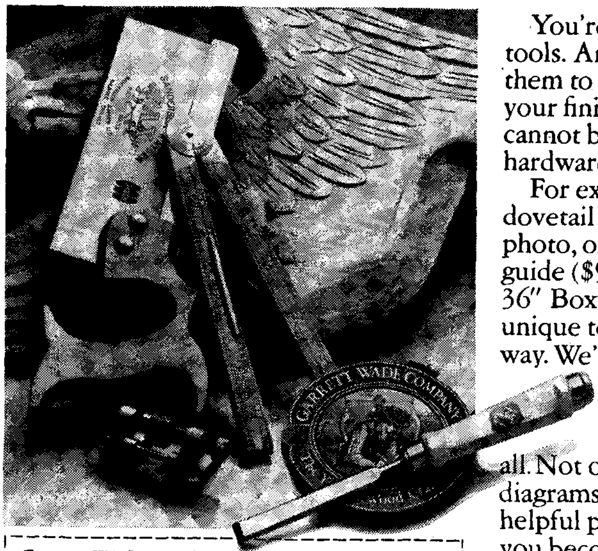

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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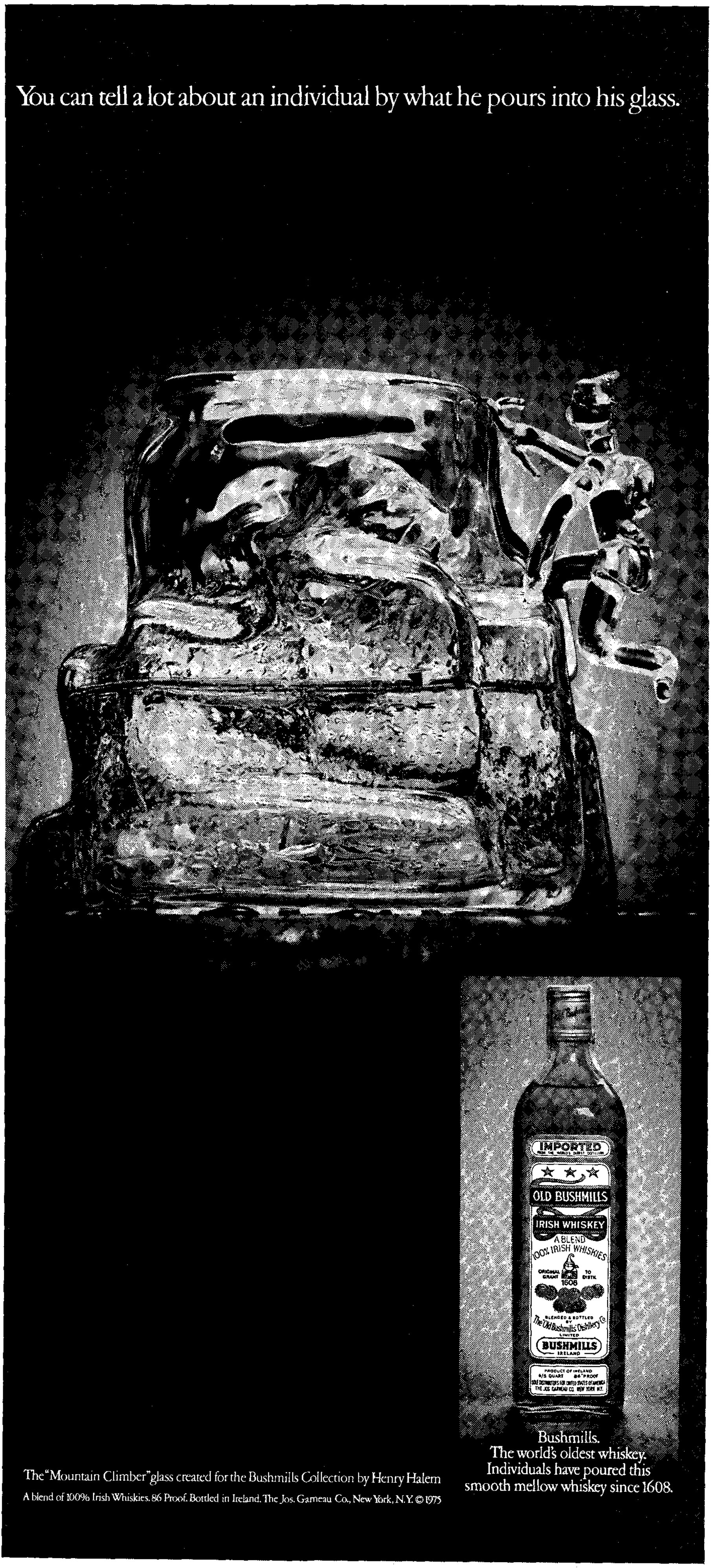
HARRISON BIRTWISTLE'S "Silbury Air," a Koussevitzky Music Foundation commission, first played in March by the London Sinfonietta (which has thirteen Birtwistle pieces in its repertory), was given its first American performances at the opening concerts of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center season. The work takes its title from a romantic place—Silbury Hill, on the edge of Salisbury Plain. By a Victorian antiquary that huge conical mound, man-made, the largest of its kind in Europe, was claimed as a monument to those who fell in Arthur's last battle, but it must be older than that: the Roman road to Bath swerved to skirt it. Avenues of monoliths march across the fields toward the awesome stone circles of Avebury. No one is quite sure why Silbury Hill was raised (except Michael Dames, who in "The Silbury Treasure," published last year, identified it as the womb of an enormous representation of the Great Goddess). Whatever the original purpose, it is now a place both numinous and beautiful. I have lain on its summit at noon, listening to lark song, an ecstasy to music turned, pour down from near-invisible dots high above, and have dreamed there at midnight while mysterious lights moved through the enchanted sky. Silbury is a name to conjure with, one not to be taken lightly. Birtwistle's title suggests a piece that might keep company with Peter Maxwell Davies's "Stone Litany," behind which lies the landscape, both actual and associative, of Maeshowe, that great prehistoric barrow in the Orkneys, and with the Ghost-Nocturne in George Crumb's "Makrokosmos II"—marked "dark, fantasmic, subliminal"—behind which lies the landscape of Stonehenge, not far from Silbury Hill. But in a note on his work Birtwistle disclaims any attempt at "a romantic reflection of the hill's enigmatic location" or "a parallel with any of its evident geometry." What, then, did he have in mind? A "compound artificial landscape or imaginary landscape," it seems, created by music, and kin to Silbury only in being the product of careful, "logical" construction.

Birtwistle has written "music of landscape"—his own term for it—before. An orchestral piece of 1971, rugged, romantic, and laid out in clearly defined sonic planes, was titled "An Imaginary Landscape." "The Triumph of Time" (1972) and "Melencolia I" (1976) are musical landscapes "after," respectively, a Bruegel painting and a Dürer engraving. These works, like "Silbury Air," are, in their composer's words, made by "presenting musical ideas through the juxtaposition and repetition of 'static blocks' or . . . objects—the objects themselves being subjected to a vigorous invented logic via modes of juxtaposition, modes of repetition, modes of change." They are slow, reflective pieces. "Silbury Air" differs from them in moving fast; it is almost a dance composition. At the start of the score, there is set out a "pulse labyrinth"—four tables of metronome figures, unexplained—which I don't pretend to understand. (Any figure divided by a higher one to left or right of it yields .9375, but the vertical relationships vary.) A listener, however, needs no such guide to enjoy his sonic adventures through the labyrinth of the music itself. Like Birtwistle's "Meridian," it begins and ends with repetitions of E, defining a horizon above, beneath, or across which the "objects" are set. The pulse moves from one dancing metre to another. The colors change. (The work, which lasts about eighteen minutes, is scored for woodwind quartet, on alternating instruments; trumpet, horn, and trombone; five strings; piano, harp, and percussion.) The textures alter now by imperceptible small stages, now at a swift, drastic stroke. Gay scraps of almost popular melody, sometimes from a solo instrument, sometimes hocketed within the play of the ensemble, come leaping forward. Gerard Schwarz conducted a buoyant, brilliant performance. The Chamber Music Society audience is generally reckoned conservative in its taste, but it greeted "Silbury Air" with the warmest reception for a contemporary work that I have heard in Alice Tully Hall since Elliott Carter's Third String Quartet had its première.

EARLIER this month, at the second program of the Chicago Symphony's season, Michael Tippett's Fourth Symphony, commissioned by the orchestra, had its first performances. (It comes to Carnegie Hall next week.) By his seventieth birthday, in 1975, Tippett had written three operas, three symphonies, three concertos, three string quartets, and three piano sonatas, and said he would like to add a fourth of each. He tackled the largest forms first. The fourth opera, "The Ice Break," appeared earlier this year; the Fourth Symphony is the latest product of what he has called his "passion to project into our mean world music which is rich and generous." Tippett's

First (1945) and Second (1958) Symphonies are at once "abstract" music and orchestral complements to, respectively, the oratorio "A Child of Our Time" and the opera "The Midsummer Marriage." In the one, emotionally dramatic and, in the other, "magical" musical ideas are handled within classical forms. Both are abundantly lyrical and colorful compositions. So is the Third Symphony (1972), but in the finale of that work the composer breaks into words: the *Schreckensfanfare* of Beethoven's Ninth is answered by a soprano singing modern blues. The Fourth Symphony is again "pure"—a closely organized one-movement composition, lasting about thirty minutes, which subdivides into introduction, exposition, development, slow movement, episode, scherzo and trio, episode, and recapitulation. The introduction is based on piled-up "Tristan"-esque harmonies for the horns over soft, far-flung string consonances based on A, C, and B-flat. The horn chords, always with new counterfigures, return to punctuate and define the progress of the piece. The first subject of the exposition, a two-part idea, is labelled "power;" the second also has two parts, labelled "vigour" and "lyric grace." The exposition explodes in a climax of loud-hammered chords; these, too, recur as points of reference, screwed each time to a higher pitch. The plan of the work, though far from simple, is clear, satisfying, and aurally apprehensible. The musical ideas are striking and eloquent, and their adventures can be followed. The slow movement includes beautiful singing melodies for flute, cello, oboe, and English horn. The first episode is a craggy, emotionally tense string fugue. The scherzo is for woodwinds, trumpets, and percussion, and its trio section an exuberant virtuoso excursion for six horns. The second episode is an elaborated paraphrase, for full strings, of an Orlando Gibbons three-part fantasy; as in the slow movement of his First Symphony, Tippett re-creates a seventeenth-century form. (In all his works, one has the sense of past achievements playing upon and helping to order his and our present.) Suddenly, the hammered climax cuts the fantasy short, and the recapitulation, gathering up recollections of all that has gone before, begins. A brass chorale punctuates the close; its timbre suggests that here Messiaen may have set the composer's imagination stirring.

Tippett's feeling for instrumental sound and textures has ever been unconventional. Like Berlioz, he used to be accused of clumsiness, even incompetence, until interpreters appeared who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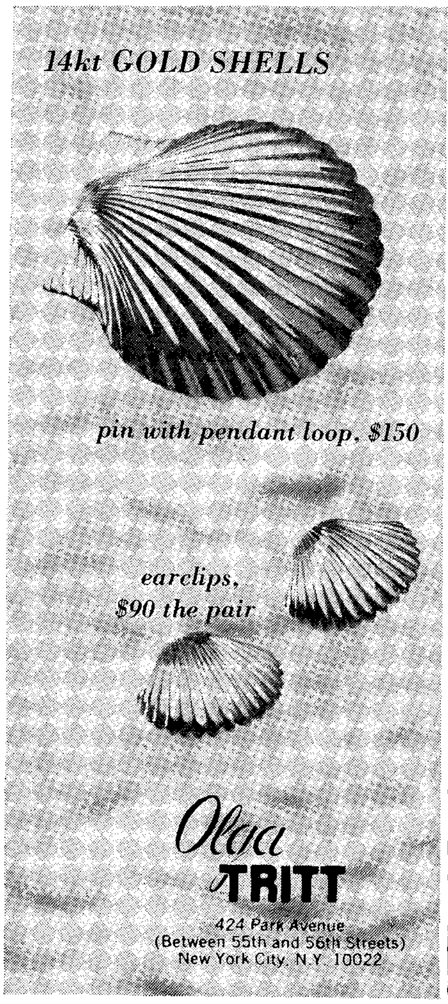

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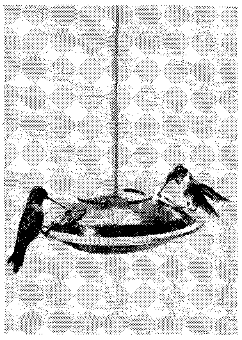

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could realize the sense of his heterodox writing: in England, Colin Davis and the London Symphony (whose records of the first three symphonies are available); now, in Chicago, Georg Solti and his matchless orchestra. The solos in the chamber-musical passages (especially one for viola), the sequence of string trills marked "radiant," the woodwinds' scherzo fragments marked "light, 'flying,' " the mercurial six-horn passage—they were played as one imagines no other orchestra could play them. The Chicago performance sounded ideal in every respect but one. At the start and, solo, at the very close, Tippett uses a wind machine, or aeoliphone. The device—a wooden roller rotated against a loop of silk—is unmentioned in Sibyl Marcuse's "Musical Instruments: A Comprehensive Dictionary," and in the words of Grove "cannot properly be called a musical instrument," although Richard Strauss used it in "Don Quixote," Ravel in "Daphnis et Chloé," and Vaughan Williams in his Seventh Symphony, the "Antartica." In the first, the machine, illustrating a comic episode, is acceptable and effective. In "Daphnis," it adds to the theatrical excitement. But in the "Antartica," and in Tippett's symphony, it jars. Grove's "objection to it as an element in composition is that it produces by realistic means what music should suggest in its own terms;" mine, that it sounds not like the polar wind, or like the "gentle breathing," in and out, that Tippett calls for, but like nothing more or less than a roller scrubbing against a loop of silk. It cannot simply be omitted, for in the codas of both symphonies it has a structural part. In some performances of the Vaughan Williams, an electronic device has been substituted, to better effect; maybe something of the kind could be found for the Tippett.

WHEN the record of Tippett's Third Symphony was published, in 1974, a reviewer in *High Fidelity* contrasted its composer with those who "have their vision shifted from the large world about them to the small world of academic fashion and foibles," and continued, "It is difficult to imagine anything as vital as this Third Symphony being written in the U.S. today, because there is really no one around to write this kind of music. . . . It's probably not going to be long before we get the word from Princeton that it's no good." To the charge that many composers are out of touch with the public can be added another: that the public is out of touch with many of its best composers. There does seem to

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me to be in this country a sad rift between educated musical opinion—not only Princeton's—and the public's. Only here, I believe, could a great composer like Roger Sessions, whose vision *is* on the large world about him, be so much admired and so seldom performed. (Neither "Montezuma" nor "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" has yet been done in New York.) The music and the musical personalities of, say, Jacob Druckman, William Bolcom, George Perle, Milton Babbitt, and Leon Kirchner are less familiar to the average man in Avery Fisher Hall, I believe, than are those of Peter Maxwell Davies, Birtwistle, Alexander Goehr, Thea Musgrave, and Elisabeth Lutyens to his British counterpart. In my experience, new works by Carter and Crumb alone have attracted in New York the sort of wide public interest and copious public discussion that new works by Tippett, Maxwell Davies, and the rest do among their compatriots. (London critics flew to Chicago so as to be able to tell their readers about Tippett's new symphony. Would a half-hour Carter première in, say, Berlin be attended by the New York press in that way?) American distances make it difficult to keep ears on all that is happening. Fortunately, radio is coming to the rescue more and more. The Chicago performance of Tippett's Fourth will be broadcast by WNCN on November 20th. On Sunday last week, a New Yorker could without leaving home aurally attend the San Francisco Opera's "Idomeneo" (WNYC), a Philharmonic concert of last season which included Crumb's "Star Child" (WQXR), the Chamber Music Society concert with the Birtwistle (WNCN), and then the first night of the City Opera's new production of "La Fanciulla del West" (WNCN). Many music lovers must wish that the stations would now pool their resources to produce a single informative, detailed, comprehensive program guide from which long-range listening could be planned.

Andrew Imbrie, born in New York in 1921, was no more than a name to me before the Philharmonic brought out, as the first new work of its season, his Flute Concerto. (The orchestra has commissioned four concertos for its players. The others are by Michael Colgrass, for percussion quartet; by Vincent Persichetti, for English horn; and by John Corigliano, for clarinet.) But it was a name I heard often, spoken on campuses with admiration and affection, and Imbrie's "Angle of Repose," done by the San Francisco Opera last year, was praised by many. His

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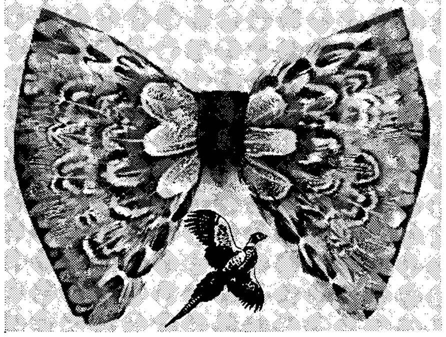

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biography suggests the very model of an "academic" composer: study under Sessions at Princeton from 1937 to 1942 and at Berkeley from 1946 to 1947; American Prix de Rome; appointment, on graduation, to the Berkeley faculty, where he still is. Campus composers are not necessarily dull ones (Ralph Shapey, who has been at the University of Chicago for thirteen years, is not at all dull; listen to the new CRI recording of his oratorio "Praise"), but Imbrie's Flute Concerto does seem to me the very type of what is called an "academic" composition. That loose term signifies something carefully written (in whatever style), thoroughly respectable, uninspired—music that has little to say and says it well. The sounds of this concerto hurt not but provide nothing so positive as delight. There are three movements—Allegro con fuoco, Andante tranquillo, and Vivace—and the piece lasts about twenty-two minutes. In a program note, Imbrie remarks that "I never compose by scenario but have always allowed the structure of my music to develop gradually, in response to what I perceive as the demands of my initial ideas." The ideas here are drab and the demands they make unexacting. However, the composer shows much skill in meeting the particular requirements of the commission: devising textures in which a single flute can be balanced against the large (triple woodwinds) orchestra, and making much of the large, full tone of Julius Baker, the dedicatee, and soloist at the first performance. Some beautiful passages remain in my mind after two hearings: an episode for the soloist and his three colleagues in the ranks; the tranquil close of the first movement; a meandering horn melody at the start of the Andante, to which the soloist soon adds a romantic countermelody. Mr. Baker played with all his heart, but I suspect that the score as a whole could be more lovingly and more purposively shaped than it was by Erich Leinsdorf. Colors and contrasts apparent on the written page were reduced in performance by a dynamic range held, most of the time, between *ff* and *mf*. The concert will be broadcast by WQXR on January 8th.

—ANDREW PORTER

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The only other zoo animals that tried the crackers were the raccoons. Hanging upside down from their cages, Lund fed them biscuits from his hand.—*Anchorage Times.*

Bit of a showoff, this Lund.

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FOOTBALL

Yard Goods

A FORTNIGHT past, this commentator watches Harvard barely nipping Dartmouth, at 31–25, while the two teams concerned travel as much as 884 yards all told. On Saturday last, from the green wooden stands of the delightful *rus-in-urbe* setting that is called Baker Field, he sees the resident repertory company, Columbia, go down before Colgate only after a battle in which the residents amass 494 yards and the guests 667 yards. Whither now, he ruminates, the manly art of defense? Long-distance journeys were the order of the day this last weekend. Isom, of Princeton, lugged the ball forty-four times for a gain of 209 yards against Harvard, thereby greatly contributing to a startlingly easygoing conquest of Harvard, at the count of 20–7. A varied assemblage of Brown runners and throwers accumulated 516 yards in the almost total disassembling of Holy Cross, at the count of 44–13. Yale collected better than four hundred yards in its dismounting of a vigorous and effective Pennsylvania, at the count of 27–21. Army, if one includes its skill at running back kicks and interceptions, netted nearly five hundred yards in overthrowing Lafayette, at 42–6. Navy fell just short (on the same basis) of six hundred yards in putting away William & Mary, at 42–17. And, out West, Notre Dame went well over four hundred yards in upending Southern California, at 49–19. Down East, Burnham, of New Hampshire, added 188 yards to his collection as he helped put away Northeastern, at 28–13; Burnham, who will have done four years' service by the time he graduates, had already run over three thousand yards.

The Ivy League segment of all this merriment functioned, as is to be expected in midseason, in its standard, or unexpected, fashion. Dartmouth, which should have passed a comfortable afternoon in the presence of a glum Cornell, was in fact outpointed, by 395 yards to 373, and managed to come out on top solely because Lowery's foot was in good form—a field goal, two points after touchdown. It is the opinion of this chronicler's outriders that the pressure applied to Dartmouth by Cornell, which hasn't won a single match this fall, was superb—very likely quite the equal, this chronicler considers, of the pressure applied by Columbia, whose career has lately been an unhappy one, to Colgate, which has not lost a match this fall, and which probably *will* not lose one. The weekend's good work by Cornell and Columbia was, in turn, matched by another denizen of the lower depths of the League—Pennsylvania, which took a quick lead over Yale on Saturday and held on to it until the fourth quarter. Roland, a Penn quarterback hitherto wholly uncelebrated, was no great shakes at passing the ball, but he ran it for 177 yards—the best showing of anyone on the field that day. He outfooted even the Yalie dreadnought Pagliaro, who came in second, at 168 yards. Not bad, at that, for either participant. Columbia, after discarding opportunities early on in the meet with Colgate, took the lead (though by but a single point), then fell well behind, then fielded a fourth-quarter spectacular as heartening as anything we spectators are likely to see this season. In the middle of the onrush, Columbia momentarily stalled, at fourth down and four, on its own forty-seven-yard line. Columbia's punter came onfield, and Ciulla took up the conventional linebacker post for a punt formation. At the snap, the ball went not to the kicker but to Ciulla, who carried the ball for sixteen yards and a first down before he was nabbed. From there, Columbia moved in three plays for its fourth touchdown. Army, though never in mortal danger (as Columbia was) against Lafayette, tried the same stunt—it had been experimenting with new players, new plays, anyway—but Hall, the great Army quarterback, who was to hold the ball for the putative kicker, fumbled the ball away, and the pass he was to throw didn't happen.

As this commentator has wandered through season after season, he has become increasingly weight-conscious: even in the Ivy League and its environs, linemen seem ever heavier, backs ever larger. Let, therefore, a tribute be paid to two Davids among the Goliaths: first to White, of Colgate, who, in the first half of the meeting with Columbia, carried his five-foot-nine structure and 176 pounds but four times, though for 133 yards and two touchdowns; second to Orrico, a Lafayette tailback, likewise five feet nine (but four pounds heavier than White), who ran the ball twenty-one times against Army's rugged defense for 62 yards.

—J. W. L.

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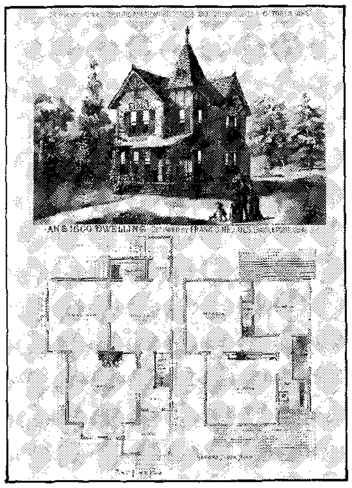

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AROUND CITY HALL

"CODE WORD" IS A CODE WORD

"ANYONE from New York is going to be against him" was the explanation that one of Bert Lance's Calhoun, Georgia, neighbors offered to reporters for the Budget Director's abrupt departure from the Carter Cabinet a few days after the conclusion of Senate Governmental Affairs Committee hearings on his financial troubles. Other Calhoun residents, standing around in front of the television cameras, nodded their agreement. In fact, of the Senate committee members who had led the attack on Lance only one, Jacob Javits, was a New Yorker. A couple of weeks ago, Jimmy Carter threw a White House party for five hundred members of "the peanut brigade," citizens of his own state whom he wanted to thank for having helped him win the Presidency—a group that included Lance, who slept over in the Lincoln Bedroom. (Entertainment, provided by a black theatrical troupe, included an old gospel song with new words: "Thank you, Jesus, for Mr. Carter.") Carter told his Georgia visitors, "We're part of the same family. You've helped shape my thoughts and attitudes." If the President is inclined, at least for the moment, to share the opinion of many of his fellow-Georgians that New Yorkers, and especially New York politicians, are a hostile bunch, ever ready to make trouble and to look at things differently from more typical Americans—a view that is not limited to residents of the Deep South—it would not be surprising, considering other recent developments. This city, whose financial prospects remain perilous, has been kept out of bankruptcy since December, 1975, by a series of federal revolving loans, for which congressional authorization will run out next June 30th, and which must be renewed if New York is to have any chance of continuing its painful progress toward fiscal stability. Although in 1975 this Democratic state had, as it has now, the second-largest delegation in Congress, and Congress then, too, was heavily Democratic, it wasn't until the Ford Administration put its power behind the legislation to rescue the city that the loan bill finally passed. Despite the city's critical circumstances, and even with White House backing, the bill squeaked through the House by a margin of only ten votes. Few political figures here or in Washington doubt that any hope for a renewal of the loan arrangement or for other forms of special financial help to see the city through the next few years depends on the strong support of Jimmy Carter, who may therefore be *wondering why during these last weeks* a number of New York political figures have been treating his Administration as something resembling an enemy power, whose policies it is to their advantage to oppose and try to confound at every opportunity.

There were times during this year's crowded New York mayoral primary when the candidates seemed to be running against the President of the United States rather than against each other, as they denounced his Administration for neglecting the cities, for reneging on a campaign vow to federalize welfare, and for undermining local rent-control laws. (Traditionally, it is assumed that any New York politician who suggests that there might be something to be said for both sides on the rent-control issue is about to get out of politics.) The winner of the Democratic runoff, Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, who, because Democratic registrants here outnumber those aligned with other parties by a nearly four-to-one margin, is already being treated as the city's next mayor, accused Carter of having "betrayed" New York and of having told it, Gerald Ford style, to drop dead; after he won the September 19th runoff, however, he declared that his "strong words were not in any way meant to attack" the President. About the same time, New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan announced that the whole approach of the Carter Administration to helping New York was not satisfactory to him. Early in August, the White House had taken the conciliatory step of sending to Moynihan at his upstate farm a preview of the President's message outlining his new welfare-reform program. "I really think it is a magnificent proposal," Moynihan announced after he had studied the plan, which would not go into full effect until 1980. "It is superbly crafted. I am just sitting here saying, 'My God, I knew they had it in them.' I mean, we ought to pass it." A month later, he agreed to sponsor the Carter measure in the Senate. Then, a few weeks ago, when Moynihan attempted to attach to a bill improving Social Security finances (and thus virtually veto-proof) an amendment that would have been of immediate benefit to areas with particularly heavy welfare burdens and would have brought New York State a seventy-million-dollar windfall this month, the Carter Administration successfully lobbied to block the amendment in committee, in the belief that it would endanger passage of the whole welfare-reform plan. Moynihan—whom Carter distrusts, according to one Presidential aide, as, among other things, "too much New York"—let it be known the next day that he was no longer a supporter of the President's welfare-reform proposal, a measure that he now described as "grievously disappointing." He predicted that unless the plan was drastically rewritten welfare reform might "never come about."

Wm Hamilton

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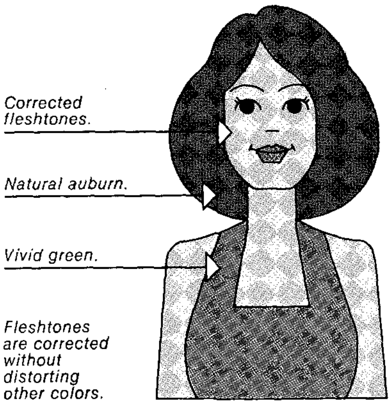
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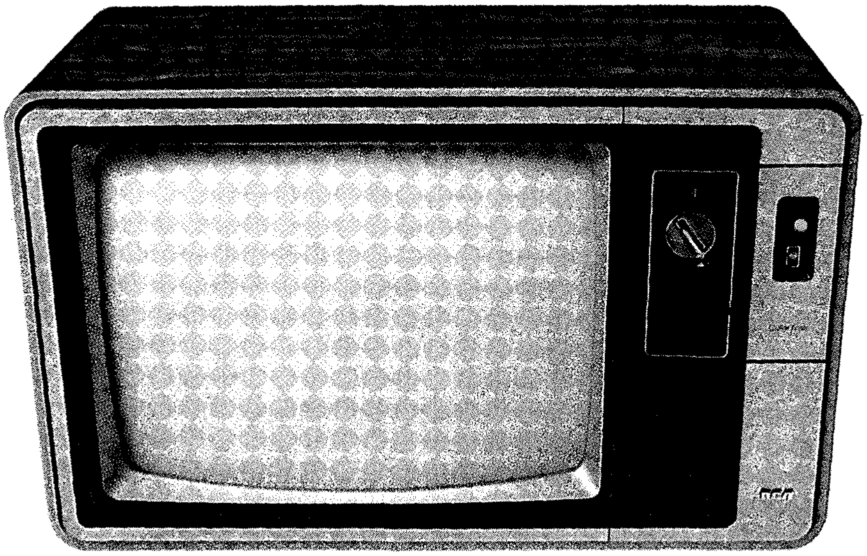

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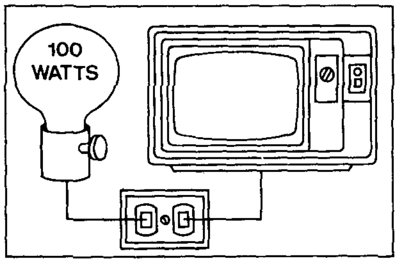

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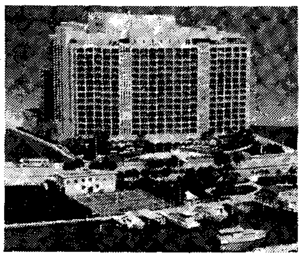
ism on the welfare plan, Moynihan had risen on the floor of the Senate to denounce the President on another point. The New York senator called on the President to cease engaging in "moral carnage," by immediately cancelling what he described as a "wretched contract"—an agreement, for which he blamed the Office for Civil Rights of the Health, Education, and Welfare Department, that was designed to bring the racial distribution of the city's public-school teaching staff into compliance with federal civil-rights legislation. An H.E.W. study had found that about seventy-six per cent of the city's teachers who are black or Hispanic had been assigned to schools that were over ninety per cent black and/or Hispanic. As many Southerners must remember, it was a similar flouting of integration laws in the South that Northern liberals had led the fight against a dozen years ago; indeed, many of them, including many New Yorkers (Koch among them), had gone to the scene to demonstrate against failures to comply with such measures. The present New York plan to which Moynihan took exception—it is being applied to the rehiring of thirty-five hundred teachers who were laid off during the earlier fiscal crisis, and was in fact the work of the local Board of Education rather than of H.E.W.—provides for separate lotteries for assigning black and Hispanic teachers and for assigning those who are white. Members of minority groups can then be assigned to predominantly white schools, and the other way around. Since such a large share of the city's white teachers are Jewish, Moynihan told the Senate that "such practices evoke one image in our lifetimes above all others: the sorting out of human beings for the death camps of Hitler's Germany." A few days later, Koch denounced any form of "assignment by race," and promised to dismantle the system if he was elected mayor. When he indicated that he thought it would be just as well to leave Hitler out of it, however, the Conservative Party mayoral candidate, Barry Farber, denounced his denunciation as "flaccid." Last week, a *Times* study reported that assignments to achieve racial balance in schools had been accepted in most other large American cities with, if not enthusiasm, at least no equivalent attack on Carter from the Senate floor.

THE tendency of New Yorkers to show recalcitrance of a sort that makes life difficult for the White House, to which the city would like to



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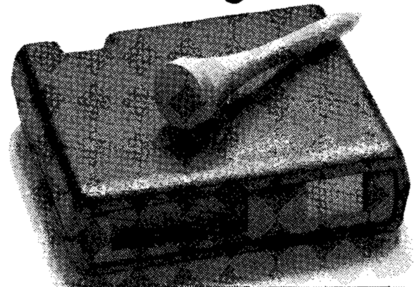

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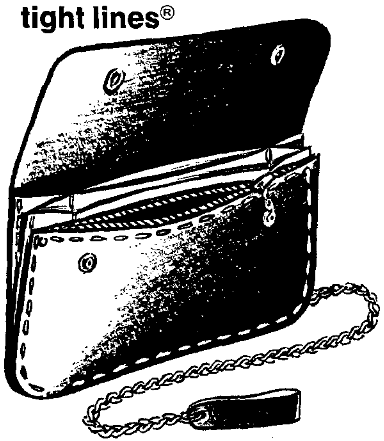

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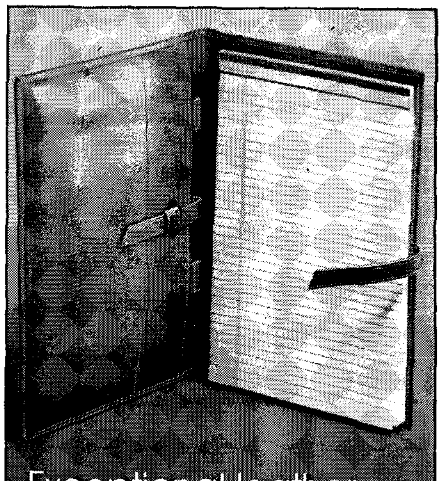
be increasingly beholden, has not been limited to domestic questions. At intervals since the winter of 1976, residents of southern Queens have engaged in noisy demonstrations against the trial landings, agreed to by the Carter Administration, of the British-French supersonic Concorde at Queens' John F. Kennedy Airport. Their long fight to keep the super-noisy plane out of their neighborhood, which finally ended with the October 17th Supreme Court decision that allowed Concorde flights into Kennedy to begin at once, undoubtedly complicated the Carter Administration's relationship with the two foreign governments, who found it hard to believe his explanation that a local agency—in this case, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which operates the airport—could legally interfere with the decision of a sovereign United States government. After the high-court ruling, a leading French official said that the Concorde problem had been "the only real troublemaking point in Franco-American relations." In the New York mayoral primary, every one of the candidates opposed the landings at Kennedy, as did New York's Governor Hugh Carey. (Indeed, given the diligent voting habits of Queens residents and of those who live near the airport in neighboring Nassau County, any local politician's suggestion that there could be two sides to the Concorde issue would also have been treated as a sign that he was thinking of going into a different line of work.) Since New York's governor controls the Port Authority in this matter (he has the power to appoint half of the twelve members, and New Jersey's Governor Brendan Byrne, who appoints the others, has said he will go along with any New York decision), it was Carey's opposition that was critical. The agency followed a steady course of blocking the test landings and, until the final Supreme Court ruling, appealing the successive unfavorable court decisions that would have permitted them. During the Queens residents' periodic dry-run demonstrations of what would happen if the Concorde should try to land—their main feature was the deliberate clogging of airport traffic—the waving placards and bumper stickers specialized in anti-Carter sentiments, including "JIMMY CARTER (ALIAS PEANUTS) WANTED FOR TREASON." "We want him to know that right now he is a lame-duck President," explained Bryan Levinson, of Howard Beach, Queens, the head of a protest group called Concorde Alert, whose members staged a march on the



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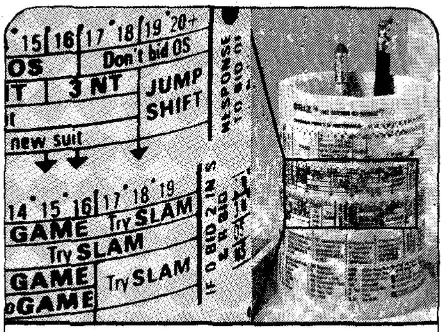

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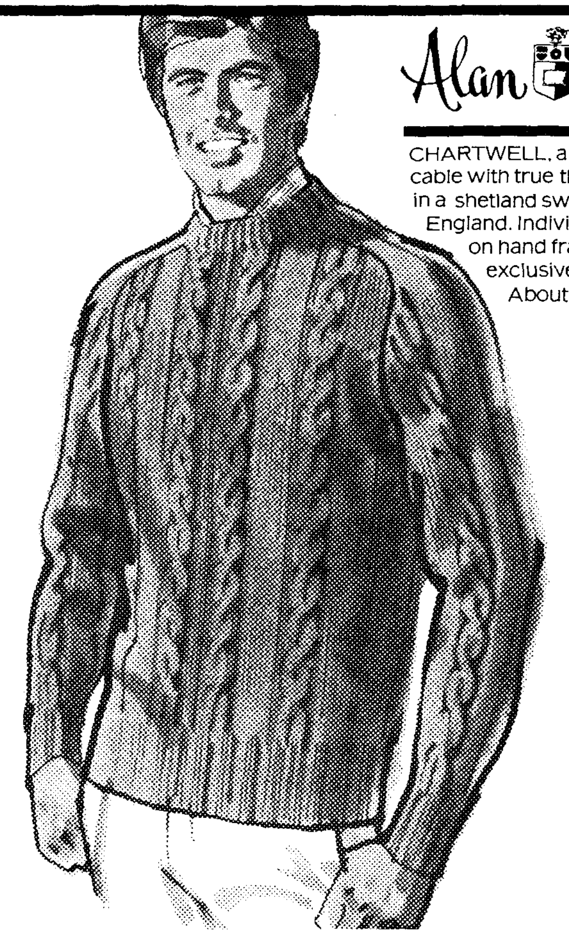
White House last month. Recently, the signs also included denunciations of Governor Carey, on the ground that his public statements against the big plane were not sufficiently fervent. A couple of weeks ago, Carey, who faces a reëlection campaign next year, announced that if the federal government should order the plane to land, "they'd better have the 82nd Airborne with it." He added that since he had declared the Concorde to be injurious to the health and security of the people in his state, he didn't believe the Court could "stand against the governor on that point." The image invoked in this case was inevitably that of Governor George Wallace blocking the University of Alabama doorway to prevent the registration of unwelcome blacks. After this month's Supreme Court decision allowing the Concorde flights, however, New York's governor said, in effect, that that was the law of the land, and the first Concorde that flew into Kennedy Airport was allowed to set down peaceably. It was a jubilant day for the plane's entrepreneurs, one of whom compared it to the Yankees' World Series victory of the night before, another event that had come after long months of controversy and turbulence.

Besides the dispute over the landing rights of the SST, the other recent conflict between Carter and New Yorkers involving the nation's foreign policy was, of course, the now celebrated letter-in-hand confrontation between the President and Koch during the President's visit to the city earlier this month. In the mayoral primary campaign, the candidates seemed to concentrate on the question of the death penalty, which is not a responsibility of municipal government. Candidate Percy Sutton, who is black, charged that the phrase was a code term for cracking down not on criminals generally but on those who were black or Hispanic. At the beginning of the present, final phase of the campaign, following the runoff and leading up to the November 8th election, the big issue was the crisis in the Middle East, another matter that will not be settled on the mayoral level. "Why New York politics had to be rudely drawn into the confusion is Mr. Koch's problem—and New York's" was the editorial comment on the letter-bearing incident in the *Times*, which had endorsed Koch's Democratic primary opponent Mario Cuomo. (On the day after the runoff, the headline in the *News*, which had endorsed Koch, was "IT'S KOCH BY LANDSLIDE." The *Times* described the results as Koch's "less-than-



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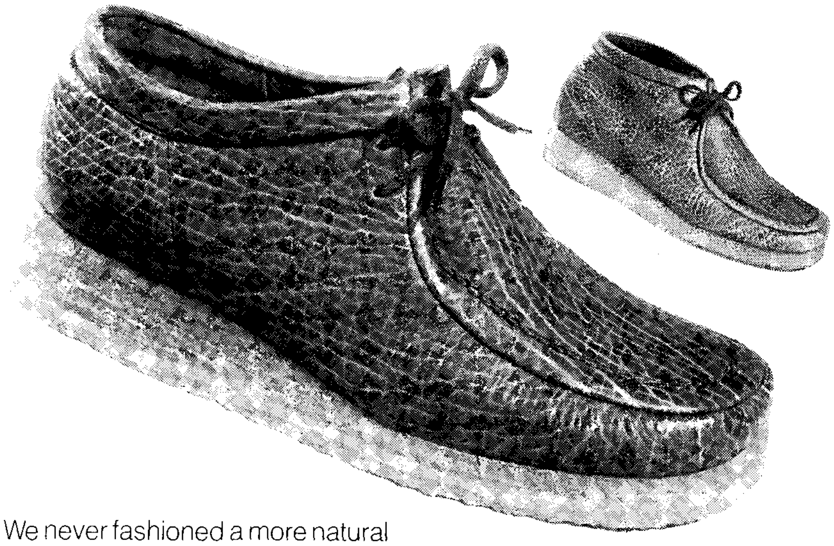

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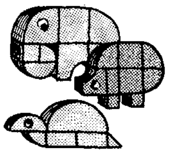

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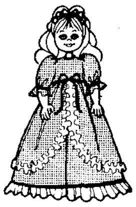

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landslide.") The letter episode, following the President's arrival at the Wall Street heliport on his way to the United Nations, where he delivered a speech *on the dangers of the global proliferation* of nuclear weapons, represented in many ways all the qualities that outlanders often complain about in New Yorkers: pushiness, exhibitionism, presumption, and a preoccupation with local political concerns verging on solipsism. The American-Soviet agreement on the objectives of the Geneva conference on the Middle East, which mentioned "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people," had been issued three days earlier. Virtually every New York politician, including Moynihan, had immediately condemned Carter for having been a party to it, virtually every one using the word "outrage." (Another New York truism is that any local politician who suggests that there might be two sides to the Israeli-Arab question is not only leaving politics but leaving town and probably this part of the country.) Koch's statement of outrage accused the President of listening to "Arabists in the State Department" who were "trying to sell Israel down the river." Koch's Conservative Party opponent in the mayoral race said that the city would know that Koch "means business when he quits talking about anonymous Arabists in the State Department and concentrates instead on the well-known Arabist in the White House."

When the President stepped out of the helicopter, lined up to greet him in a row beside Abraham Beame, now the city's lame-duck mayor, since he came in third in the September 8th Democratic primary, were half a dozen specially invited local Democratic candidates. First in line, after Beame, was Koch, who had seen the President more recently than the others had. A week earlier, Carter had invited him down to the White House to celebrate his victory in the Democratic runoff. Cleverly, Koch had taken along with him his friend and co-campaign manager Bess Myerson, the former Miss America, who is a decorative addition to any political company. (The next day, a picture of the three of them took up most of the front page of the *News*. The *Times* put a small version of it on the sixth page of its second section.) The day after the encounter at the heliport, the *News* ran a series of panel shots showing the way things went. The first panel showed a smiling President shaking hands with Beame. In the next, he turned with another big smile to shake Koch's right hand. "Koch shakes, but watch that left,"

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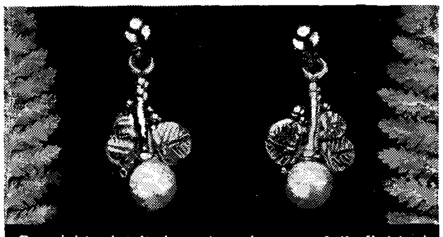

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the *News* legend under that shot read. "Would-be mayor lays note on Carter," read the caption under the following one, which showed a suddenly grim-looking President taking the letter and passing it quickly to his press secretary, Jody Powell. The image evoked in this case was that of a sly process server putting one over on an unsuspecting victim. Breaking off his conversation with Koch, Carter moved rapidly on to the next waiting Democrat. The *News* series of pictures was credited to three different photographers. This was necessary because Jody Powell, as soon as he saw what was happening, had moved to block the view of most of the local still photographers, who were massed behind a railing. "Well done, Jody!" called out one member of the Washington press corps, which had arrived with the President, and which apparently feels no deep sense of fraternity with its New York counterpart. (The day before, the Washington *Post* had run one of its periodic Op-Ed pieces proclaiming this city a virtual goner. New York no longer intimidates other Americans, was the message of the column, by Ellen Goodman, who added, "New York without intimidation is like Rome without force and South Africa without fear . . . Doomed.") Press Secretary Powell said the next day that he didn't know whether the President had had a chance to read Koch's letter. It wasn't really necessary for him to open it; Koch had already distributed copies to the press. It accused the President of abandoning not only the cause of Israel but the cause of peace, and declared that "legitimate rights of the Palestinian people" was a code phrase for the elimination of Israel. The *News* accounts of the heliport meeting ("KOCH GREETS CARTER WITH SOUR NOTE") described Koch as "rebuking" the President. The *Post*, which had also endorsed Koch, reported that he had administered "what amounted to a public rebuke" and a "rebuff" of Carter. "KOCH MID-EAST PROTEST DRAWS CARTER SNUB" was the *Times* headline over a story reporting that the snub had been followed by a series of other Carter snubs: not only did Carter not use the microphones standing ready at the heliport for his scheduled formal endorsement of the local Democratic slate, and especially of Koch, but Koch did not, as had originally been planned, ride up to the United Nations in the limousine with him, nor did the President do any of the campaigning for Koch that the Democratic candidate

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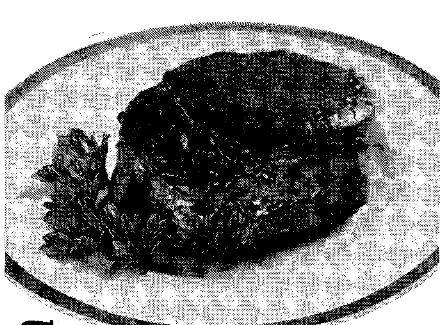

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for mayor had reported that Carter, during their meeting in the Oval Office, had agreed to do. One of Koch's top advisers implied to *Post* reporter Joyce Purnick that, after the statement about the Palestinians, the candidate's appearance with the President would be a political liability anyhow. However, each of his opponents in the mayoral campaign—Farber, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, who is the Republican candidate, and Cuomo, who has continued in the race as the Liberal candidate—first made it clear that he, too, disagreed with Carter on the Palestinian question and then happily rebuked Koch for having "embarrassed" Carter and for, as Cuomo said, "playing games" with the President.

Koch at first seemed uncertain that his critics had anything to complain about. "To hand deliver a letter to the President—what could be better service?" he asked. He also said that he considered Carter a friend, and "friendship means not having to say you're sorry"—although before his victory visit to the White House the previous week he had only met with Carter a few times, mostly at large political gatherings. At a White House meeting two days after the incident, in which he joined about two dozen Jewish members of the House of Representatives in a discussion with Carter about his Middle East policy, Koch did say he was sorry. By this time, the President, who in New York had given every indication that he was in a cold rage at Koch, had decided instead to be the soul of understanding. There were those who wondered, however, whether it was entirely by accident that in his remarks dismissing the event as of no importance Carter said that Koch's action had been "perfectly legitimate," using one of the words that Koch had taken offense at in the American-Soviet statement, and whether there might have been a faint note of sarcasm in the Presidential voice as he greeted Koch with the question "How's my friend?" James Reston referred a few days later in the *Times* to Carter's "bad-mannered 'friend.' " It seemed likely that Koch, who said last week, "The code word of my administration will be 'reality' " ("code word" is now itself a kind of code word), will not be allowed to escape occasional impolite references to the rude surprise he may be concealing in his other hand.

Carter himself is, of course, a practiced game-player. In the primary campaign, Mayor Beame dwelt proudly on his friendship with the President, but

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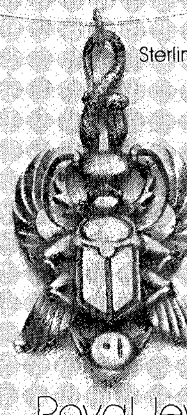

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after he lost the September primary there was no consoling communication from his White House friend. And a few days later, when Beame joined other big-city mayors at a White House conference at which Carter stopped by for a few minutes, he was greeted only briefly by the President. Even worse, at that meeting the Mayor had to put up with heavy-handed jokes suggesting that his onetime reputation for fiscal wizardry—which, of course, did not work out too well for the city—would make him the ideal successor to Bert Lance. After the October 4th Koch episode, however, it suited Carter to make much of the present mayor, who looked really happy for the first time since the primary as the President greeted him in his hotel room the next morning and then deferred to him frequently for advice during the surprise Presidential tour of the desolate regions of the South Bronx—although it will not be Beame but, presumably, Koch who will have to deal with the South Bronx after January 1st. "No one could recall when Mr. Carter or any other President had visited an area like the South Bronx," the *Times* commented the next day. No one seemed able to recall when the present mayor had done so, either. According to the Bronx officials, the only time Beame had visited any point in the entire borough this year, except for a couple of campaign calls, was one afternoon last March, when in a single day he presided over one ceremony marking the demolition of a section of the Third Avenue "L" and another breaking ground for a shopping center.

OFFICIALLY, of course, the mayoral campaign is not over, and Goodman, the Republican candidate, keeps saying that New York is famous for its "astonishing political upsets." Nevertheless, it is being taken for granted that the city is about to elect its second Jewish mayor in a row—the second also in its history. To many New Yorkers, this seems only fair, considering that, with time out for the LaGuardia years, it had seven Irish mayors in a row during the first half of the century. If all the Democratic nominees who would sit on the Board of Estimate, the city's senior legislative body, win their November elections, six of its eight members will be Jewish. These developments should greatly simplify the rationalization of those Americans elsewhere (if they ever feel the need for it) for whom New York is a code phrase for Jewish. Bert Lance's Calhoun neighbor who observed that anyone from New York would naturally

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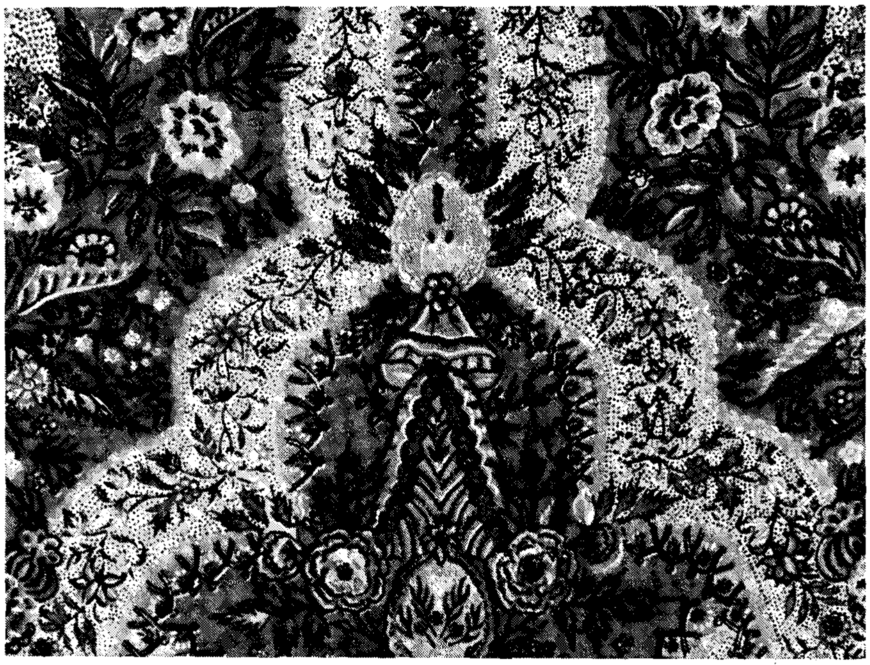

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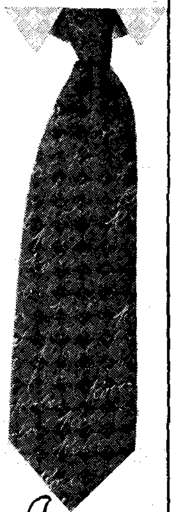

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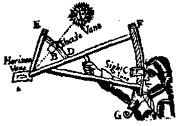

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be against him may have had in mind the attacks on Carter's Georgia friend not only by Senator Javits but by Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut and Senator William Roth of Delaware, who, probably contrary to the impression in Calhoun, is an Episcopalian. For the first time in twenty-four years, there will be no black member of the Board of Estimate, and, probably for the first time in this century, it will not include an Irish-American. As it happens, the last Irishman on the Board, President of the City Council Paul O'Dwyer, who was defeated in the runoff by State Senator Carol Bellamy, is the younger brother of William O'Dwyer, the city's last Irish mayor.

New York City's municipal campaigns often seem to be only a series of two-a-day-style irrelevances, and they are certainly too long. Still, they occasionally offer some educational sidelights. Someone paying close attention could learn from a campaign commentary last summer by Sam Roberts, city editor of the *News*, that in the spring of 1976 it was Mario Cuomo, not then running for anything, who became concerned that the Presidential candidates were not confronting issues that he considered important to the average citizen. (Ironically, in the present mayoral campaign the same complaint has been made about Cuomo.) To the columnist Jimmy Breslin, his friend and fellow Queens resident, Cuomo mentioned the failure of the national candidates to discuss how they felt about scatter-site housing—the building of low-income housing in middle-income areas, an issue with which Cuomo had had experience as arbitrator of the Forest Hills dispute. Breslin (who this month in an article under the headline "HOW TO MAKE JIMMY CARTER A ONE-TERM PRESIDENT" nominated Moynihan as his White House successor) mentioned Cuomo's point to Roberts. Early in April, Roberts put it to Carter in an interview. It was in response to this question that the Presidential candidate used the phrase "ethnic purity," which almost immediately was denounced as a code word for racism in housing, set off the biggest controversy of his primary campaign, and gave him one more reason to be ever wary of that New York crowd.

—ANDY LOGAN

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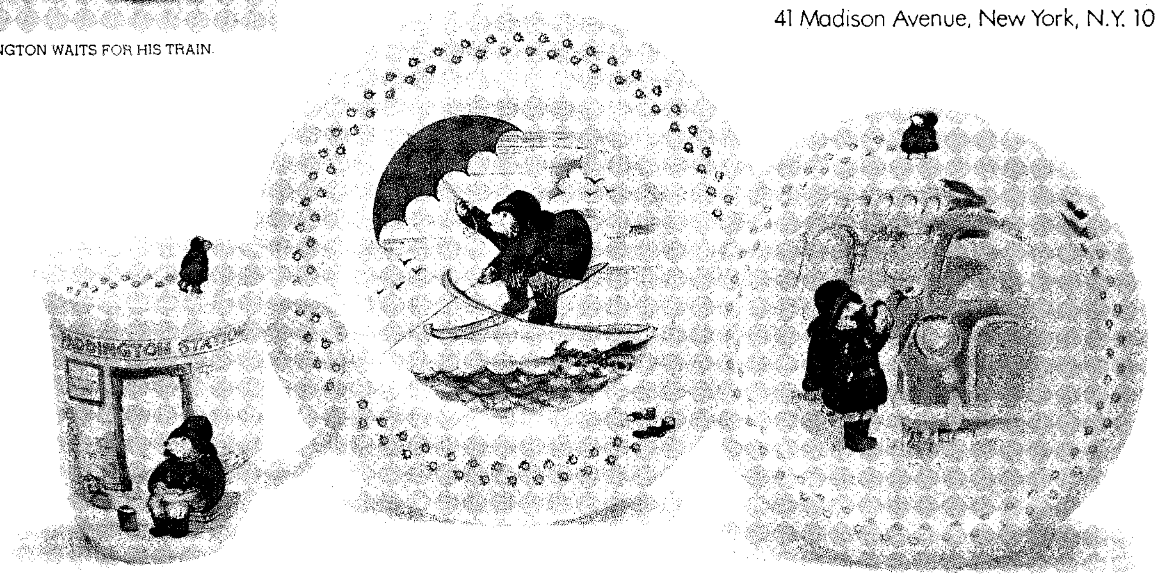

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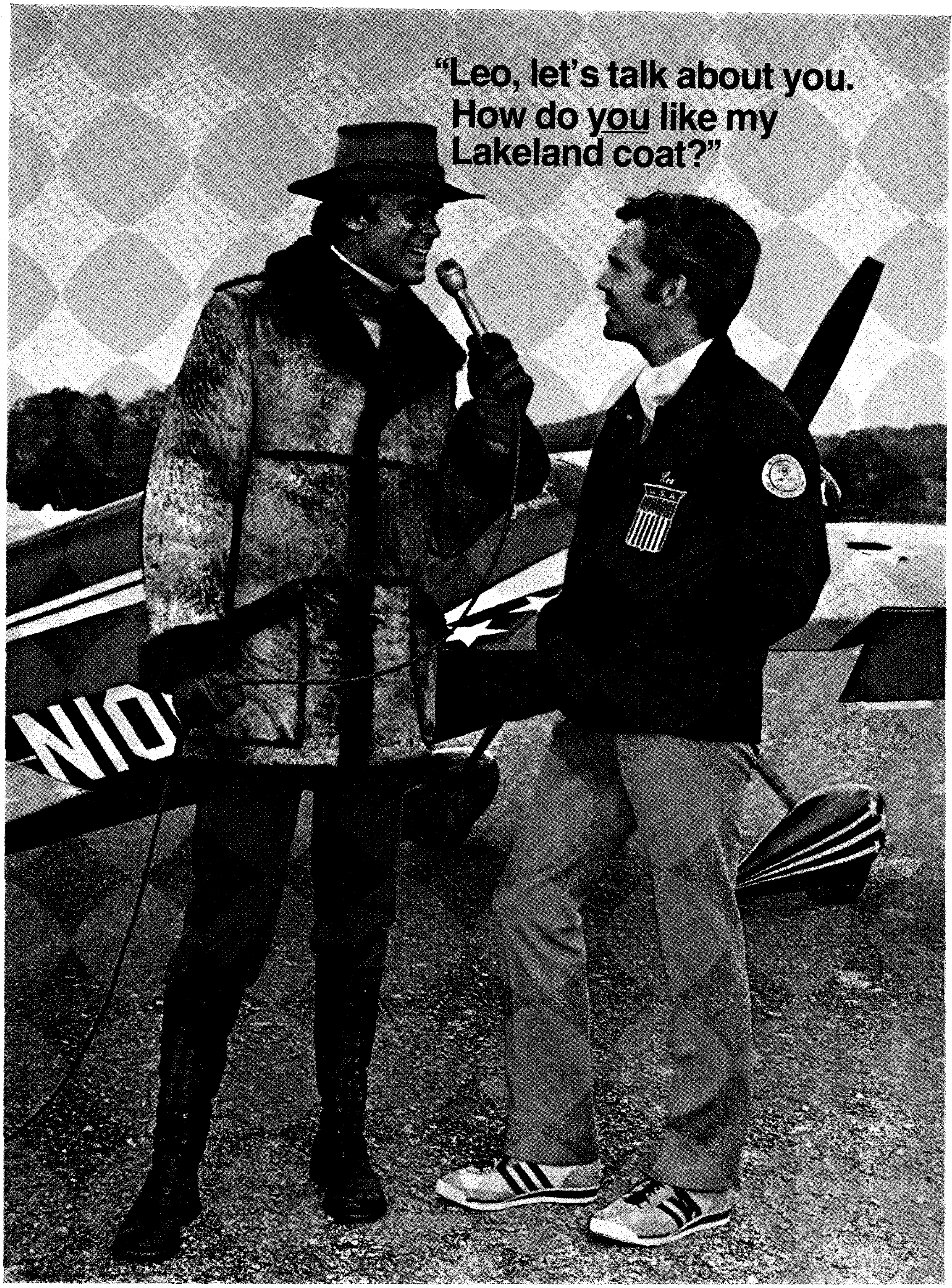
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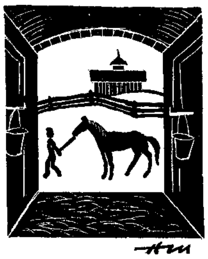


AQUEDUCT opened last week, looking brand-new. The meeting will continue until two days before Christmas. Since the track closed in July, the first and second floors of the clubhouse have been done over, the grandstand has been refurbished, and everything has been repainted. The two dining rooms in the clubhouse have been attractively redecorated, and the walls of the Man o' War Room have been hung with cartoons of horses and men done for the *Daily Racing Form* by Peb, while the Kelso Room has murals by Fay Moore. Wrong Horse Harry says the innovation that has pleased horseplayers most is that they can now buy straight, place, and show tickets on their fancy at one window instead of having to go to three if they're betting that way. Also, above the sellers' windows there are TV screens showing the tote board and the way the betting stands. As an old gambling-house keeper once said, "betting should be made as pleasant as possible."

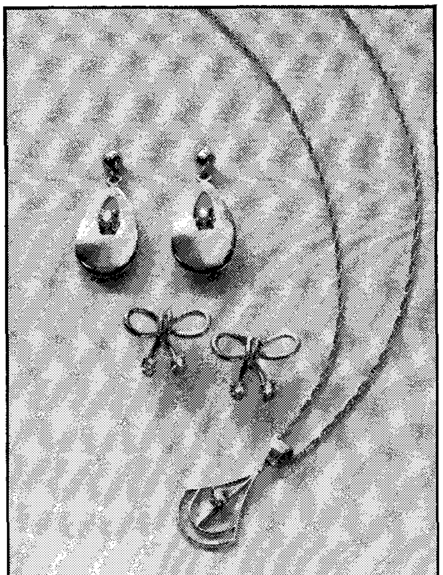
Harbor View Farm's top three-year-old, Affiliate, has found in Aqueduct a track he likes. On opening day, he won the Jamaica Handicap (at a mile) by nearly three lengths, and last Saturday he won the Vosburgh Handicap (at seven furlongs) by three and a half lengths, in 1:21—four-fifths of a second off the track record set in 1968 by Dr. Fager. In the Jamaica, Affiliate sprinted into the lead down the backstretch and held his advantage to the end, winning comfortably from Buckfinder and the ten other three-year-olds. In the Vosburgh, he dominated the situation; Broadway Forli, the favorite, was second, and Great Above, ridden by Cauthen, was third. Cauthen had three winners—the first two and the fifth. Affiliate goes to Santa Anita after Barrera, who has an eye on the Eclipse Award for two-year-old colts, runs Affirmed against Alydar in the Laurel Futurity on Saturday. The delightful weather brought a crowd of twenty-eight thousand to the Big A last weekend.

LAKEVILLE MISS won another round in her tussle for the season's Eclipse Award for two-year-old fillies when she won the Selima Stakes at Laurel last Saturday, beating Canadian L'Alezane by a length. Horseplayers who backed the two of them will remember the race for many a day, because it was twenty-five minutes before the stewards, after hearing a claim of foul, questioning the jockeys, and studying the videotapes of the race, allowed the placings of the two to stand and disqualified La Voyageuse, L'Alezane's stable and running mate, who had finished third. The rowdydow came after La Voyageuse ran a snakelike path through the stretch, bothering several of the six other runners. The claim of foul against the first three finishers came from Chris McCarron, on Eye of the Storm, who was eventually placed third. Lakeville Miss picked up first money of $74,052.

AS you may remember, Braulio Baeza, who had been one of the leading race riders for a decade, dropped out of racing about a year ago, because he had difficulty in keeping down to riding weight. But the call of the racecourse remained. Recently, Baeza started galloping horses for Laz Barrera and Sam Cardile, and he says that he is as fit as ever he hoped he would be; that all he has to do is to get down to 116 pounds, which will be easy; and that he will be in silks long before the meeting at the Big A ends. After all, he is only thirty-seven; Shoemaker is still going strong at forty-six. Back in 1960, Fred Hooper saw Baeza riding in Panama and brought him to this country. He was an immediate success. From 1965 through 1968, and again in 1975, he headed the money-winning list. All told, he has had 17,246 mounts and 3,144 winners, and the horses he has ridden have earned $36,150,142. His riding engagements will be made by Red Fenton. For more than a dozen years, Lenny Goodman, who now has Steve Cauthen's engagement book, was Baeza's agent. Baeza and Goodman are still the best of friends.

SECRETARIAT'S son Dactylographer—I would love to hear what the British bookies call him—won again in England last week, taking the William Hill Futurity Stakes at Doncaster. The race, at a mile, is the richest in England for two-year-olds, and is named for the bookmaking firm that sponsors it. It was worth $74,745.

—AUDAX MINOR



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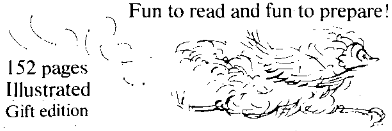


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hail, Folly!

AT a certain point in their careers—generally right after an enormous popular success—most great movie directors go mad on the potentialities of movies. They leap over their previous work into a dimension beyond the well-crafted dramatic narrative; they make a huge, visionary epic in which they attempt to alter the perceptions of people around the world. Generally, they shoot this epic in what they believe is a state of super-enlightenment. They believe that with this film they're literally going to bring mankind the word, and this euphoria conceals even their own artistic exhaustion. Afterward, in the editing rooms, when they look at the thousands upon thousands of feet of film they've shot, searching for ways to put it together, while the interest on the borrowed money rises and swells, and the businessmen or government representatives try to wrest control from them, their energy may flag and their confidence falter. Their euphoria had glossed over the initial compromises that now plague them—an unresolved, unfinished script, perhaps, or an international cast with no common language—and there is always the problem of excessive length. Griffith with "Intolerance," von Stroheim with his ten-hour "Greed," Abel Gance with his three-screen "Napoléon," Eisenstein with his unfinished "Ivan the Terrible" trilogy, Bertolucci with "1900," perhaps Coppola with his "Apocalypse Now" still to come—no one has ever brought off one of these visionary epics so that it was a hit like the director's preceding films that made it possible. Yet these legendary follies that break the artists' backs are also among the great works of film history, transforming the medium, discarding dead forms, and carrying on an inspired, lunatic tradition that is quite probably integral to the nature of movies.

Artists of an expansionist temperament are drawn to work in this medium, because movies are capable of being the closest thing there is to a total art. If success and personal acclaim win these artists their freedom, their love of the unexplored possibilities can't be contained; it spills over into dream epics. In movies, sanity is too neat, too limiting. Huston, Riefenstahl, Pudovkin, Welles, Dreyer, Fritz Lang, Visconti, Dovzhenko, Pabst, Max Ophuls, Francesco Rosi, Fellini, Peckinpah, Bondarchuk, John Ford, Altman, Scorsese, Kurosawa, Pontecorvo—does anyone doubt the self-destructive fulfillments that these artists would have reached out to if they'd had the chance? And isn't it a tragedy for us all—and for those who come after us—that they haven't? The calamity of movie history is not the follies that get made but the follies that don't get made.

Everybody knows that it is essential for there to be low-budget movies; how else can new young artists get their chance? And directors who work big carry the burden of guilt for the many smaller films that could have been made on the money they're spending. Not that they would have been anyway—though generous-minded directors sometimes manage to use the power derived from their own success to help other filmmakers along. But even for the directors who profess belief in economy production, the contradictory aesthetic drive toward the big plunge is like a fever that passes from one great talent to the next. It may be that anyone with a large enough imagination who works in movies will catch it, unless, like an Ingmar Bergman, he reaches inward, downward, or, like Lubitsch, toward elegant condensation. The impulse is essentially the same as the one that led Tolstoy to write "War and Peace;" but in movies, no matter how great the director's talent and imagination are, he becomes swamped in the physical details of the production. He has to give so much of himself just to hold the production together that he can't sustain his creative energy. Writing a nineteenth-century novel on film—which is what this epic usually comes to be—means that you have to be a great con man, a great general, and a great artist, and if you weaken in any of those functions your golden bowl is cracked, perhaps shattered.

This form of gigantism is not to be confused with the producer-initiated or studio-initiated big-budget pictures ("Cleopatra," "Doctor Dolittle," "The Towering Inferno," the forthcoming "The Swarm," and so

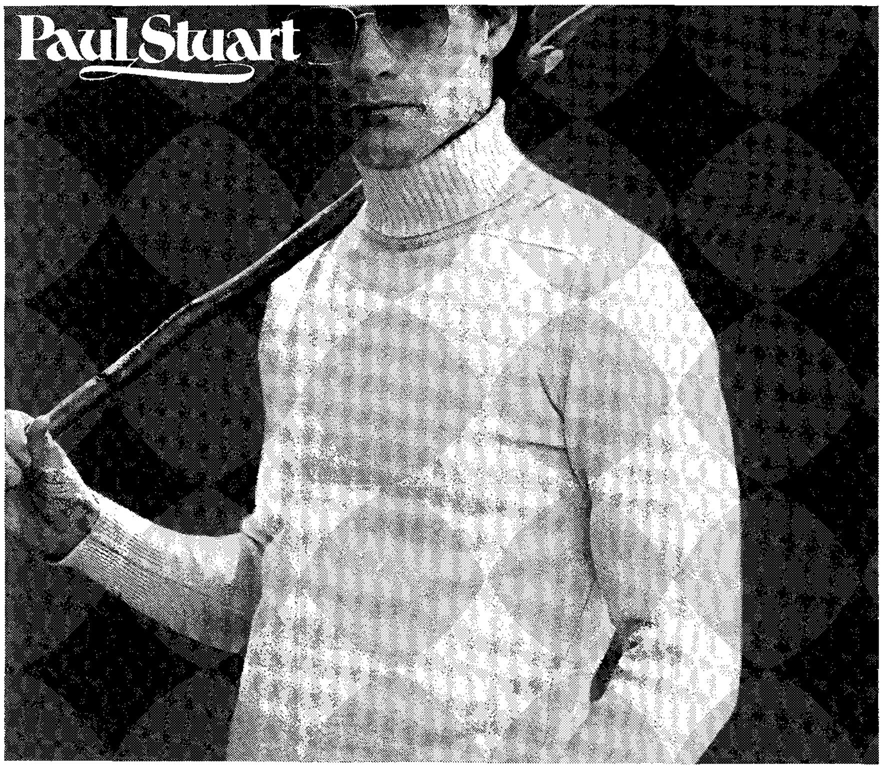
"There. I've written all the checks for the month. I feel cleansed."

on). The artist-initiated epic is an obsessive testing of possibilities, and often it comes out of an overwhelming desire to express what the artist thinks are the unconscious needs of the public. It comes, too, from a conviction, or a hope, that if you give popular audiences the greatest you have in you they will respond. The moviemaker has an idealistic belief that no matter how corrupted mass taste is, people still retain the capacity to receive a vision. These epics try to vault over the film industry and go directly to the public.

The crazed utopian romanticism of Bernardo Bertolucci's "1900" reaches a new high pitch in movie idealism. A director *dies* on a picture of this magnitude with this degree of personal commitment; he has to be brought back to life so that he can move on. In the history of movies, "1900" represents a triumph, because after losing control of his movie the director regained it. After years of dissension and litigation (and that's par for the course), "1900" was finally shown at the New York Film Festival, and will open in a theatre on November 4th. The producer, Alberto Grimaldi, acknowledges that the film has been doing reasonably well overseas and will not lose money, and Bertolucci, treating the over-five-hour European version as a rough cut, has been able to refine it and release it here in his own four-hour-and-five-minute cut—so we don't have to try to piece out his intentions from a mangled version. This film is his; it represents almost five years of elation and anguish in the life of one of the three or four greatest young talents working in the movies.

"1900" is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" opens on Liberation Day, April 25, 1945, then goes back to the birth of the boys and follows the course of their ambivalent friendship. Accepting the romantic convention that there is a lifelong bond between people who swam naked in a stream together as children, the film uses that bond as a dialectical opposition.

Alfredo inherits the estate after the death of his father (Romolo Valli) and marries a French girl, the neurasthenic sylph Ada (Dominique Sanda). But she is aesthetically repelled



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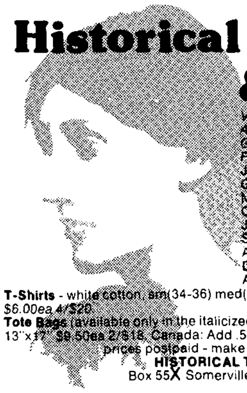

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by his passive acquiescence in the Fascist takeover and leaves him. Olmo, "the elm tree," becomes a Socialist and lives with a comrade—a teacher, Anita (Stefania Sandrelli)—who is a militant peasant leader; she dies in childbirth, leaving him a daughter. The film includes the upheavals of a peasant uprising in 1908, the end of the First World War and the rise of the Fascists, who came to power in 1922, and the Fascist era. Then it returns to that pivotal day in 1945 when in fact the conquering Allies were "liberating" Italy from Fascism but when in Bertolucci's utopian fancy an agrarian revolution takes place. The peasants seem to be under the delusion that the liberation from Fascism means that they now own the land—they might be playacting a revolutionary spring festival (of the future). They stage a mock trial of Alfredo, the padrone, pronouncing him dead. Then, at the end of the day, the soldiers of the provisional government come and take away the peasants' guns, and Alfredo goes on as before. In an epilogue, he and Olmo are doddering old cronies, wrestling, quarrelling, hugging each other in love and in anger—in bafflement at the emotions and the social forces that have thrown them together and thrown them apart.

Bertolucci is trying to transcend the audience appeal of his lyrical, psychological films. He is trying to make a people's film by drawing on the mythology of movies, as if it were a collective memory. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (It may be that Bertolucci believes that he loves movies so much *because* they are the people's art.) Though in form "1900" is an opera-novel, and its homage is to Verdi, the great Emilian who died on the day (January 27, 1901) of the two boys' birth, the characters of the two grandfathers (Lancaster and Hayden)—giants of an earlier era—are drawn from American Westerns and adventure films. "1900" represents an attempt to fuse the American movies that fed Bertolucci's imagination and the visionary agrarian paean "Earth," made by Dovzhenko, the most lyrical of all Russian directors. Bertolucci attempts to do this while taking another look at the Fascist material that he dealt with in his 1970 films, "The Conformist" and "The Spider's Stratagem." The latter was also shot in Emilia, in a town near Parma, and was about the need for myth. It dealt

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with a man, born in 1900, who was killed during a performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" and became an anti-Fascist martyr-hero. In that film, set in a town that Bertolucci called Tara, he used the town itself as an opera stage, and in a memorable sequence "Rigoletto" was heard pouring forth from loudspeakers in the ghostly, floodlit streets. The staging of "1900" is often similarly theatrical: This movie never goes farther from the estate than a city in Emilia, and the courtyard of the landowner's manor house is used, like Tara, as a giant set. Opera is in Bertolucci's blood and bones. When he stages scenes of peasants eating, the hearty bacchanalian imagery is out of Bruegel, but you wait for them to swallow their fake food and start singing. Bertolucci uses his peasants—actual Emilian peasants—as if they were a chorus, and as the film progresses they upstage the stars. (There is even a hunchback among them dressed as a jester and called Rigoletto.) He apparently believes that he can make the peasants larger than life by using the romantic conventions of opera, movies, and painting. He's trying for a "naïveté" like that of Verdi, who stayed within a tradition, adapting conventional forms, and he adapts the characters and devices of such movies as "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind." He knowingly risks grandiloquence, believing that this is the path to a people's art—that moviegoers want romance, myth, and their own struggles turned into poetry and fantasy.

There are sequences in "1900" as great as any ever filmed. The childhood scenes are steeped in memory—honeyed. Once again Vittorio Storaro is Bertolucci's cinematographer, and the lighting suggests that moment in art history when the Barbizon school gave way to the summer sun of Impressionism—when color burst open and became diffused, as if nature, like a film director, could no longer control its own exuberance. The little hellion Olmo, skinny-faced and barefoot, collecting frogs to sell to the manor house and wearing them tied together, still alive and wriggling, around his hat, is like Huck Finn in a surreal pastoral calendar. His freedom is balanced against the image of the plump-faced, spoiled, rich Alfredo, forced to eat those frogs' legs at dinner, and throwing up. The camera moves constantly, even in the interiors, which suggest a nineteen-thirties idea of *fin de siècle;* they have the tawny light of the Italian Impressionist Fattori—or a tilted, fuzzy Maxfield Parrish. In the most prodigious

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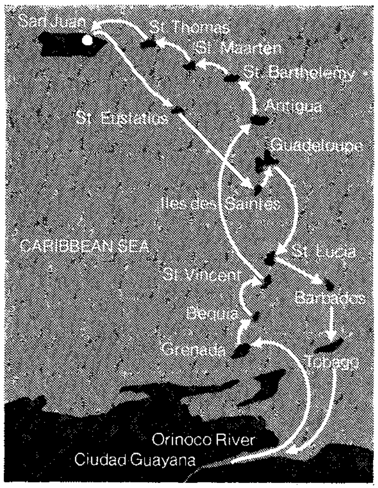

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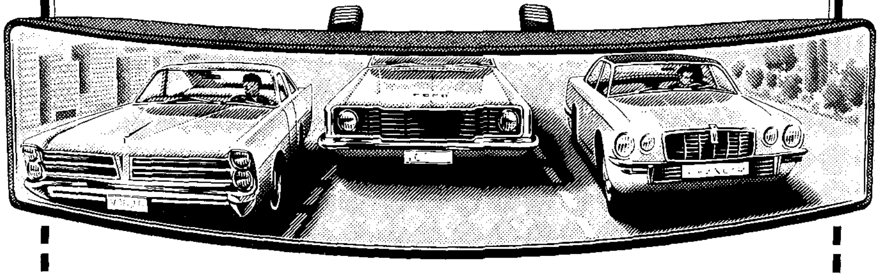

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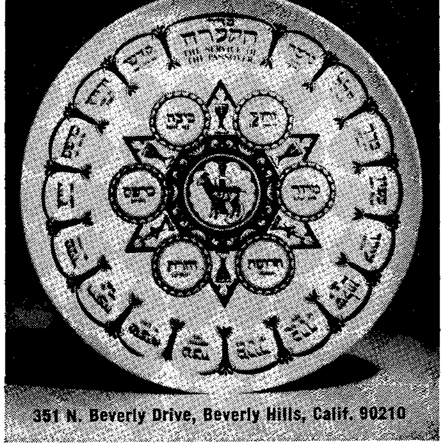

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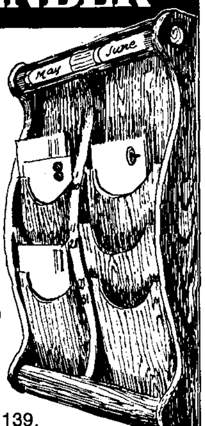

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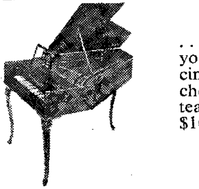

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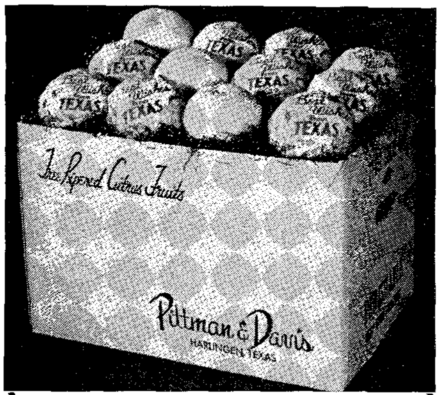
sequence, which appears to be one continuous shot, Bertolucci presents the peasant uprising of 1908 as a panoramic mural: poplars in the mist; the landowning hunters shooting ducks, which fall in the river; peasants who have been evicted from their land leaving on loaded wagons while, of those remaining, the men prepare to resist and the women stretch out on the road to block the oncoming cavalry, who ride up to their bodies, turn around, and leave. The camera executes almost a figure eight in this lyrical panning, tracking crane shot; it sweeps over the Po Valley, showing you the different, conflicting elements in the landscape. You're given the components of a novel at a glance, and every one of them is shown in relation to the others. Bertolucci has perhaps the greatest spatial-temporal sense of all film directors. The simultaneous actions that other directors have achieved only by cutting he puts in the same shot. The effect of this hunters-peasants-cavalry sequence is of a passage of visual music. Bertolucci is satisfied by its visual completeness, and he moves on to the next thing that interests him.

But for us in the audience his great sequences don't achieve their full power, because there's no follow-through. Years pass between sequences, when we want what happens next. Did the cavalry return? (Has there ever been a film that dealt successfully with so long a span of time? Maybe the "Godfather" films, jointly.) It's true that one remembers the great scenes from the nineteenth-century Russian novels, not the passages in between; but the greatness of those scenes derives from their meaning in the narrative, from the way they reverberate through what we have already read and what follows. There's a consistency of vision in Turgenev or Dostoevski or Tolstoy; we're told what we want to know. Bertolucci's great sequences don't make us think back or anticipate. He's attempting to achieve that Verdian naïveté, but, like many other directors now, he reproduces only the poetic form of the great moments from old movies (the cavalry sequence is an expansion on John Ford). There is a scene of a peasant celebration along the riverbanks which has a nostalgic yearning for simplicity; Bertolucci wants to make us feel the *goodness* of simplicity, the way John Ford did when he shot the frontier dance on the foundation for the church in "My Darling Clementine," with Wyatt Earp (Henry Fonda), his hair pressed flat for propriety's sake, innocently hopping up and



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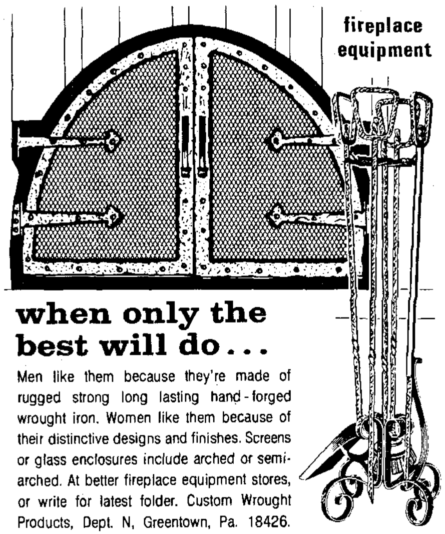

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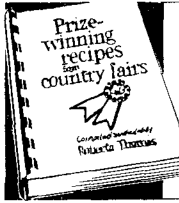
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down with his lady. But there are too many divided emotions in "1900" for the riverbank scene to have its effect; Bertolucci does not have the gift of simplicity. After the Liberation Day opening, the childhood section—the first hour—flows seamlessly, until the sequence in which the boys go into town to a workers' Punch-and-Judy show that is broken up by mounted police. At this point, the continuity weakens. Yet even when the movie is flowing along there's an unease inside the virtuosity.

There is something off in the tone of "1900" right from the start. Partly it's the sound. In order to get the film financed (it cost eight million dollars), it had to be made with an international cast; there is no "original-language" version. The Italian version was all dubbed, but so many Italian directors employ visual effects they can achieve only by shooting silent and adding the sound later that Italians (and many other Europeans) ignore dead sound. We don't. In the English version that Bertolucci has prepared, Lancaster's performance has particular force, and that may be because his dialogue seems live. The track is a mixture of live-synch sound, post-synch sound, and dubbing, so within a scene there will be a shift in ambience—different hollows and bouncebacks, which weaken the emotion. Depardieu and Stefania Sandrelli are the only major performers whose voices are dubbed; De Niro, Dominique Sanda, Hayden, Donald Sutherland (who plays the Fascist Attila), and Laura Betti (who plays his paramour, Regina) all speak their own lines, but the post-synching has a slightly removed sound—and, of course, the minor players and the peasants who fill out the cast are dubbed. Visually and thematically, the film is conceived with so many contrasts, clashes, allusions, and symmetrical variations that one can see where the years of preparation went. The actual dialogue seems almost an afterthought, and the actors speak their lines without much confidence that they're worth saying. And so we're aware of the actors as actors, and of their different cultures. They're not all sure what they're meant to be conveying. And we're not, either.

The principal actors are characters but they're also puppets in this gigantic class-struggle puppet show, and so if we ask why it is that Alfredo, a decent, friendly fellow with an amused, wry glint in his intelligent eyes, is so weak that he allows his overseer Attila to tyrannize the peasant workers, the explanation can only be that at this

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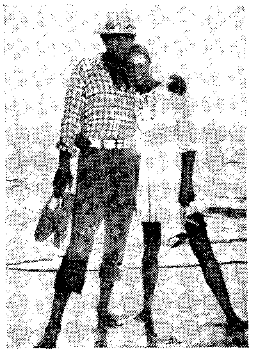

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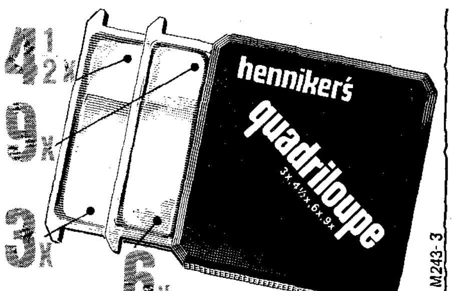

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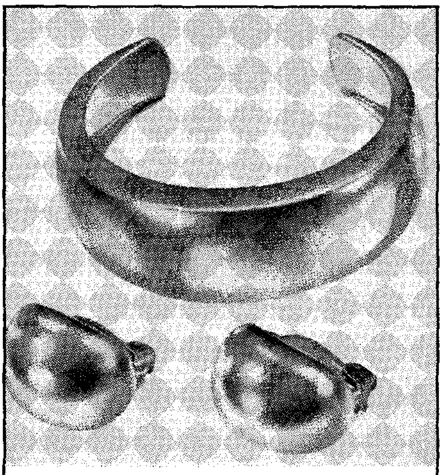
point in history the landowning class had lost its strength, and had become passive collaborators in evil. Bertolucci doesn't show that Alfredo *needs* Attila—psychologically or economically. Alfredo's decision to keep the Fascist monsters Attila and Regina under his roof seems some sort of historical fatalism—as if he had the director's game plan in mind and behaved accordingly. And De Niro, acting the historical role assigned him—the withered seed of a once proud line—looks small, shrunken. As a child, Alfredo even has trouble with his penis: his foreskin is tight, while that of the peasant Olmo is loose and flexible. Alfredo is ineffectual—it's the Ashley Wilkes role—and De Niro, who might have tried to summon up some hamminess to see him through, didn't. He gives an ineffectual performance. There's an interior continuity in it, but there isn't any excitement—how could there be?

As a spokesman for the Socialist dream, Depardieu has the advantage of heroic physical presence; he has his wary jugface—he stares out at us like the rough-sensitive Botticelli in his self-portrait in "The Adoration of the Magi." But he seems emblematic—without any clear personality—and his role is fragmented over the years. Some of his screen time is wasted in dangling scenes involving the theft of a gun—scenes we expect will connect with a later event. A larger disappointment is that the child Olmo, the fearless, unmanageable gamin who is the despair of his mother, doesn't grow up to be the firebrand one expects. When he returns from the First World War, he's a clear-eyed solid-peasant citizen, firm in the ways of courage and virtue. Bertolucci has set up the childhood sequences so that the boys seem destined to become the heroes of his epic—the carriers of history. We wait to see their lives become focussed, but then he pulls a dialectical switch. He deëmphasizes them, to indicate that they are not vital to the historical events of their time—they are merely figures borne along by the flood of history. Olmo may be a peasant leader, but it is those he leads who are the heroes. How many different games can a director play in a movie? Using two young stars known for their volatile, "dangerous" presence and turning them into supporting players—denying us individual heroes—Bertolucci betrays the romantic epic form.

Because of the switch from the two men to the peasants, the only characters who register fully are those who are allowed their movie-derived mythological roles—the grandfathers, Lan-



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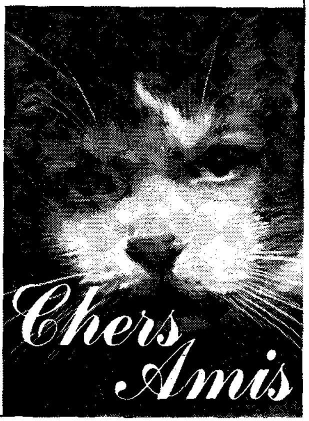

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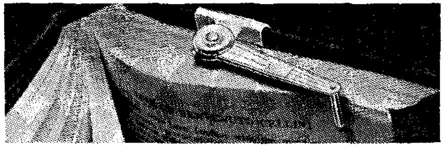
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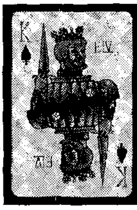
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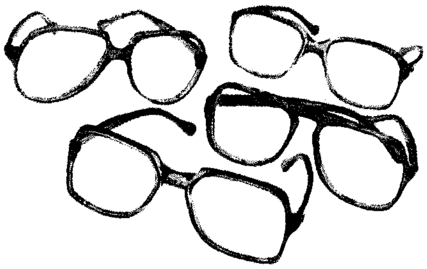

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caster and Hayden, and, surprisingly, at moments Dominique Sanda. There is, mercifully, no capitalist class in this movie—only the remnants of feudalism. And as the feudal lord who still likes to sink his toes in earth and cow dung Lancaster expresses declining physical vigor with all the command of his thirty-odd years of movie heroics. He isn't the polished lord he played in "The Leopard;" he's a peasant at heart, a crude, honest man who despises Alfredo's father—his greedy hypocrite son who cheats the peasants and squeezes them dry. There's love in Bertolucci's portrait of the profane, raging old bull; even though he hangs himself in the stables, in disgust at his own impotence and the collapse of his world, there's no contempt for his act. And, though this isn't intentional, his death has more conviction than that of the man he respects and would like to consider a friend—the leader of the peasant clan, Hayden. This old peasant sits down to rest under an oak tree and slips away. Visually this is fine, but it's priggishly programmatic. Still, they're both old oaks, and if Hayden's performance isn't as strong as Lancaster's, he has his noble, weather-beaten presence. His hair is worn short, cut way up high on his head, and his neck is long and straight, with cords like organ pipes; he resembles the famous photograph of Dovzhenko that is reproduced in "Agee on Film."

Except for her work with Bertolucci, and in De Sica's "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," Dominique Sanda's performances have been stilted, amateurish. With Bertolucci, she is all visual: the image, the essence, of movie glamour, Garbo without depth—a trifling Garbo. As Ada, she has a weird, boneless seductiveness, like the young Lauren Bacall become a wraith. She's all curves, her body a crescent and her

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crushed upper lip conveying ironic secret promises. It may be that Bertolucci doesn't know what to do with his "thinking woman"—the militant Anita, whose exhortations to the peasants have no conviction. But when this gauzy vamp Ada slithers across the screen, with her gowns floating half off, or with a soft big-brimmed hat framing her come-hither smiles, she's the past recalled, all right, and you don't want to let it go. Ada, a virgin Futurist bohemian who smokes furiously and drives a Bugatti, is all affectation—self-dramatizing spoofery. She composes free verse, but if she has an art it's the art of the moue, and she has been given the funniest lines in the picture. She and Alfredo's homosexual uncle Ottavio (Werner Bruhns) represent charming, frivolous decadence, and the film doesn't try to turn them into villains.

Fascism here is demonological—so lewdly melodramatic that it makes Visconti's excesses in "The Damned" seem courtly. In the second half of "1900," when Attila and Regina—the Fascist Macbeth and Lady Macbeth—come to power, the imagery changes to the dark mists of autumn and winter. Their posturings are like a hurdy-gurdy variation on the strident, Expressionist horror of Eisenstein's mad Ivan the Terrible. It's Fascism as a strain of diseased, perverted sexuality, and it explodes in a couple of scenes of shocking, Kabuki-wild violence. Attila and Regina are everything dirty, and we can almost hear the hiss of electric sparks shooting out of their heads. (Is it relevant that Bertolucci's father's name was Attilio?) These two are meant to embody the aggressive forces of the bourgeoisie; Alfredo and Ada's white wedding is followed by Attila and Regina's vile rites—they sodomize and murder a child. (The sequence would mean more to an audience if Bertolucci had indicated that the wedding aroused in Attila and Regina a need to defile it. When they go off to their debauchery, it's as if they did this every afternoon before tea.) Dressed all in black, at six feet four and with pale-blue eyes, Sutherland is already somewhat hyperbolic, and with a grotesque false high forehead he's a black-shirted vampire. All this curling of lips, baring of jagged teeth, and flashing of demented eyes must be what the director wanted, but only a very dedicated liberal would play a Fascist in this manner. Bertolucci wove a Hammer-Films gothic thread into his tapestry. What Attila and his guttural, leering accomplice Regina represent is what Fascism

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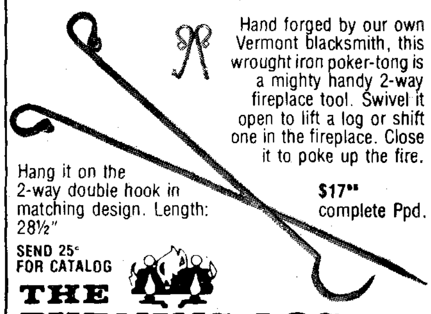

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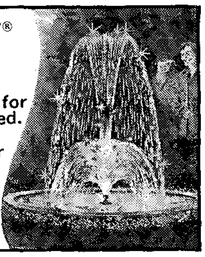
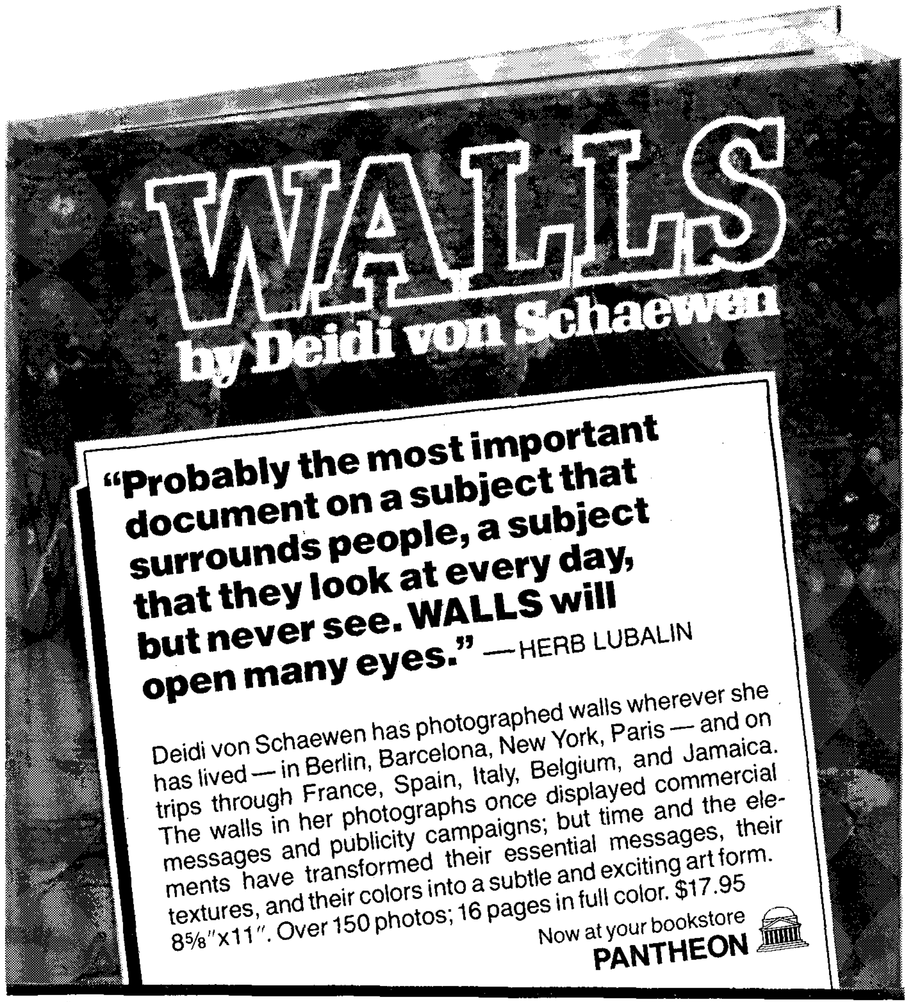


and Nazism became for those who made lampshades out of human skin, but it doesn't account for the attraction of Fascism and Nazism as political movements. The nightmare sadism gives "1900" a spaghetti-Western view of class struggle. This, too, must be partly intended: Bertolucci, who worked on the story of Sergio Leone's "Once Upon a Time in the West," has used Leone's composer, Ennio Morricone; his creamy elegiac score heightens the emotion in the first half but suddenly, in the second, takes a dive into Peyton Place schlock-Chopin piano music.

The framing device—that pivotal Liberation Day—is the allegorical aspect of "1900," and its worst stumbling block. Alfredo, held prisoner, is detached in his attitude; shuffling along in a cardigan, with a slack, dumb grin and a mustache two inches wide, he's no more than a nose-picking clerk. His trial, with the complaints of his accusers, who hold him to account for their rotting teeth and missing fingers, is coyly didactic, telling you that you should live right—under a playful veneer that makes you squirm. There are echoes of Chairman Mao's Little Red Book. It's a Maoist-Brechtian Judgment Day. Bertolucci's utopian future, with Olmo's daughter skipping among the haystacks, doesn't improve on the shots of little girls playing in the sun which were used by Griffith to demonstrate how beautiful life would be once people stopped being intolerant.

A solemn protest march ends the first half of the film: a funeral march displaying the charred bodies of four old men, who were in a *casa del popolo*—a workers' meeting hall—that the Fascists set on fire. The march signifies the unity of the workers, and it is magnificently staged, with a uniformed brass band playing the "Internationale;" it is set off from ordinary events by being photographed in a simplified palette—but it's Communist-color-coördinated! The caskets are lined in red, and every mourning marcher, every horse wears a patch of exactly the same shade. Ribbons, bows, scarves, furbelows—they're all one ravishing, sumptuous red. This is visual Verdi; it's splendid—a Communist fantasy march. But a viewer doesn't know whether to exult in the beauty or to laugh. Is Bertolucci a Communist for the sake of color? Are we rooting for a team? Red banners fly from the train that bears the young Olmo and the other striking workers' children off to where they can be fed; a huge patchwork canopy—a rainbow of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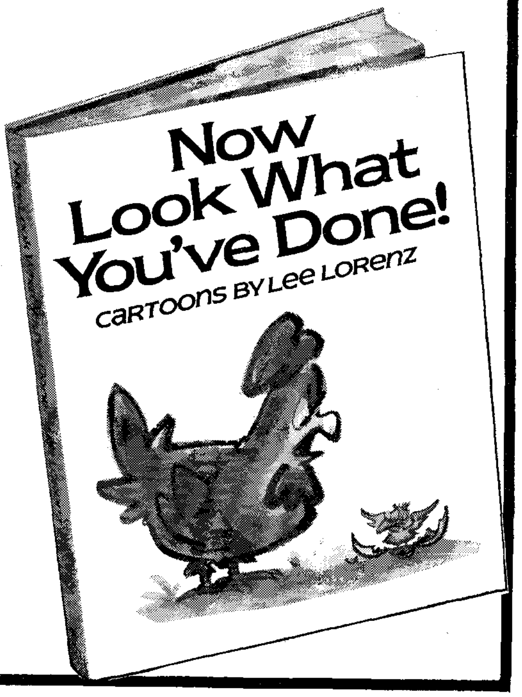
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reds—is unfurled on Liberation Day. Isn't this aesthetic Communism as flighty as Ada's aesthetic anti-Fascism?

Bertolucci has somehow resolved his own political contradictions in a dream of a happy agrarian future that hasn't budged beyond the turn of the century. The belief that permeates this movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants. Still nostalgic for life "before the revolution," Bertolucci now thinks that that life can be preserved only after the revolution. His is an anthropologist's Communism: he doesn't want the peasants corrupted into selling native artifacts to tourists; he doesn't want them exposed to credit cards and 100% virgin acrylic. It may be that in Emilia (the birthplace of Italian Socialism as well as of Verdi and Bertolucci), a prosperous region that has been partly administered by Communists since the end of the Second World War, the peasant culture has in fact flourished. But this film is addressed to the world outside Emilia, where the sumptuous innocence of Bertolucci's vision suggests Marie Antoinette playing shepherdess. "1900" represents the thinking of someone who grew up at the movies and accepted the myth that all problems can be brought to a happy resolution. Communism is going to usher in a folk utopia, and an artist who loves style above all else can make a people's film by drawing upon the standard metaphors of American and Soviet movies.

Bertolucci has said that all his films are "desperately autobiographical," and in this one the desperation shows. He has cast De Niro, an actor whose responsiveness to the camera derives from his reserves of passion, and, having cast this man as himself, has not allowed him *any* passion. Bertolucci, locking himself away, locked out De Niro as an actor—gutted him. His Alfredo is an unfinished man: a man who hasn't tested himself. He's too emasculated even to suffer. Alfredo is the pampered, bourgeois liberal that Bertolucci guiltily fears himself to be, while Olmo is his proletarian dream self, and at the end it's as if the class struggle were just two boys trying to out-macho each other, still checking to see who has the bigger penis. Under the class struggle, that's the theme all the way through. Most directors are at their best when they deal with what's closest to them. In this film, Bertolucci is at his feeblest every time he gets near the adult Alfredo. He stays as far away as possible. This director has gone so much further than most movie directors that he's run up against what nov-

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elists and dramatists run up against: the desire to escape oneself. He has fled to the lives of the peasants and put an optimist's bland smile on top of the despair of his "Last Tango in Paris." His utopia rests on the belief that peasants live in a pre-Freudian state; they have no conflict except with their oppressors. They're not plagued with the problems of bourgeois artists—they have loose foreskins. There is a connection between the film's blissed-out politics and the way Bertolucci treats the Fascist plunderers. He's not afraid to show violence, but he doesn't allow himself to identify with the person doing the violence. It is Dostoevski's identifying more with the characters who go out of control than with the others that makes reading him deeply terrifying. Bertolucci rejects the vile, violent possibilities in himself. That's why he lets Donald Sutherland go so far in his performance that human iniquity is turned into a cartoon. Bertolucci wants to believe in his peasants—who are so firm in their goodness, so split off from the Fascist criminality that they're less than human.

This film is about Bernardo Bertolucci's need for myth, and his self-denial. For those who are infatuated with what they loathe, the battle with themselves never stops. "1900" has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. "1900" is a gigantic system of defenses—human fallibility immortalized. The film is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick.

—PAULINE KAEL

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"Sometimes he conducts committee business in an efficient and expeditious way," said Senator John Tower, Democrat of Texas, a leading Republican on the Banking Committee. "But often he fails to adequately consult other members of the committee, and perhaps he gets into fights that could be avoided." —*The Times.*

Well, the Senate's a confusing place.

•

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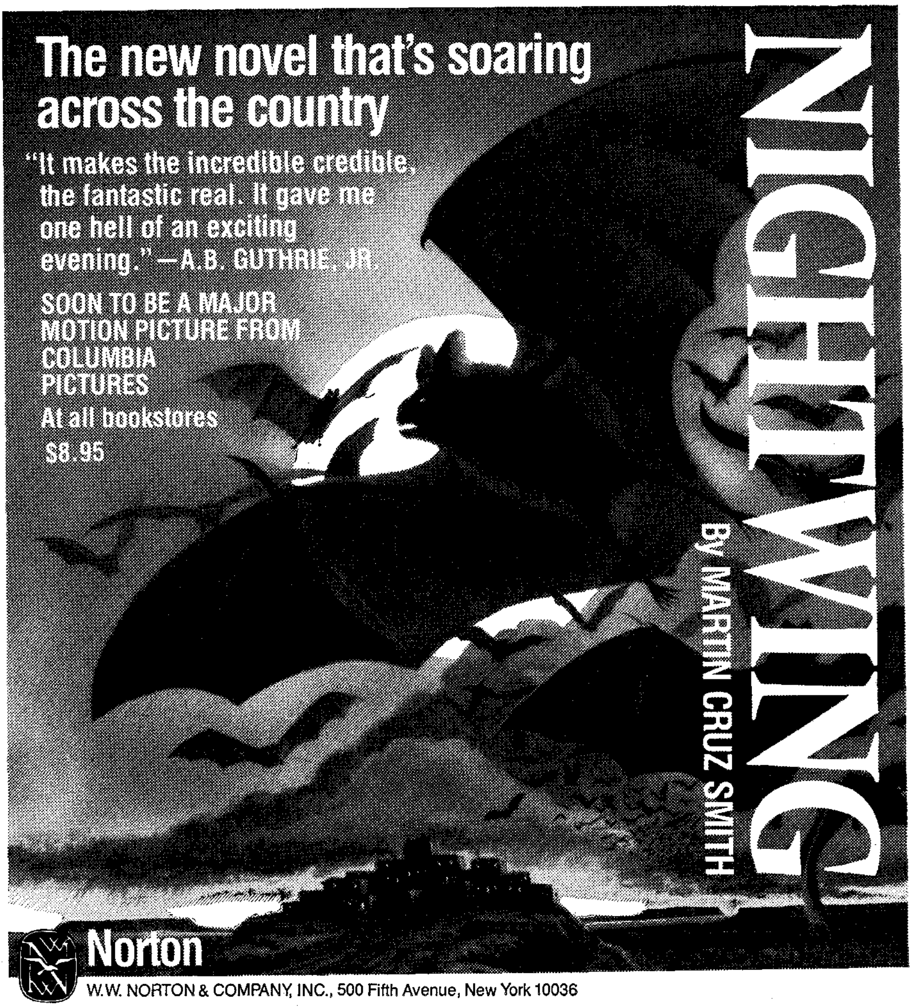

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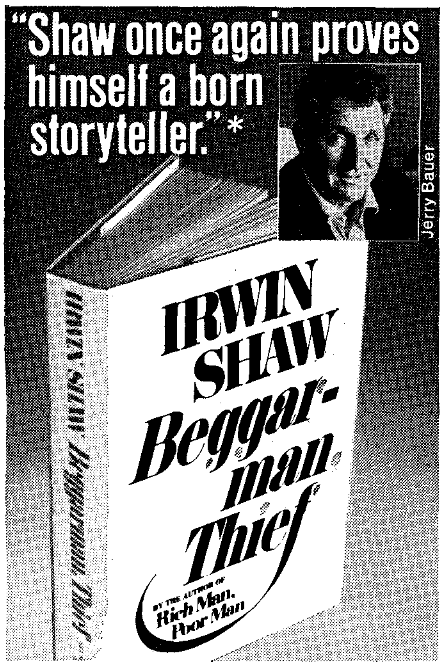
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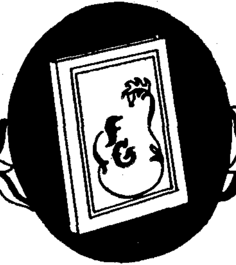

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PROFESSOR OF DESIRE, by Philip Roth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). An intense, well-written, funny, plaintive novel that never succeeds wholly in getting out of earshot of its central character. This person is David Kepesh, professor of comparative literature, who last spoke to us in "The Breast" (1972). Before his "endocrinopathic catastrophe," before he has any hint of the fantastic mammary transformation he will undergo, Kepesh becomes involved with a series of women: the coeds at Syracuse University, whom he affronts with his outrageous candor; two Swedish girls in London, who join him, one with self-loathing and the other with zest, in various sexual adventures; a disorganized California beauty, with whom he takes up at the end of his graduate studies at Stanford University; and a well-organized New York beauty, who rescues him from the wreckage of his marriage to the Californian. One problem is that we are given very little idea of what any of these women—particularly the last two beauties, with whom the book is mostly concerned—see in such a self-absorbed and bookish person as Kepesh. But Kepesh analyzes his own feelings to the *n*th degree, and the book affords many of the pleasures of intelligent discourse. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

CONAN DOYLE, by Ronald Pearsall (St. Martin's; $10). A straightforward and highly engaging biography that plays down the detective and his rather trying cult and concentrates on the big, bluff, foursquare sportsman and patriot. Doyle was all of a piece: he was a reactionary to the core in art and politics, and not shy about stating his views; he believed that sports and war were proving grounds for British manhood; he believed in English superiority over lesser breeds. At the same time, he spent much time and money fighting for justice for some conspicuously ill-treated underdogs, and he proved the integrity of his rigid moral code when, falling deeply in love after years of unsatisfactory marriage, he stayed by his ailing wife to the end. That such a man could be so thoroughly committed to a belief in spiritualism is something of a poser, but Mr. Pearsall shows that Doyle went about proselytizing for this cause in his sturdy, dogged way and never deigned to notice the ridicule it brought down upon him. Illustrations.

CANNIBALS AND KINGS: THE ORIGINS OF CULTURES, by Marvin Harris (Random House; $10). The author, a professor of anthropology at Columbia, who writes with clarity, charm, and pithiness, here puts forward his original and—in terms of what we should be doing—urgent theory about the nature of man and the reason that human cultures take so many diverse shapes. He believes that all societies reflect an assessment of the ways their members can get enough protein. For bands of Old Stone Age hunter-gatherers, the problem was not acute, and they had no reason to turn to agriculture until the herds off which they fed became extinct, owing to climatic changes at the close of the last ice age. Having convinced us that the demands of food-getting techniques—adopted in response to environmental pressure rather than, say, man's inborn aggressiveness—have all too frequently locked members of our species into appalling social arrangements, he asks us to consider the dangers that our present energy crisis may hold for our society. Mr. Harris points out that the rise in living standards in the industrial West, which began in the second half of the nineteenth century, was based upon an unparalleled consumption of fuels—to the point that "in the United States 2,790 calories of energy are now being used to produce and deliver one can of corn containing 270 calories"—and he suggests how a despotic society might evolve here if we opted for nuclear energy and made it the monopoly of a centralized state.

JOYCE GRENFELL REQUESTS THE PLEASURE, by Joyce Grenfell (St. Martin's; $10.95). Anyone who has seen Joyce Grenfell in her one-woman shows or on television or in the movies (the games mistress in "The Belles of St. Trinian's") might expect of her a lighthearted autobiography, and that is what this is. Mrs. Grenfell is half American, the daughter of one of the Langhorne sisters (Nancy Astor was her aunt) and an English architect. She was raised in London, and spent a good deal of her childhood at Cliveden; she married into the populous Grenfell clan and, just before the outbreak of the Second World War, became an entertainer by accident. (Stephen Potter heard her parody a women's-institute lecture on "Useful and Acceptable Gifts" and thought it would be just the thing for an upcoming revue.) The book takes us through the war, when she entertained the troops, and on to the triumphs of her stage, cinema, and broadcasting career. It is full of her friends—many of them famous, many not—and full of herself: an ebullient, thoughtful, sharply observant (naturally) woman who is a delight to read, and to read about. Many photographs.

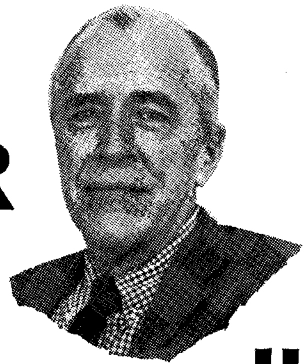
THE SEARCH FOR THE GOLD OF TUTANKHAMEN, by Arnold C. Brackman (Mason/Charter; $8.95). This book was published a year ago and apparently created no great stir. Now that the treasures from King Tutankhamen's tomb are being toured across the country, here it is in reprint: the first complete account of the search for the adolescent Pharaoh's burying place, its discovery, and the tortured aftermath—a wonderfully exciting tale. The author has packed the book with a great deal of fascinating ancillary fact and speculation, but he does not lose the thread of the main narrative—the story of the dogged fifteen-year quest of two widely disparate Englishmen, Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter, for a pharaoh's unplundered tomb, which came to its sudden and surprising conclusion in the very year they had decided to abandon the field.

NOTE: "Now Look What You've Done!," a collection of cartoons by Lee Lorenz, all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Pantheon ($7.95).

•

The chorus's performance in Blue Hill is part of a ten-day tour of Maine which will include performances and school workshops all across the state, from Vinalhaven to Bethel. In this area, in addition to the Blue Hill concert the Chorus will also lead an Open Sin on Thursday night, Oct. 28th at 7:30 at the HOME Coop in Orland and will conduct a workshop Friday morning at the Blue Hill Elementary School.—*Ellsworth (Maine) American.*

Busy, busy, busy!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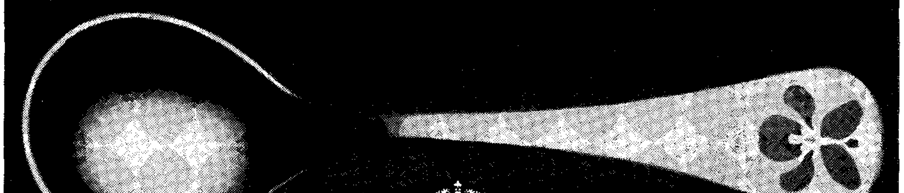
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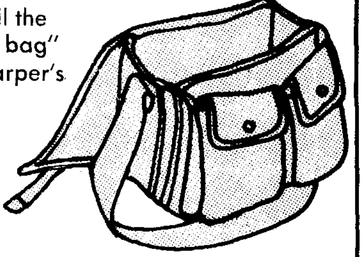
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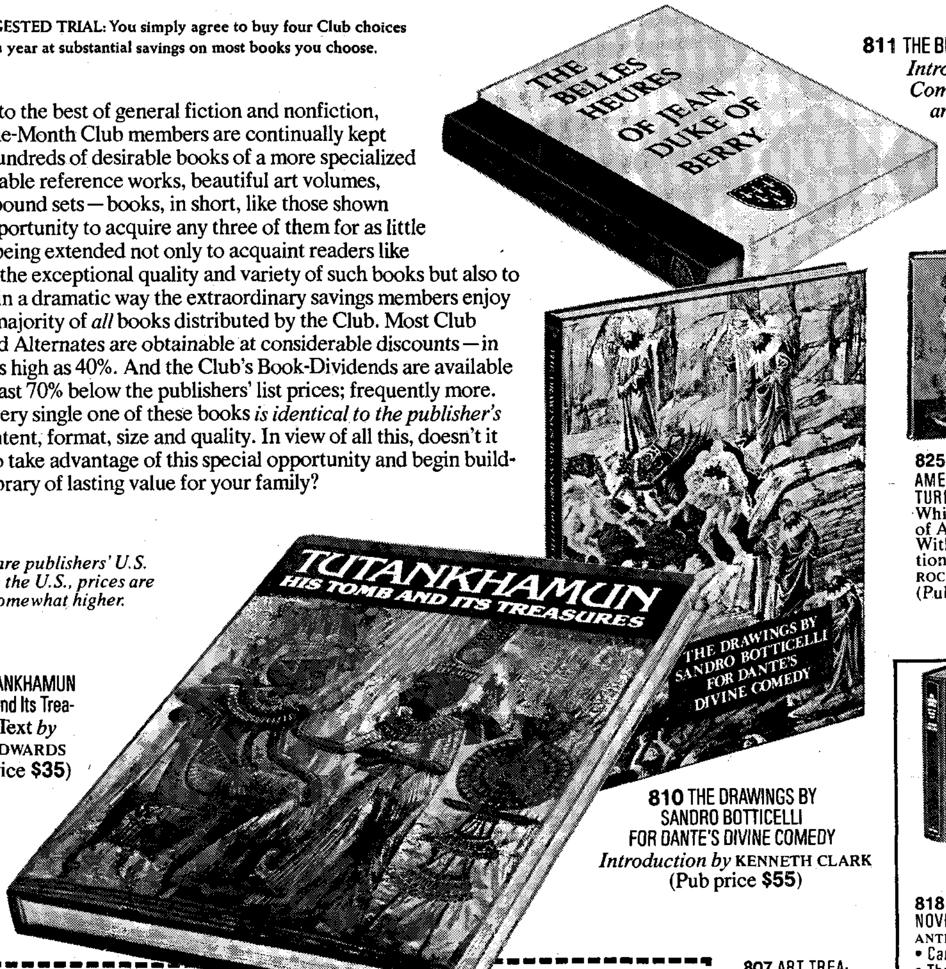
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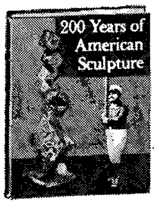

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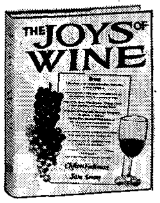

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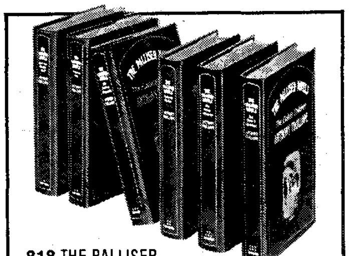

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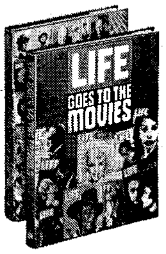

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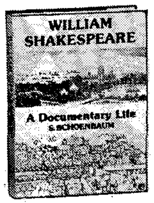

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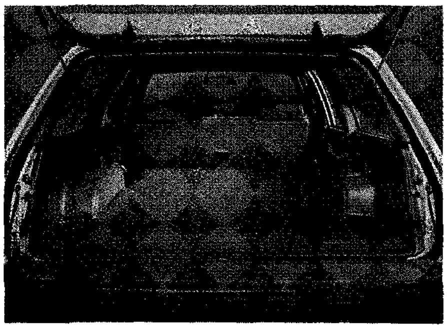

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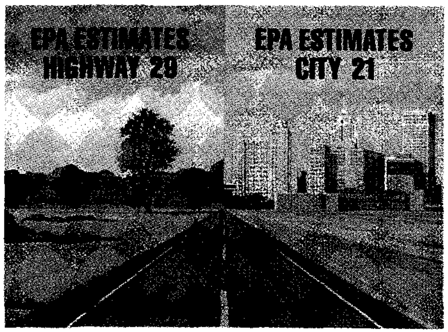

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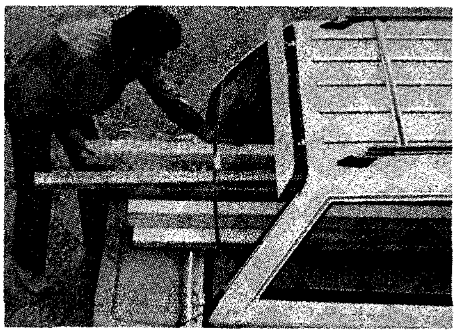

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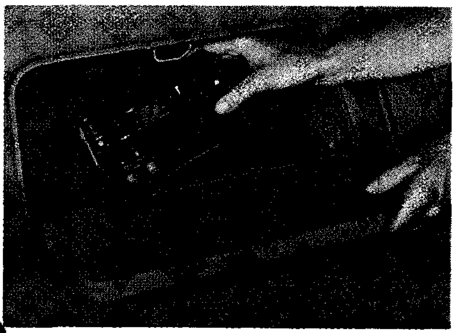

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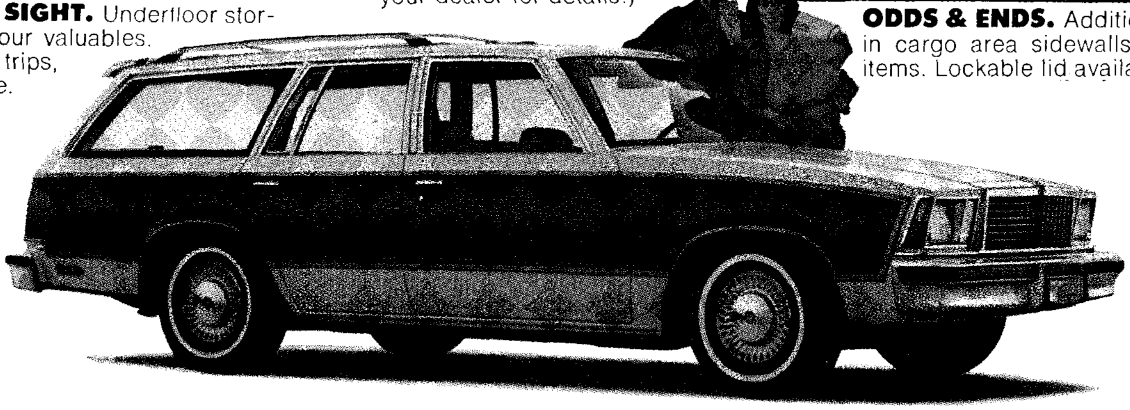

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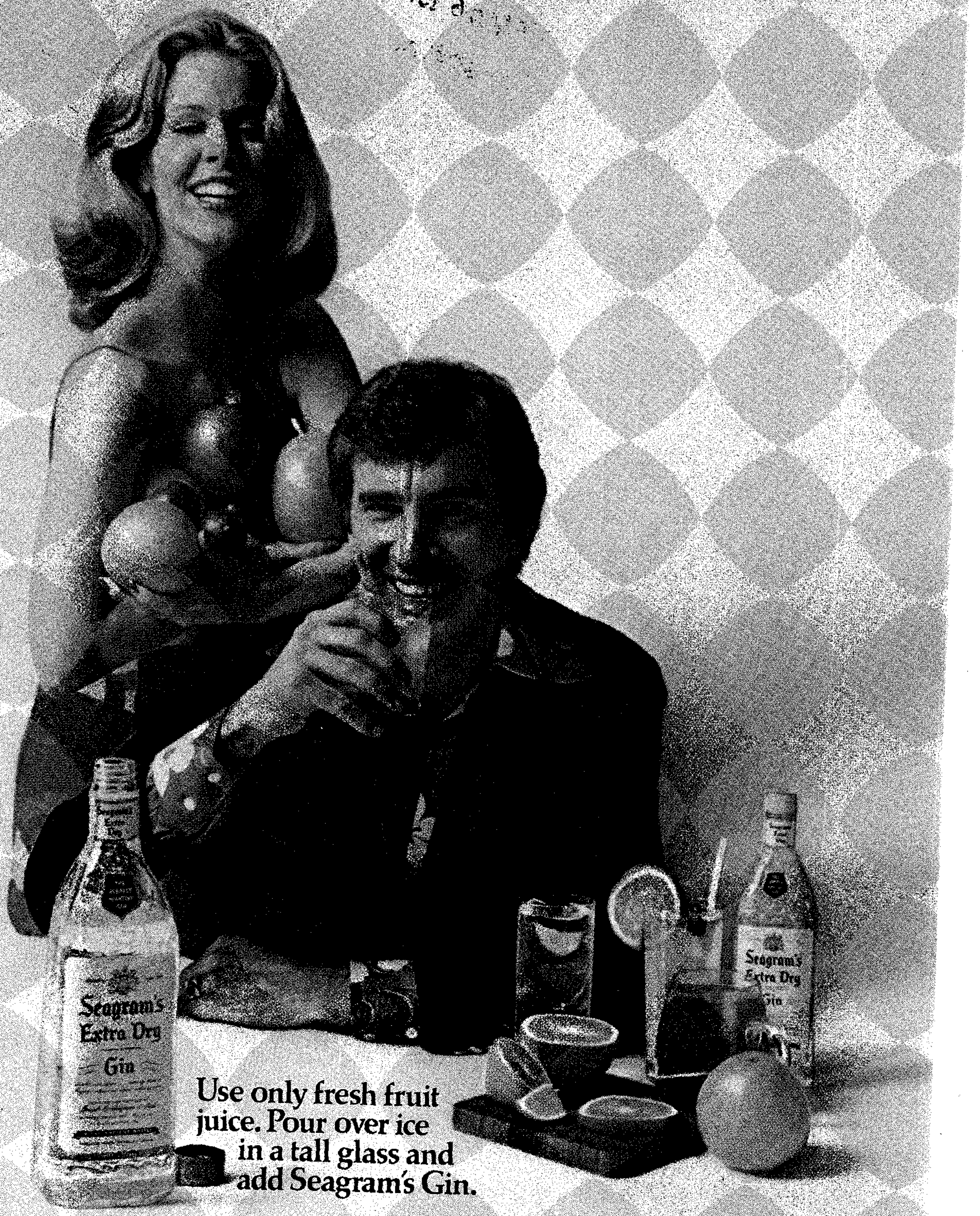

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